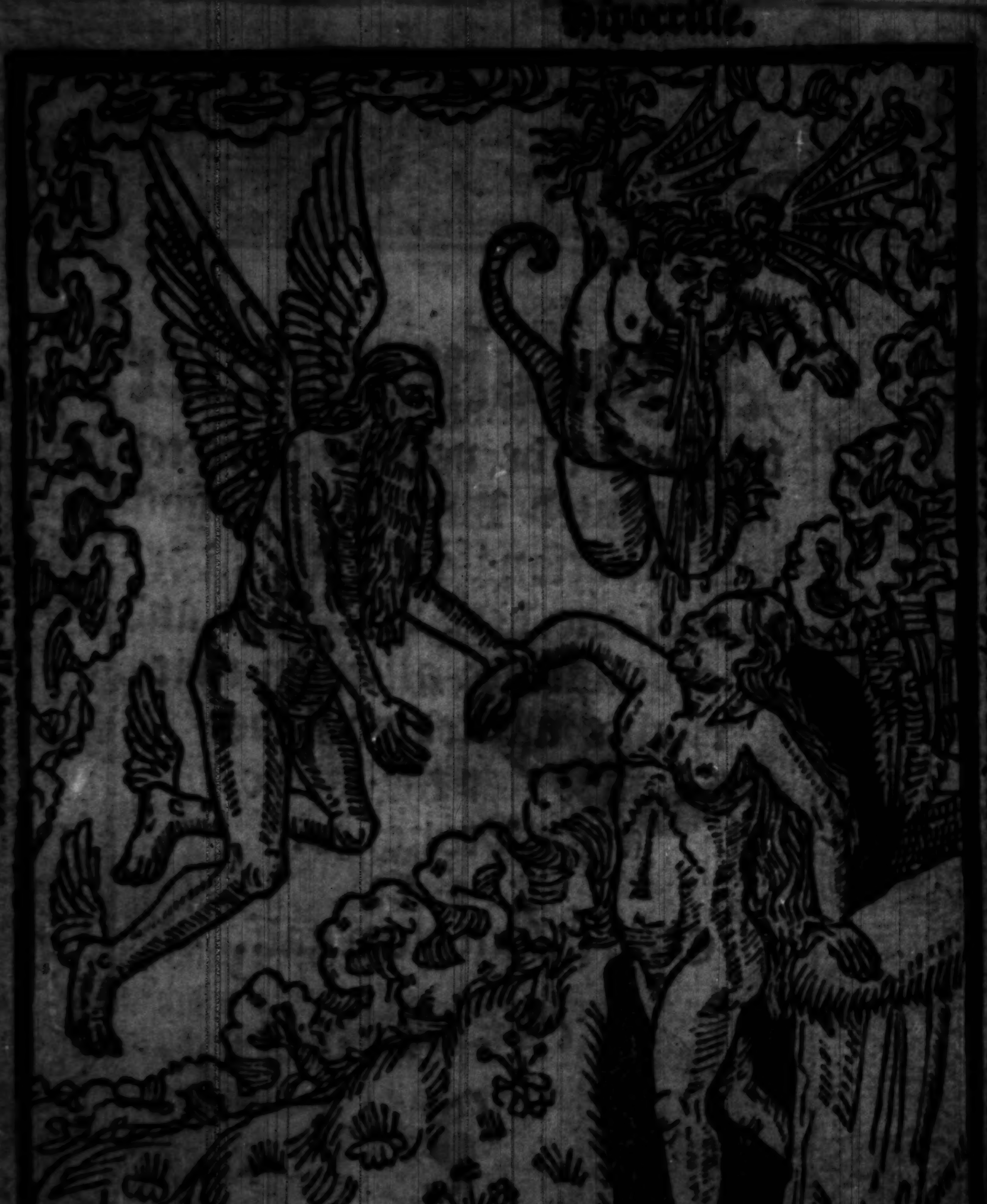
A goodly prymer

in Englyſſhe, newely corrected
and prynted, with certeyne godly
meditations & prayers added
to the ſame, very neceſſarye and
profytable for all them that
ryghte aſſuredlye vnderſtande
not the latine
& greke tongues.

◆

Cum priuilegio regali.

◆


Hipocriſie.
Tyme reueleth all thynges.
[illegible] the doughter of tyme.

Math. x.

Nothyng is couered, that ſhall not be diſcouered.
And nothynge is hydde, that ſhall not be reueled.

¶ An admonicion to the reder.

Amonge other innumerable peryllous and infectious bokes and lernynges, with the whiche the chriſten people haue ben pitiouſly ſeduſed and deceyued, broughte vp in diuerſe kyndes of diffidence and falſe hoope, I may iudge chiefly thoſe to be pernicious, on whom they haue ben wonte cōmonly hytherto in euery place ſuperſticiouſly to pray, and haue lerned in the ſame with moche folyſſhe curioſite, & as great ſcrupuloſite to make reherſal of theyr ſynnes by herte, and that for this cauſe. For theſe bokes ouer & beſides that that they habounded in euery place w̄ infinite errours, and peryllous prayers, ſclaunderous both to god, and to all his holy ſayntes, were alſo garnyſſhed with glorious titles, and with redde letters, promyſyng moche grace, and many yeres, dayes, and lentes of pardon, whiche they coulde neuer in dede ꝑfourme, to yͤ great decepte of the people, and the vtter deſtruccion of theyr ſoules. As for an example. What vanite is promyſed in the ſuperſcripcion or title before Obſecro te domina ſancta Maria? where it is wrytten, that who ſoeuer ſaythe that prayer dayly before the ymage, called the image of our lady of Pite, ſhal ſe yͤ viſage of our moſt bleſſed lady, and be warned bothe of the daye, and alſo of the houre of his dethe, before he departe out of this worlde. I pray you what folyſſhenes, or rather madnes is this? Is not the prayer of the lorde, called the pater noſter, as good a prayer as that, of as great auctorite, of as great cōmodities, & made by as great an auctor as that? And yet haue there ben many yeres whan this

A.j. [illegible]

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

haue bothe dayly and hourely vſed to ſay it, yea & that (as men call it) in the ſtate of grace alſo, whiche neuer dyd ſe the ſayd lightes. But what blyndnes is that? to appoynte the prayer to be ſayd before the ymage of our lady of Pitie? I pray you, what and yf a man dyd vſe to ſay it before ye ymage (as they call it) of our lady of grace? Shall he than leſe ye ineſtimable priuileges, before promyſed? yea I pray you, why myghte not a man ſmell a lytle Idolatrie here? in that yt there appereth in this title, a certeyne reſpecte, & reuerēce, more to one ymage, than to a nother? and yet all ymages be made either of ſtone, wode, ſyluer, or other metall: and be ſuche as haue iyes, and can not ſee, as haue eares, and can not heare, & as haue feete, & can not walke, &c. Men wyl ſay they honour no ymages, neither of ſtockes, ne yet of ſtones, and that neither man, woman, ne chylde is ſo madde ſo to do: and yet muſte this prayer be appoynted to be ſayde before the ymage of our lady of Pitie, in a manifeſt & open token and ſigne of a peculier honour & reuerence to be done to ye ſame ymage or picture. yea and what reuerence? Forſoche all and the ſame reuerēce euery whyt, yt foloweth in ye prayer. Whiche I thynke can none other wyſe be interpreted, ſome parte of it, than the moſt hygheſt blaſphemye, and ſhamefull vilany that can be deuiſed, to the merites of the moſte precious dethe, & bloude of our ſauiour Ieſu Chriſte, as ben theſe wordes, Via errantium, ſalus et ſpes in te ſperantium, fons miſericordie, fons ſalutis et gracie. &c. In the whiche wordes of the laten they aſcribe vnto our bleſſed lady, that ſhe is the right way of them that erre, and ben out of ye way, the ſaluation and hope of them that truſte in her, the fountayne of mercy, the fountayne of helthe, ſaluation, grace, and fauour, and ſo forthe. And as to go aboute to excuſe it, and other lyke prayers, with ſuche folyſhe fantaſticall gloſes as I haue herde, it wyll not be. For there be other wordꝭ ynowe folowyng in the ſame prayer more blaſphemous and euidẽtly declarynge the meanynge of theſe wordes: than that any goodnes may be foũde and taken out of them. Suche a nother folyſhe title, but not the ſame, is before Aue roſa ſine ſpinis. Where they haue brought in our lady, and made her to ſpeake as they luſte to imagine, & to ſay, that ẏ golden prayer is moſt acceptable, and ſweteſt to her of all other. And than me thynke it ſhulde be ſweter vnto her, than the moſte ſweteſt, holy, and charitable prayer of her ſwete ſonne Jeſu Chriſte, made vnto his bleſſed father, and ours, for the helthe, ſaluation, redemption, and cõſeruation of all his electe & moſte entierly beloued children of eternall enheritaunce. And yet me thinketh, yea and I am ſure, that ſo it is, that what ſoeuer doth moſt pleaſe her heuẽly father and ours, and her ſonne and ſauiour Jeſu Chriſte, dothe alſo pleaſe her moſte, and is to her moſt acceptable. But the moſt fondnes or madnes of all, is that they make our Lady to gyue and delyuer the ſayde prayer by reuelation, and that at the tyme of the ſame reuelation it was wryten with letters of golde in her breeſt. Oh almyghty god, who hyd euer here tell of ſuche blyndnes, & yet is nothynge ſayde to it, nor yet hytherto any cõuocations haue ben holden to call in, or to forbyd, & inhibite ſuche blaſphemous ſclaũders both agaynſt god, and alſo our bleſſed lady. Mo ſuche blaſphemies, and vayne promyſes ſhalt thou fynde in the titles before the prayers, called

Johñ. xvii.

Aue maria ancilla trinitatis. Where be two prayers that begynne after that maner. Item before the .xv. oos in latyn where it is graunted, that who ſoeuer ſayth them an hole yere, ſhall delyuer .xv. ſoules out of Purgatory of his nexte kynred, and conuerte other .xv. ſynners to good lyfe, & preſerue other .xv. of his kynne in grace. Before Crux χpi ſit mecum. Before Reſpice ad me infelicem pietatis immenſa. Before Deus propitius eſto mihi peccatori. Before Domine Jeſu χpi qui ſeptem verba. Before the verſes (as they ben called) of S. Barnarde, whiche begyn Illumina oculos meos. And finally to ſpeake of ſuche falſe titles, and vntrue promyſes, I beſeche you, what an abhomination is it to thinke of the title & promyſe wrytten before the Maſſe of the fyue woundes, in the maſſe boke, the wordꝭ ben theſe: Boniface byſhop of Rome lay ſycke, and was lyke to dye, to whom our lorde ſente the archaungell Raphael with the office of the maſſe of the fyue woundes, ſayenge: Ryſe & wryte this office, & ſay it fyue tymes, and thou ſhalt be reſtored to thy helthe immediately. And what preeſte ſoeuer ſhall ſay this office for hymſelfe, or for any other that is ſycke fyue tymes, the perſone for whom it is ſayde, ſhal obteyne helth & grace, and in the world to come (if he cōtinue in vertue) euerlaſtynge lyfe. And in what ſoeuer tribulation a man ſhall be in this lyfe, yf he procure this office to be ſayd fyue tymes for hym of a preeſt, without doubte he ſhall be delyuered. And yf it be ſayd for ỹ ſoule of the deade, aſſone as it ſhall be ſayd & ended fyue tymes, his ſoule ſhall be ryd from paynes. This hearynge the byſhop, he dyd rayſe hym ſelfe vp in his bedde, coniurynge the Angell, by the name of almyghty god, to tel hym what he was, he was, and wherfore he came, and that he ſhulde departe without doing hym harme, who anſwered, that he was Raphael tharcaungel, ſente vnto hym of god, and ŷ all the premiſſes were vndoubtedly true. Than the ſayde Boniface cōfirmed the ſayd office of the fyue woundes, by the apoſtolique auctoritie.

Lorde, who dyd euer heare, a more fonde, folyſhe, fantaſtical diſcipline, or more vgſome abhominacion, yf a man had tyme and layſure, but euin to ſay ſome thing of his mynde, without any colours, to ſet out ŷ mater as ſome man coulde? Here I omitte the ryght lowde lye, before the maſſe of Recordare, alſo wrytten in the maſſe boke, beſydes other goodly glorious titles, that promyſe innumerable dayes, & yeres of pardon, ſome more, ſome leſſe, to the ſayers of ſuche blaſphemous prayers, yea ſomtyme to the bearers aboute of them. whiche promiſes, and perdons, haue flowed, and come from the curſed & wycked byſhops of Rome, that heretofore haue ben, and are but lyes and vanities, as it is recogniſed by the hole churche of Englande, bothe ſpirituall and temporall. Here I omitte & let paſſe many abhominable hereſies agaynſt Chriſte, and his moſte bleſſed bloude, contayned in ſome partes of ſome of the prayers aboue alledged. (For I do not condempne euery worde in euery of them) whiche not onely men vnlerned, & of ſmall reputacion & auctoritie, but alſo byſſhops and doctours in diuinitie, can wynke at wel ynough. I omitte alſo the ſhame, rebuke, & ſlaunder done vnto the redempcion, whiche we haue in Jeſu Chriſt, cōmenly compriſed in all collectes of ſayntes, & ſome of theyr hymnes & verſicles. As Tu per Thome ſanguinem Salue regina mater miſericordie and Deus qui beatū

Nicolaum, with ſuche other, almoſte innumerable. Than the whiche, what antichriſte, yea what deuyll in helle coulde deuiſe any thynge more peſtilent, heretical, or more to the diminiſhyng, reproche, ſubuerſion, deſtruction, and vilaynous treadyng vnder foote, and trampelynge out of the moſte holy and bleſſed bloude of our ſwete ſauiour, and eternall mediator & byſhop Jeſu Chriſt, the onely ſufficient price, ſatiſfaction, recōſiliacion, full contentacion, payns, and payment, of, and for our ſynnes, yea & for yͤ ſynnes of all the whole worlde, that vnfaynedly truſte therin, and euyn of all the ſayntes yͭ be in heuen. Wherfore I moſt humbly beſeche almyghty god, that I may ones ſe men as diligent and buſy, to enſearche, call in, & cōdempne theſe, and ſuche, bothe abhominable hereſies, & therto ryght open & manifeſt treaſons, in the Decrees, Decretals, and other lawes of byſhops of Rome, with other bokes, at this tyme ouer many to be reherſed, as heretofore they haue ben to call in, condempne, & enſearche, ſuche bokes priuileged, as wherin I thynke that no greate harme, yea no harme at all can be foūd (ſpecially worthy of condempnacion) yf they were indifferently, and charitably ouerſene & iudged. And bycauſe we wyll not be ouer tedious and longe, I let paſſe many other bokes of ſupſtitious prayers, whiche I coulde recite, if I delyghted in moche rygorous reherſalles, as the Gardeyn of the ſoule, the Paradiſe of the ſoule, with other of the ſame hewe and colour. Wherfore here nedeth ſharpe reformacion, yea & many of them be worthy to be cleane put out of memorie. The ſame iudgement & reformacion that is meete of the bokes before named, is alſo to be had of the bokes of paſſions, and ſayntes lyues, called Legende auree, of Feſtiualles, of Manipulus curatorum, of Eccius, of Cocleus, and of Hoſtratus bokes, with ſuche lyke dreggꝭ, & draſſe, wherin the popes falſe vſurped power, and his moſte wycked lawes ben mayntayned, and defended, to the greate and daũgerous ĩfection of our moſte gracious ſoueraigne lorde the kynges liege people, and the vnlaufull withdrawyng of their hertes from his graces maieſtie, by ſuche myſcheuous bokes. Beſydes that, that many thynges ben mengled in the ſayde boke of Iohñ Eccius, wherof I feare me ſore, that the deuyll is the very auctor. Howe be it ſyth neither tyme ſufficiēt is gyuen to one man, neither the burdeyn of this reformation of one man may be borne and ſuſteyned, I thought it ynough in this place, only of theſe thingꝭ to haue monyſhed you, ſurely truſtyng, yͭ god in tyme cōmynge, ſhall adde to thoſe thynges, bothe ſpace, and layſure cōuenient, & alſo lyghte ſufficient. And truſtynge moreouer, o, good reders, yͭ herafter ye may the better by this warnyng, admonition, & aduertiſemēt, eſchewe, and auoyde ſuche popyſhe paynted, and peſtilent prayers, which of truthe ben of no more alliãce, cōſanguinitie, and kynred, vnto true prayer, thā was Symon Magus, that falſe man, vnto Symon Peter, that good man, and true ſeruaunt of Ieſu Chriſt, that is to witte, whiche haue the name of prayer only, and no more. And yet this I proteſt before god and all his aungels, with the whole company of his ſayntꝭ, both quicke, & deade, that I haue here, ne els where written any thyng, nor herafter entende to wryte, procedynge either of wylfull mynde, blynde zele, or affection, or yet of malice, to exaſperate any perſone or perſons, to wrathe,

or ire,

whiche ou to be vpon our bleſſed lady, or any holy ſaynte of theyr owne layde, and honour, whiche ſcripture admytteth them to haue, but only of very pitie, loue, and charite, towardes all true chriſten people, ſpecially of this my natyue countrey, to gyue them warnynge of ſuche pernicious prayers, as ben to ŷ hygh blaſphemie of goddes moſte bleſſed name, & to the intollerable ſclaunder, & deteſtable rebuke of the moſte precious bloude of our ſauiour Ieſu Chriſte. And to withdrawe them ones from theyr greuous idolatrie, wherin many yeres they haue perſeuered and continued.

It is not mete, comely, nor fyttynge, ŷ in our prayers, we ſhulde make a god & ſauiour of any ſaynt in heuē, no not of our bleſſed lady. Neither is it mete to make them checke with our ſauiour Chriſt, moche leſſe than to make them checkemate. I wolde they that be lerned ſhulde here call to mynde the honour of Latria, wherewith they were wonte to ſay, & preache, and in diſputations to declare, and teache, that it was bothe ſynne and ſhame to honour any creature. Theyr diſtinction of Latria, Dulia, & Hyperdulia, in contentious diſputation, ſwymmeth euer in theyr lyppes. But whan they come to practiſe the mater in theyr petitions and prayers, than ſemeth it as clene forgoten with them, as they had neuer ſpoken it, redde it, nor herde of it in theyr lyues. Suche is the blyndnes of nature, without the ſpirite of god. I pray god ones amende that is amyſſe. For aſmoche than, as this ſhorte ſimple admonition, precedeth neither of blynde zele, or affection, neyther of wyll or purpoſe to offende or diſpleaſe any man, moche leſſe than to diſpleaſe any ſaint in heuen, and in no wyſe than our bleſſed lady, but euin of very pure loue to the honour of god, and helthe of mennes ſoules. ¶Therfore I ſhall hertely deſyre and praye al men, whoſe chaūce ſhalbe to rede it, all blynd zele and affection layde aparte, truely to wey the matier, and iuſtly to pondre the cauſe of this our admonition, and I thynke they ſhal fynde it no tryfle, nor a thyng to be ſleyghtely ouerſene, but ryghte greate and vrgent, and a cauſe that oughte to moue the hertes of all chriſten, yea the very heuens & elementes, the very ſtockes and ſtones. ¶Truely the highe blaſphemie of the moſte holy name of god, moſte good and almightie, the defoylyng, & defacyng of ẏ precious bloude of our ſauiour Ieſu Chriſt, the contēpnyng of the mooſte gracious inſpiration of the holy ghoſte, And finally, ſo abhominable idolatrie, as more can neuer be. From the whiche, he defende vs, that redemed vs wͭ his moſt precious bloude.

So be it.

✠ ✠
✠

¶ An almanake for .xx. yeres.

¶ The nombre of the yeres.	Eaſter daye.	¶ The golden nombre.	¶ The dñical letter.	
M.D.xxxv	xxviii. Mar.	xvi.	C	
M.D.xxxvi.	xvi. Apryl.	xvii.	A	B
M.D.xxxvii.	i. Apryll.	xviii.	G	
M.D.xxxviii.	xxi. Apryll.	xix.	F	
M.D.xxxix.	vi Apryll.	i.	E	
M.D.xl.	xxviii. Mar.	ii.	C	D
M.D.xli.	xvii. Apryll.	iii.	B	
M.D.xlii.	ix. Apryll.	iiii.	A	
M.D.xliii.	xxv. Mar.	v	G	
M.D. liiii.	xiii. Apryll.	vi	E	F
M.D.xlv.	v. Apryll.	vii.	D	
M.D.xlvi.	xxvii. Apryll.	viii	C	
M.D.xlvii.	x. Apryll.	ix.	B	
M.D.xlviii.	i. Apryll.	x.	G	A
M.D.xlix.	xxi. Apryll.	xi.	F	
M.D.l.	vi. Apryll.	xii.	E	
M.D.li.	xxix. March.	xiii	D	
M.D.lii.	xvii. Apryll.	xiiii.	B	C
M.D.liii.	ii. Apryll.	xv.	A	
M.D.liiii.	xxiiii. Mar.	xvi.	G	

¶ Who that wyl knowe Eaſter day, the golden nõbre, the dominicall letter, and the leape yere, from the yere of our lorde god. M.D.xxxv. to ẏ yere of our lorde god M.D.liiii. incluſiuely, beholde this table in the date, and he ſhall fynde the forſayde thynges.

¶ In the yere be .xii. monethes .lii. wekes, & one day. And days in the yere .CCC.lxv. and .vi. houres.

¶ .xxx. dayes hath Septembre, Apryll, July, & Nouembre .xxviii. dayes, February alone, and all the remanent .xxxi.

January.

B In January yͤ nighte is. xvi. houres / ⁊ the day. viii. houres.

iii	A	Circumciſion.	i
	b	oct. ſ. Stephane.	ii
xi	c	oct. ſ. Johñ.	iii
	d	oct. ſ. Innocentes.	iiii
xix	e	oct. ſ. Thomas martyr.	v
viii	f	Epyphanye.	vi
	g	ſ. Felyx & January.	vii
xvi	A	ſ. Lucian.	viii
v	b	ſ. Joyce.	ix
	c	ſ. Paule fyrſte hermite.	x
xiii	d	The ſon in Aquarius.	xi
ii	e	ſ. Archade martyr.	xii
	f	oct. Epyphan. Hylary.	xiii
x	g	ſ. Felix preeſte.	xiiii
	A	ſ. Maure abbot.	xv
xviii	b	ſ. Marcell byſhop.	xvi
vii	c	ſ. Anthony.	xvii
	d	ſ. Priſca virgin.	xviii
xv	e	ſ. wulſtayn byſhop.	xix
iiii	f	ſ. Fabiane & Sebaſtiane.	xx
	g	ſ. Agnes virgin.	xxi
xii	A	ſ. Vincent martyr.	xxii
i	b	ſ. Emerenciane.	xxiii
	c	ſ. Thimothe.	xxiiii
ix	d	Conuerſion of ſ. Paule	xxv
	e	ſ. Policarpe byſhop.	xxvi
xvii	f	ſ. Juliane byſhop.	xxvii
vi	g	ſ. Agnes the ſeconde.	xxviii
	A	ſ. Valery byſhop.	xxix
xiiii	b		xxx
iii	c		xxxi

February.

KL In february ẏ nyghte is .xiiii. houres/and the day .x. houres.

		ſ. Brygyt virgin.	i
xi	e	Purification of our lady.	ii
xix	f	ſ. Blaſe byſhop.	iii
viii	g	ſ. Gylberte.	iiii
	A	ſ. Agathe virgyn.	v
xvi	b		vi
v	c	ſ. Angule byſhop.	vii
	d	ſ. Paule byſhop.	viii
xiii	e	ſ. Appolone virgin.	ix
ii	f	ſ. Scolaſtica virgin.	x
	g	ſ. Eufraſie virgin.	xi
	A	¶ The ſonne in Piſces.	xii
	b	ſ. Vulcane byſhop.	xiii
xviii	c	ſ. Valentine martyr.	xiiii
vii	d	ſ. Fauſtine and Jouite.	xv
	e	ſ. Juliane virgin.	xvi
xv	f	ſ. Policron byſhop.	xvii
	g	ſ. Simeon byſhop.	xviii
	A	ſ. Sabine martyr.	xix
xii	b	ſ. Myldrede virgin.	xx
i	c	lxix. martyrs.	xxi
	d	Cathedra ſ. Petri apoſtoli.	xxii
ix	e	Locus biſexti	xxiii
	f	Mathy apoſtle.	xxiiii
xvii	g	Inuention of ſ. Paule.	xxv
vi	A	ſ. Neſtor byſhop.	xxvi
	b	ſ. Auguſtin byſhop.	xxvii
xiiii	c	ſ. Oſwolde byſhop.	xxviii

Marche.

KL In Marche the nyghte is .xii. houres / & the day .xii. houres.

iii	d	ſ. Dauid byſhop.	i
	e	ſ. Chadde byſhop.	ii
xi	f	ſ. Martine.	iii
	g	ſ. Adrian.	iiii
xix	A		v
viii	b	ſ. Uictor & victorin.	vi
	c	ſ. Perpetue & felicite.	vii
xvi	d	Depoſition of ſ. felix.	viii
v	e	xl. martyrs.	ix
	f	Agapite virgin.	x
xiii	g	ſ. Quirion & Candide.	xi
ii	A	ſ. Gregory byſhop.	xii
	b	ſ. Theodore martyre.	xiii
x	c	¶ The ſon in Aries. Equinoct.	xiiii
	d	ſ. Longinus martyr.	xv
xviii	e	ſ. Hillarii & Tacoam.	xvi
vii	f	ſ. Patryke byſhop.	xvii
	g	ſ. Edwarde kynge.	xviii
xv	A	ſ. Joſephe.	xix
iiii	b	ſ. Cuthberte abbot.	xx
	c	ſ. Benet abbot	xxi
xii	d		xxii
i	e	ſ. Theodore preeſt.	xxiii
	f	ſ. Agapite martyr.	xxiiii
ix	g	Annunciation of our lady.	xxv
	A	ſ. Caſtor martyr.	xxvi
xvii	b		xxvii
vi	c	ſ. Dorothe virgin.	xxviii
	d	ſ. Uictorin.	xxix
xiiii	e	ſ. Quirine martyr.	xxx
iii	f	ſ. Aldeline byſhop.	xxxi

KL In Apryll the nyght is ten houres & the day .xiiii. houres.

iii	g	ſ. Theodore virgyn.	i
xi	A	ſ. Mary Egypcyan.	ii
	b	ſ. Rycharde byſhop.	iii
xix	c	ſ. Ambroſius byſhop.	iiii
viii	d	ſ. Martinian & Martia.	v
xvi	e	ſ. Sixtus byſhop.	vi
v	f	ſ. Euphemie.	vii
	g		viii
xiii	A	ſ. Perpetuus byſhop.	ix
ii	b		x
	c	ſ. Guthlake.	xi
x	d	The ſonne in Taurus.	xii
	e	ſ. Julians byſhop.	xiii
xviii	f		xiiii
vii	g	ſ. Oſwolde archebyſhop.	xv
	A	ſ. Iſidore.	xvi
xv	b	ſ. Anicete byſhop.	xvii
iiii	c	ſ. Eleuther byſhop.	xviii
	d		xix
xii	e	ſ. Victor byſhop.	xx
i	f	ſ. Simeon byſhop.	xxi
	g	ſ. Sother.	xxii
ix	A	George martyr.	xxiii
	b	ſ. wylfride byſhop.	xxiiii
xvii	c	Marke theuangell.	xxv
vi	d	ſ. Clete byſhop.	xxvi
	e	ſ. Anaſtaſe byſhop.	xxvii
xiiii	f		xxviii
iii	g	ſ. Peter of Mylan.	xxix
	A	ſ. Erkenwolde.	xxx

May.

KL In May the nighte is .viii. houres / & the day .xvi. houres.

xi	b	Philip & Jacob apoſtles.	i
	c	Athanaſe byſhop.	ii
xix	d	Inuention of the croſſe.	iii
viii	e		iiii
	f	ſ. Godarde.	v
xvi	g	ſ. John euangeliſt.	vi
v	A	ſ. John of Beuerlay	vii
	b	Apperyng of ſ. Michaell.	viii
xiii	c	Tranſlation of ſ. Nicholas.	ix
ii	d	ſ. Gardian & epimachi.	x
	e	ſ. Anthony martyr.	xi
x	f		xii
	g	ſ. Seruatius confeſſor.	xiii
xviii	A	The ſon in Geminis.	xiiii
vii	b	ſ. Iſodore martyr.	xv
	c	ſ. Brandyn byſhop.	xvi
xv	d	Tranſlation of ſ. Bernarde.	xvii
iiii	e	ſ. Diſcor martyr.	xviii
	f	ſ. Dunſtane byſhop.	xix
xii	g	ſ. Bernardine.	xx
i	A	Helyne quene.	xxi
	b	Juliane virgin.	xxii
ix	c	ſ. Deſidery martyr.	xxiii
	d	Tranſlation of ſ. Fraunces.	xxiiii
xvii	e	ſ. Aldeme byſhop.	xxv
vi	f	ſ. Auſtayne	xxvi
	g	ſ. Bede preeſte.	xxvii
xiiii	A	ſ. Germayn byſhop.	xxviii
iii	b	ſ. Corone martyr.	xxix
	c	ſ. Felix byſhop.	xxx
xi	d	Petronilla virgin.	xxxi

June.

KL In June the nyghte is ſyxe. houres/ & the day .xviii. houres

	e	ſ. Nichodeme martyr	i
xix	f	ſ. Marcelline & Peter martyr.	ii
viii	g	ſ. Eraſmus.	iii
xvi.	A	ſ. Petroce.	iiii
v	b	ſ. Boniface.	v
	c	ſ. Mellon archebyſhop.	vi
xiii	d	Tranſlation of ſaynt Wulſtane.	vii
ii	e	ſ. Medarde & Gyldarde.	viii
	f	Tranſlation of ſ. Edmunde.	ix
x	g	ſ. Yue.	x
	A	ſ. Bernabe apoſtle.	xi
xviii	b	ſ. Baſilide.	xii
vii	c	¶ The ſonne in Cancer.	xiii
	d	Baſyll byſhop.	xiiii
xv	e	ſ. Vite & modeſti.	xv
iiii	f	ſ. Rycharde.	xvi
	g	ſ. Botulphe.	xvii
xii	A		xviii
i	b		xix
	c	Tranſlation of ſaynt Edwarde.	xx
ix	d	Walburge virgyn.	xxi
	e	ſ. Albone martyr.	xxii
xvii	f	ſ. Audrey. Vigil.	xxiii
vi	g	Natiuite of ſ. John Baptiſt.	xxiiii
	A	Tranſlation of ſ. Elygy byſhop.	xxv
xiiii	b	ſ. John & Paule.	xxvi
iii	c	ſ. Creſcens.	xxvii
	d	Leo byſhop. Vigil.	xxviii
xi	e	Peter & Paule apoſtles.	xxix
	f	Cõmemoration of ſ. Paule.	xxx

July.

KL In July the nighte is. viii. houres & the day. xvi. houres.

xix	g	oct. of ſ. Iohn Baptiſt.	i
viii	A	Viſitation of our lady.	ii
	b	Tranſlation of ſ. Thomas apoſtle.	iii
xvi	c	Tranſlation of ſ. Martyn.	iiii
v	d	zoe virgin and martyr.	v
	e	Oct. ſ. Peter and Paule.	vi
xiii	f	Tranſlation of Thomas cantor.	vii
ii	g	ſ. Grymbalde.	viii
	A	ſ. Cirill byſhop.	ix
x	b	Seuen brothers martyrs.	x
	c	Tranſlation of ſ. Benet.	xi
xviii	d	Eraſmꝰ of Roterdame deceſſed. 1536.	xii
vii	e		xiii
	f	The ſonne in Leo.	xiiii
xv	g	Tranſlation of ſ. ſwithun.	xv
iiii	A	Tranſlation of ſ. Oſmunde.	xvi
	b	ſ. Kenelme kynge.	xvii
xii	c	ſ. Arnulphe byſhop.	xviii
i	d	ſ. Ruffine & Iuſtine.	xix
	e	ſ. Margaret virgin.	xx
ix	f	Praxede virgin.	xxi
	g	ſ. Mary Magdalene.	xxii
xvii	A	ſ. Apolynaris byſhop.	xxiii
vi	b	ſ. Chriſtin virgin.	xxiiii
	c	ſ. Iames apoſtle.	xxv
xiiii	d	ſ. Anne mother of Mary.	xxvi
iii	e	The ſeuen ſlepers.	xxvii
	f	ſ. Sanſon byſhop.	xxviii
xi	g		xxix
	A	ſ. Abdon & Sennes.	xxx
xix	b	ſ. Germayne byſhop.	xxxi

Auguſt.

KL In Auguſt the nighte is .x. houres/ & the day.xiiii.houres

viii	c	Lammas day.	i
xvi	d	ſ. Steuyn byſſhop.	ii
v	e	Inuencion of ſ. Steuyn.	iii
	f	ſ. Iuſtine preeſte.	iiii
xiii	g		v
ii	A	Transfiguration of our lorde.	vi
	b	The feſte of Ieſu.	vii
x	c	ſ. Ciriake and his felowes.	viii
	d	ſ. Romayn.	ix
xviii	e	ſ. Laurence martyr.	x
vii	f	ſ. Tiburcius martyr.	xi
	g	ſ. Clare	xii
xv	A	ſ. Ipolyte and his felowes.	xiii
iiii	b	ſ. Euſebius.	xiiii
	c	Aſſumption of our lady.	xv
xii	d	The ſonne in virgine.	xvi
i	e	oct. of. Laurence.	xvii
	f	ſ. Agapite martyr.	xviii
ix	g	ſ. Magnus martyr.	xix
	A	ſ. Lewes byſſhop.	xx
xvii	b	ſ. Bernarde.	xxi
vi	c	oct. aſſumpcion. &c.	xxii
	d		xxiii
xiiii	e	Bartholmewe apoſtle.	xxiiii
iii	f	ſ. Lewes kynge.	xxv
	g	ſ. Seuerine.	xxvi
xi	A	ſ. Ruphe martyr.	xxvii
	b	ſ. Auſtayne.	xxviii
xix	c	Decollation of ſ. Iohñ.	xxix
	d	ſ. Felicis & Audacte.	xxx
viii	e	ſ. Cutberthe virgin.	xxxi

September.

KL In September ỹ nyghte is. xii. houres / and the day. x. houres.

xvi	f	ſ. Gylys abbot.	i
v	g	ſ. Antony martyr.	ii
	A		iii
xiii	b	Tranſlation of ſ. Cuthberte.	iiii
ii	c	Bertyne abbot.	v
	d	ſ. Eugenius.	vi
x	e		vii
	f	Natiuite of our lady.	viii
xviii	g	ſ. Gorgone martyr.	ix
vii	A	ſ. Siluius byſhop.	x
	b		xi
xv	c	ſ. Marciane byſhop.	xii
iiii	d	ſ. Maurilius byſhop.	xiii
	e	Exaltation of the holy croſſe.	xiiii
xii	f	The ſon in Libra.	xv
i	g	ſ. Edith virgin.	xvi
	A	ſ. Lamberte byſhop.	xvii
ix	b	ſ. Victor & corone.	xviii
	c	ſ. Januarius martyr.	xix
xvii	d	ſ. Euſtace.	xx
vi	e	Mathewe apoſtle.	xxi
	f	ſ. Maurice and his company.	xxii
xiiii	g	ſ. Tecla virgyn.	xxiii
iii	A	ſ. Andoche martyr.	xxiiii
	b		xxv
xi	c	ſ. Cipriane & Juſtine.	xxvi
	d	ſ. Coſme & Damiane.	xxvii
xix	e		xxviii
viii	f	ſ. Michael archaungell.	xxix
	g	ſ. Hierome preeſte.	xxx

October.

KL In October ẏ nyghte is .xiiii. houres / and the day .x. houres.

xvi	A	ſ. Remige byſſhop.	i
v	b		ii
xiii	c		iii
ii	d	ſ. Fraunceis confeſſour.	iiii
	e	Apolinarys martyr.	v
x	f	ſ. Fayth.	vi
	g		vii
xviii	A	ſ. Pelagye.	viii
vii	b		ix
	c	ſ. Gereon & Victor.	x
xv	d	ſ. Niclaſius byſſhop.	xi
iiii	e	ſ. Wylfride.	xii
	f	Tranſlation of ſ. Edwarde.	xiii
xii	g	ſ. Calixte byſſhop.	xiiii
i	A	ſ. Wulfran byſſhop.	xv
	b	The ſon in Scorpion.	xvi
ix	c	ſ. Audrey virgin.	xvii
	d	Luke euangeliſt.	xviii
xvii	e	ſ. Fredeſwyde virgin.	xix
vi	f	ſ. Auſtreberte virgyn.	xx
	g	xi. thouſande virgins.	xxi
xiiii	A	Mary Solome.	xxii
iii	b	ſ. Romayne byſſhop.	xxiii
	c	ſ. Magloire byſſhop.	xxiiii
xi	d	ſ. Criſpine and Criſpiane.	xxv
	e	ſ. Euariſte byſſhop.	xxvi
xix	f		xxvii
viii	g	ſ. Symon and Jude.	xxviii
	A	ſ. Narciſcus byſſhop	xxix
xvi	b	ſ. Germayn capua.	xxx
v	c	ſ. Quintin.	xxxi

Nouembre.

KL In Nouembre the nyghte is xvi. houres / & the day. viii. houres.

	d	The feſt of all ſayntes.	i
xiii	e	All ſoule day.	ii
ii	f	ſ. Wenefride virgyn.	iii
	g	ſ. Amantius.	iiii
x	A	ſ. Lete preeſte.	v
	b	ſ. Leonarde	vi
xviii	c	ſ. wylfryde archbyſhop.	vii
vii	d		viii
	e	ſ. Theodore	ix
xv	f	ſ. Martine byſhop of Rome.	x
iiii	g	ſ. Martine byſhop.	xi
	A	ſ. Paterne martyr.	xii
xii	b		xiii
i	c	Tranſlation of ſ. Erkenwolde.	xiiii
	d	The ſon in Sagittarius.	xv
ix	e	ſ. Edmunde archbyſhop.	xvi
	f	Hewe byſhop.	xvii
xvii	g	oct. ſ. Martine.	xviii
vi	A	ſ. Eliſabeth.	xix
	b	ſ. Edmunde kynge.	xx
xiiii	c	Preſentation of our lady.	xxi
iii	d	ſ. Cecily virgin.	xxii
	e	ſ. Clement byſhop.	xxiii
xi	f	ſ. Griſagone martyr.	xxiiii
	g	ſ. Katherine virgin.	xxv
xix	A		xxvi
viii	b	ſ. Agricole.	xxvii
	c	ſ. Rauſe martyr.	xxviii
xvi	d	ſ. Saturnine.	xxix
v	e	ſ. Andrewe apoſtle.	xxx

Octo.

December.

KL In December yͤ nighte is .xviii. houres / & the daye .vi. houres.

	f		i
xiii	g	ſ. Libane.	ii
ii	A	Depoſ. of ſ. Oſmunde.	iii
x	b	ſ. Barbara virgin.	iiii
	c	ſ. Sabbe abbot.	v
xviii	d	Conception of our lady.	vi
vii	e	oct. of ſ. Andꝛewe.	vii
	f	ſ. Nicolas byſhop.	viii
xv	g	ſ. Cipꝛiane abbot.	ix
iiii	A		x
	b	ſ. Damaſe byſhop.	xi
xii	c	The ſon in Capric.	xii
i	d	ſ. Lucie virgin.	xiii
	e		xiiii
ix	f	ſ. Valery byſhop.	xv
	g	O ſapientia.	xvi
xvii	A	Lazarus biſhop.	xvii
vi	b	ſ. Graciane byſhop.	xviii
	c		xix
xiiii	d	ſ. Julian martyꝛ.	xx
iii	e	ſ. Thomas apoſtle.	xxi
	f	xxx. martyꝛs.	xxii
xi	g	ſ. Victoꝛie virgin.	xxiii
	A		xxiiii
xix	b	Natiuite of our loꝛde.	xxv
viii	c	ſ. Steuen pꝛothomartyꝛ.	xxvi
	d	ſ. Iohn̄ euangeliſte.	xxvii
xvi	e	Chyldermas day.	xxviii
v	f	ſ. Thomas martyꝛ.	xxix
	g	Tranſlation of ſ. James.	xxx
xiii	A	ſ. Siluester byſhop of Rome.	xxxi

❡The preface.

IT was neuer ordeyned, o good reder, without the ſingler prouidence, and moſte abundaunt grace of almyghtie god, that the multitude of chriſten people ſhulde lerne by herte the ten cōmaundementes of almightie god, and the beleue, called the Crede, the prayer of the lorde, called the Pater noſter. For truely he that vnderſtandeth theſe thre, hath the pythe of all thoſe thynges, whiche holy ſcripture doth conteyne, & what ſoeuer may be taught neceſſarily vnto a faythful chriſtian, and that not only purely and plētifully, but therto ſo briefly and clerely, that no man can compleyne, or excuſe hym ſelfe iuſtly, ſych that knowlege, whiche is of neceſſite required to the atteynynge of the lyfe eternall, is neither tedious, nor yet ſo harde, but that it may be well had and goten of all that haue grace.

❡Thre thyngꝭ there be neceſſary to be knowē to obteyn eternall lyfe. ❡The fyrſt is, that thou knowe what is expedient to be done, and what to be omitted and lefte vndone. ❡The ſeconde, whan thou perceyueſt that thou of thyn owne ſtrength canneſt neyther do that whiche thou arte boūde to do, neither yet auoyde that, whiche thou art boūde to auoyde, that than yͤ knowe of whom to ſeke, fynde, and receyue this ſtrengthe and power. ❡The thyrde is, howe thou ſhuldeſt ſeke and obteyne it, and by what meanes and wayes, by whom, and for whoſe ſake. And herunto I wyll gyue to the an example, to the entent that thou mayſt the more euydētly perceyue my mynde and meanynge.

An enſample.

❡A man, whiche is diſeaſed with any maner of ſickenes, fyrſte enquireth with what kynde of ſyckenes he is enfecte, and than cōſidereth what ſtrength he hath, what he is able to do, & what he can not do. And thyrdly ſearcheth for a medicine to lay to his diſeaſe, ſo that by this meanes, he may get his helthe, and may afterwarde be able to do, or leaue vndone all thinges, whiche belonge to a man, bothe whole, and holſome. Finally, whan he hath founde this medicine, he taketh and vſeth it. Lykewyſe the cōmaūdement of god do teache a man to knowe his infirmitie, and make hym to fele what he is, what he can do, and what he can not do, ſo that he may knowledge hym ſelfe a perſone full of vice and ſynfulnes, full of weykens & feblenes. So that his ſynne, to his conſcience ones reuelated & knowen by the lawe, that than he may be gladde to ſeke after remedy & grace, wherby he may be reſtored and iuſtified, and ſo may he be able to fulfyll the cōmaundementes. Where and of whom we ſhall fynde this forſayd ſouerayne ſalue, & medicine, that is to ſay, grace, fauour, remedy, and remiſſion of our ſynnes, ſtrengthe and power to cōtinue in the ſame, and manfully to reſiſte the aſſaultes of Sathan, dothe the holy ghoſte teache vs in our hertes, & telleth vs by his holy ſecrete inſpiration. This ſpirite telleth vs howe the father of heuen wyll be mercyfull to all poore penitent hertes. that wholly cōmitte them ſelues to his infinite mercy and goodnes, & do not myſtruſt his bountiful promiſe therof made, and that we ſhall fynde and haue this infinite mercy, for the bloude & merites of his ſon Jeſu Chriſte, and the dethe that he ſuffred for the loue that he beareth vnto vs. But for this he teacheth vs, that we muſte pray, crye, and call, in ſure fayth and truſte, that he wyll in all our neceſſities here vs, for yͤ cauſes aforſayd. And to the ende yͤ we ſhulde knowe howe to ordre our ordre our prayer, and that we ſhulde deſyre nothynge vnſittyng, or that is not bothe expedient and neceſſary for body and ſoule, he hath framed vnto vs a forme of a ryght facioned prayer., & of a heuenly makynge, ſo ſhorte, ſo wel ordred, ſo pythye, ſo plentifull, and ſo ful of great gyftes, and heuenly treaſures, as none other can be deuiſed of any earthely creature.

For aſmoche than, as the hole ſomme of ſaluation conſiſteth in theſe thre poyntes, that is to knowe thy ſelfe a ſynner, of whom to ſeke remedy, and howe ẏ ſhalte obteyne it, truely by prayer. Me thynke it ryght expedient and accordynge to due proceſſe before we come to prayer, wherof we entende wholy to entreate in this litle volume, to begynne at the cōmaundementes, and of them to make a ſhorte abrydgement. So ẏ we may lerne to knowlege our ſynne & malyce, as the ſpiritual infirmitie, whiche maketh vs ſo weyke, ſo faynte, and ſo feble, that of our ſelues we haue no power to do, or leaue vndone, the thynges that we oughte, by the cōmaūdemēt of god, excepte we do begge, and borowe it of Chriſt our ſauiour. Who only in all ragyng and furious ſtormy weathers of troublous temptacions, is our moſt ſure ſhotte anker, & port of ſaluation. To whom be laude and prayſe, w our moſt benigne father, and the ſpirite of all conforte, worlde without ende.

So be it.

Yf ye will ſe the cōmaundementz ſubſtācially declared at length, re the boke entitled the booke of good workes.

what he is able to do, & what he can not do. And thyrdly ſearcheth for a medicine to lay to his diſeaſe, ſo that by this meanes, he may get his helthe, and may afterwarde be able to do, or leaue vndone all thingꝭ, whiche belonge to a man, bothe whole, and holſome. Finally, whan he hath founde this medicine, he taketh and vſeth it. Lykewyſe the cōmaūdement of god do teache a man to knowe his infirmitie, and make hym to fele what he is, what he can do, and what he can not do, ſo that he may knowledge hym ſelfe a perſone full of vice and ſynfulnes, full of weykens & feblenes. So that his ſynne, to his conſcience ones reuelated & knowen by the lawe, that than he may be gladde to ſeke after remedy & grace, wherby he may be reſtored and iuſtified, and ſo may he be able to fulfyll the cōmaundementes. Where and of whom we ſhall fynde this forſayd ſouerayne ſalue, & medicine, that is to ſay, grace, fauour, remedy, and remiſſion of our ſynnes, ſtrengthe and power to cōtinue in the ſame, and manfully to reſiſte the aſſaultes of Sathan, dothe the holy ghoſte teache vs in our hertes, & telleth vs by his holy ſecrete inſpiration. ¶This ſpirite telleth vs howe the father of heuen wyll be mercyfull to all poore penitent hertꝭ. that wholly cōmitte them ſelues to his infinite mercy and goodnes, & do not myſtruſt his bountiful promiſe therof made, and that we ſhall fynde and haue this infinite mercy, for the bloude & merites of his ſon Jeſu Chriſte, and the dethe that he ſuffred for the loue that he beareth vnto vs. But for this he teacheth vs, that we muſte pray, crye, and call, in ſure fayth and truſte, that he wyll in all our neceſſities here vs, for yͤ cauſes aforſayd. And to the ende yͭ we ſhulde knowe howe to ordre our prayer, and that we ſhulde deſyre nothynge vnſittyng, or that is not bothe expedient and neceſſary for body and ſoule, he hath framed vnto vs a forme of a ryght facioned prayer., & of a heuenly makynge, ſo ſhorte, ſo wel ordred, ſo pythye, ſo plentifull, and ſo ful of great gyftes, and heuenly treaſures, as none other can be deuiſed of any earthely creature.

For aſmoche than, as the hole ſomme of ſaluation conſiſteth in theſe thre poyntes, that is to knowe thy ſelfe a ſynner, of whom to ſeke remedy, and howe ẏ ſhalte obteyne it, truely by prayer. Methynke it ryght expedient and accordynge to due proceſſe before we come to prayer, wherof we entende wholy to entreate in this litle volume, to begynne at the cõmaundementes, and of them to make a ſhorte abrydgement. So ẏ we may lerne to knowlege our ſynne & malyce, as the ſpiritual infirmitie, whiche maketh vs ſo weyke, ſo faynte, and ſo feble, that of our ſelues we haue no power to do, or leaue vndone, the thynges that we oughte, by the cõmaũdemẽt of god, excepte we do begge, and borowe it of Chriſt our ſauiour: Who only in all ragyng and furious ſtormy weathers of troublous temptations, is our moſt ſure ſhotte anker, & port of ſaluation. ¶To whom be laude and prayſe, wͭ our moſt benigne father, and the ſpirite of all conforte, worlde without ende.

So be it.

Yf ye will ſe the cõmaundementʒ ſubſtãcially declared at length, rede the boke entitled the booke of good workes.

¶ The tenne cõmaundementes.

THe fyrſte and moſte excellent table of Moyſes conteyneth thre cõmaundementes, & doth ſhewe vnto vs what we owe to god, that is to ſay, what we oughte to do, or eſchewe, concernynge thoſe thynges, whiche ſpecially apperteyn vnto god.

¶ Therfore in the fyrſte of al yͤ cõmaundementes we be taught what god requireth in euery mãnes herte, and what man ought to iudge and thynke of hym, that is, that he loke euer for yͤ beſt of hym, euyn as of a father, or of a ſpeciall frende, and that without doubtynge or any myſtruſte, with conſtant faythe, truſte, and loue, euer fearyng to diſpleaſe hym, euyn as kynde & louyng chyldren feare to diſpleaſe theyr naturall fathers. For very nature dothe teache yͭ there is one god, of whom all our goodnes ſpringeth, whiche is our ſuccour in al aduerſitie. For this thynge euyn the hethen dyd attribute and graunte vnto theyr Idolles.

¶ The wordes of this cõmaundement are theſe.

Thou ſhalte haue no ſtraunge goddes.

¶ The ſeconde precepte teacheth vs howe we oughte to ordre our ſelues towarde god, as cõcernyng our outwarde workes before men, and alſo inwardely in our owne conſciẽces, whiche is, that we honour the name of god. For no mã can ſhewe god as he is in his owne nature, neyther to hym ſelfe, neyther yet to any other, but by his onely name.

¶ The wordes of this cõmaundement are theſe.

Thou ſhalt not take yͤ name of god ĩ vayn.

¶ The thyrde precepte dothe ſhewe howe we ought to behaue our selues towardes god in outwarde workes, and in worshyppynge hym.

The wordes of this cōmaundement are these.

Thou shalt kepe holy the Saboth day.

¶Here mayst yͧ se howe a man in these thre preceptes is taughte to ordre hym selfe towardes god in his vnderstandynge, thoughtes of herte, wordes, & workes, that is to say, thrughout all his lyfe.

The seconde table.

The seconde and laste table of Moyses cōteyneth seuen preceptꝭ folowyng, and this sheweth vs howe we oughte to behaue our selues vnto our neighbour, bothe in doinge, and also leauynge vndone.

¶The fyrst of these doth teache vs what we be bounde to do to the hygh officers, and suche as be in auctorite. The whiche seinge that they be set to rule here in stede of god, it is accordyng that this precepte be set nexte in place after those thre, whiche vs appteyne to god hym selfe. The exāples of this cōmaundement concernyng the personages, be, father, mother, lorde, lady, mayster, and maystres.

Thou shalt honour thy father and mother.

¶In the secōde precepte of this table, we lerne howe we ought to lyue with our equalles, and neighbours, and thys doth cōcerne the ꝑsone of man, yͭ shulde hurte no man, but rather wͭ our labour & diligēce to succour and ꝓmote them, whiche is cōteyned in these wordes.

Thou shalt not kylle.

¶The thyrde passeth thy neyghbours persone, & sheweth what thou shuldest do concernyng his chiefe possessions, as wyfe, chyldren, and kynnesmen, that thou neither defyle, nor defame them, but that thou do thy diligence aſmoche as lyeth in the, to ſaue theyr honour and dignitie. The wordes are theſe.

Thou ſhalte not cõmitte adulterie.

¶ The fourthe entreateth of thy neyghbours other moueable goodes, teachyng that thou take nothynge from hym, nor diminiſhe, nor hurte any thyng that he hath, but rather to profette and encreace it.

The wordes are theſe.

Thou ſhalt not ſteale.

¶ Item the fyfte we are taught how to ordre our ſelfe cõcernyng the name and good fame of our neyghbour, neuer to ſclaunder hym, but to helpe and defende hym aſmoche as lyeth in vs. The wordes are theſe.

Thou ſhalt beare no falſe Witneſſe againſt thy neyghbour.

¶ Therfore it is forbeden vs to hurte any kynde of our neyghbours goodes. But contrary wyſe cõmaundeth that we ſhulde encreaſe them. Nowe if we loke on the lawe of nature, we ſhal ſone ꝑceyue howe merueylous equall, good, and ryghtuous theſe preceptes are. For there is nothyng cõmaunded in all theſe ẏ apperteyne eyther to god, or to our neyghbour, but that euery man wolde that it ſhulde be ꝑfourmed towardes hym ſelfe, yf he were in the ſteade of god, or of his neyghbour.

¶ The two laſte preceptes do reproue and contempne vs for the wyckednes & malice of our nature, & teache vs howe pure we oughte to be from all deſyrynges of the fleſhe & goodes carnall. Here is the ghoſtly fyght, the warre, and laboure, wherin we oughte to be exerciſed all our lyfe. Whiche two cõmaundementes are gyuen in theſe wordes.

Thou ſhalt not deſire thy neyghbours houſe

Thou ſhalte not deſyre thy neyghbours wyfe / ſeruauntes / maydens / cattell / ne any other thynge what ſoeuer he poſſeſſeth

¶ A ſhorte concluſion of the tenne cõmaundementes.

Chriſte hym ſelfe ſayth in this maner: What ſo euer ye wolde ẏ men ſhulde do to you, the ſame do you to them. In this is comprehended the lawe, and all the prophetes. Mat. vii. There is no man ẏ for his great benefites, loueth to receyue vnkyndnes. There is no man that wyll gladly ſuffre his name to be euyll ſpoken of by a nother. There is no man, whiche wil be cõtẽted to be deſpiſed of a proude man. Beſydes that, there is no man that loueth the diſobedience, wrathe, or vnchaſtnes of his wyfe. There is no man, which wolde be ſpoyled of his poſſeſſions, defrauded, deceyued, oppreſſed, but rather all men are of this nature, ẏ they had leuer be fauoured, loued, kyndy entreated, helped, & truſted of their neighbours. Whiche all are cõmaũded in theſe. x. preceptes.

¶ Of the tranſgreſſion of the cõmaundementes.

Agaynſt the fyrſt precepte offende they, whiche in aduerſitie vſe charmes, and wytchecraftes, or at any tyme truſte in theyr helpe.

¶ They that haue vowed theyr faythe to the deuyll.

¶ They whiche abuſe letters, ſignes, herbes, workes, bleſſynges, or ſuche lyke.

¶ They that exerciſe any kynde of wytchecrafte (as there be many kyndes) ſome vſe roddes, ſome criſtall ſtones, ſome clothes. And ſome ther be ẏ burne mylke, ſome wt charmes do dygge vp treaſures. These and all ſuche other are contrary to the fyrſt cōmaūdement.

¶ They that cōferre theyr lyfe ⁊ workes to the ſignes of heuen, and to the coniecturyng of ſothe ſayers, puttynge obſeruation ⁊ difference betwyxte tyme ⁊ tyme.

¶ They that defende either them ſelfe, or theyr cattell, houſe, chyldren, or other goodes, from wolues, weapen fyre, or water, with any preſcripte, charme, or ſuperſticious prayer. ¶ They yt aſcribe theyr trouble and aduerſitie to the deuyll, or other euyll men.

¶ They that not louyngly, and with glad herte wyll accepte proſperite, and aduerſitie, good, and euyll, and all thynges euyn as he hadde receyued them of god, to whom we oughte to gyue all thankes, what ſoeuer chaūce vnto vs. ¶ They that tempte god to proue what he wyll do for them, puttyng them ſelues (without any cauſe) in ieopardie of body, or ſoule.

¶ They that were proude of right wyſenes, connyng, or other ſpiritual gyfte. ¶ They that worſhyp god, or his ſayntes, for temporall goodes, only, or chefly, forgettynge the profettes of theyr ſoules.

¶ They that truſt not euery tyme, and in euery place, puttynge theyr confidence onely in the mercy of god, thrughout all theyr lyues and werkes.

¶ They that doubte in faythe of the fauour of god.

¶ They that regarde not the vnbelefe and myſtruſt of other, neyther bryngeth them to theyr power to beleue and truſte in the mercy of god. Of this place are all kyndes of vnbelefe, myſtruſt, and deſperation.

¶ Agaynſt the ſeconde offendeth he, that without a cauſe, or of a cuſtome, ſwereth folyſhely. He that forſwereth hym ſelfe, or kepeth not his promeſſe.

He that ſweareth or voweth to do any myſchiefe. He that by the name of god dothe curſe or banne other. He that folyſhely tryfleth with god, wreſteth (though it be in ſporte) the wordes of ſcripture. He that in trouble doth not call on the name of god, neither thanketh hym in all thinges, ſwete, ſower, good, and euyll, welfare & trouble. He yͭ aſketh to be prayſed & honored for his vertue & wyſedome. He that falſely dothe call on yͤ name of god, as heretykes do, and whiche by pryde haue fayned them ſelues holy. He yͭ prayſeth not the name of god in al thyngꝭ yͭ chaunce vnto hym. He that wᵗſtandeth not all ſuche thinges as to ſclaũder the name of god, and they yͭ myſuſe his holy name, or by thoccaſion of it to euyll dedes. Adde herunto vayne glorye, honour, and pryde of ſpirituall thynges.

¶ Agaynſt the thyrde offendeth he, that heareth not, or teacheth not yͤ worde of god. He that prayeth not, and ſerueth not god in ſpirite. He that wyll not ſuffre god to haue the glory of all his workes. He that putteth any truſt in his owne workꝭ, affectiõs, or deſyres. He that is not cõtente to ſuffre all thinges yͭ god wyll put vnto hym. He that helpeth not other that they may fulfyll theſe preceptes, and forbyddeth not other that wolde tranſgreſſe them.

¶ Agaynſt the fourthe offendeth he, that is aſhamed of the pouertye, or any other worldly wretchednes or miſerie of his parentes. He that prouideth not ſuche thynges as are neceſſary for them, as foode, & raymẽt. And moche more they, whiche curſe, banne, and beate them, whiche ſay euyll by them, ſclaunder them, hate, and diſobey them. He that in his herte ſetteth not moche by them for goodes cõmaundement.

He that

Obediēce to mayſters & officers.

he that dothe not honour them, though they be cruell, and vnryghtfull. He that obeyeth not mayſters, and officers. He that is not truſtye and faythfull to them, whether they be good or euyll. He that mayntayneth not this cōmaūdement, nor reſiſteth not them, whiche do the cōtrary. Hyther cōferre all the kyndes of pryde, and of diſobediēce. Agaynſt the fyfte offendeth he that is angrye with his neyghbour. He that ſaythe vnto his neyghbour Racha, in whiche worde are cōteyned all kyndes of wrathe and hatred. He that calleth a nother foole. Of whiche worde ſpringe checkꝭ, curſingꝭ, ſclaunderynges, euyl iudgementes, mockes, and ſuche other. He that doth publyſhe his neyghbours offēces to his ſclaunder, rather than amendement, and dothe not couer and excuſe them. He that forgyueth not his enemyes. He ẏ prayeth not for his enemyes. He that wyll not loue and do his duetie to his enemye. Under this precepte are conteyned all the ſynnes of wrathe, hatred, manſlaughter, batayle, pylage, burnynges, finally, of contencion, ſtryfe, chydynges, enuie in the welfare of our neyghbours, & reioyſynge of his hurte, or trouble. He that dothe not exerciſe the werkes of mercy, & that vnto his enemies. He that ſetteth other by the eares, & entiſeth them to hate the one the other. He that ſtyrreth vp diſcorde amonges other. He that dothe not reconſile them, whiche be at defiaunce.

He that withſtandeth not nor preuenteth wrathe, and debate, yf he may. Agaynſt the ſyxte offendeth he that hath to do with any ſyngle woman, or is an adulterer He that taketh any of his owne kyn, or cōmitteth any ſuche vice. He that vſeth perſonnes agaynſte nature, whiche are called dumme ſynnes. He ẏ dothe noryſhe and ſtyrreth vp his luſte with vncleanly wordes, hiſtories, ſonges, and ymages. He that defyleth and corrupteth hym ſelfe with lokynge, touchynge, or other wanton thoughtes, wherunto he caſteth fauour. He that auoydeth not the cauſes, ſurfettyng, ſlouthe, ydlenes, ſlepe, the company of ſuche men and women.

He that with ouer gorgyous apparell & deckynge hym ſelfe, or with euyll maners entiſeth other to the luſt of the fleſhe. He that doth miniſter houſe, licence, place, tyme, or helpe, to the workꝭ of this abhominable luſt. He that defendeth not a nother mans chaſtite with all his counſell and diligence.

¶ Agaynſt the ſeuenth offendeth he that vſeth thefte, pyllage, or vſury. He that vſeth falſe weyghtes and meaſures, or yͭ ſelleth vnlaufull marchandiſe for other thã they be. He that taketh any inheritaũce vniuſtly, or other exaction cõmitteth. He that delayeth, or denyeth the rewarde of workes, of his debte. He that lendeth not to his poore neyghbour, without takynge any aduauntage. All couetous men, and that labour to be ryche, and they yͭ by any other meanes kepe and witholde other mẽnes goodes. He that letteth not another mannes loſſe. He that warneth not another to auoyde his hurte. He that letteth his neyghbours preheminẽce. He that enuieth his neighbours aduantage. ¶ Agaynſt the eyght offendeth he, that in iudgement dothe hyde and ſuppreſſe yͤ truthe. He that with lyes and deceiptes dothe hurte. ¶ They whiche hurte with their flateryng double tonges, and are al redy to pleaſe ſuche as be glad to here cõplaintꝭ. He that bryngeth in ieopardie his neyghbours lyfe, or goodes, or falſely iudgeth and expoũdeth his wordes, and workes.

and workes. He that gyueth hearynge to ſuche euyl tonges, and helpeth them, and dothe not reſiſte them. He that vſeth not his owne tonge to defende & excuſe his neighbours name. He yͤ reproueth not a ſclaũder. He that ſpreadeth not abrode to the glorye of god, and cõmendacions of his neyghbours name, aſmoche as his witte diſcretion, & reaſon iudgeth to be cõuenient, other mennes vertues, hydynge their vices. He that holdeth his peace knowyng the truthe, and withſtandeth not them that ſo do.

¶ Agaynſt the laſte two. The laſte two preceptes are the very marke ſet before vs, vnto the which we muſt ſtryue to come by dayly labour and penaũce, truſtyng in the helpe of god, and in his fauour, for our euyll deſyres wyl neuer be vtterly deſtroyed vntyll our fleſhe be brought and renewed in to another generation.

¶ The fyue wyttes are comprehẽded in the fyfte and ſixte cõmandementes. ¶ The ſyx workes of mercy in the fyfte and ſeuenth.

¶ The ſeuen deadely ſynnes. Pryde in the fyrſt & ſeconde. Lechery in the ſixte. Wrathe and enuie in the fyfte. Slouthe in the thyrde, yea and in all other. Lykewyſe the ſynnes, which are toward other, ſhewe them ſelues thrughout all the cõmaundementes. For a man may offende agaynſte all the preceptes by commaundynge, counſeylynge, or helpynge other.

The ſynnes, whiche are called dumme, and crye for vengeaũce to god, are contrary to the ſixte and ſeuenth cõmaũdemẽtes. ¶ In all theſe workes we ſe none other thynge, but the loue of our ſelfe, whiche ſeketh his owne, & taketh from god, that, whiche is goddes, and from men thoſe thynges, that apperteyne to men.

It gyuet nothynge that it hath neyther to god, nor to man. Wherfore it may wel be true that (ſaynt Auguſtine ſayth) the hedde of all ſynne is ẏ loue of our ſelfe. Of this foloweth that the preceptes cōmaunde none other thyng but loue. Agayn forbyd nothyng but loue, And that he ẏ kepeth the cōmaundementes, fulfylleth nothyng but loue. Agayne nothyng but loue breaketh the cōmaundementes, And that in it ẏ Paule ſayth: Loue is the fulfyllynge of all the cōmaundementes. Euyn as wycked loue (ẏ is to ſay) the loue of thy ſelfe is the breakynge of the cōmaundementes.

¶ The fulfyllynge of the cōmaundementes.

¶ The fulfyllyng of the fyrſt cōmaundement, is feare and loue towards god, ẇ an vnfayned fayth to truſte conſtantly vnto god in all thynges, to betake our ſelfe playnely & purely vnto god in all poyntes, to myſtruſt and denye our ſelfe vtterly in all thyngꝭ, whether they be good or badde. Here put in what ſoeuer is wryten in the holy ſcripture of fayth, hope, and loue towardes god, whiche are ſhortly cōteyned in this fyrſt precepte.

¶ The fulfillyng oft he ſecōde, is to prayſe, to honour, to blyſſe, & to call on the name of god, vtterly to deſpiſe and forſake our owne name & glory, ſo that god only haue the prayſe, whiche worketh all thynges that be good. Here taketh place what thyng ſoeuer is writen in holy ſcripture of the prayſe of god, of gyuyng thankꝭ to hym, of the name of god, of ioye, and gladnes.

¶ The fulfyllynge of the thyrde, is to betake our ſelfe wholly to god, ẏ he may worke in vs, & do all thynkꝭ whiche ſhall be to his good pleaſure. This cōmaundement requireth pouertie of ſpirite, whiche ſhulde offre hym ſelfe to god, as dead, & not lyuyng in this world,

that he

that he may be his god, whiche on hymſelfe may take bothe his name and worke, accordyng to ỹ meanyng of the two forſayd cōmaundementes. Herunto apperteyneth what ſoeuer is cōmaūded vnto vs of worſhyppyng god, of hearynge goddes worde, or good workes, by whiche we may ſubdue the fleſhe to the ſpirite, ſo that all our good lyfe, and al our good workes be goddes, and not our owne.

¶ The fulfyllyng of the fourth is, with full obedience and mekenes to ſubmitte hym ſelfe to all officers, bycauſe it pleaſeth god (as wryteth thapoſtle Peter) wͭout contradiction, without compleynte, and without any grudgynge. Herunto applye what ſoeuer thynge are wryten in ſcripture of obedience, humilitie, ſubiection, and reuerence.

¶ The fulfyllyng of the fyfte is, ſufferaūce, mekenes, peace, mercy, an herte that is full purified with loue and ſwetenes, cleane without hate wrathe, & bytternes, not to his frendes onely, but alſo to his enemyes, yea and indifferently to al men. Hither cōferre al the inſtructions of pacience, gentlenes, peace and vnitie.

¶ The fulfyllynge of the ſyxte is, chaſtite, ſobrenes, ſhamefaſtnes, not of dedes only, but of wordes & maners, yea and of thoughtes. Beſydes that, attemperaunce of meate, drynke, ſlepe, and what ſoeuer dothe helpe chaſtite. Hitherto apply all places of holy ſcripture, concernynge chaſtite, faſtynge, ſobriete, temperaunce, prayer, watchynge, labours, and in concluſion all thynges that maynteyne chaſtite.

¶ The fulfyllyng of the ſeuenth is, pouertye of ſpirite, kyndnes, liberalitie, ſpendynge of our owne goodes to profette our neyghbours, to lyue wͭout couetouſnes and deſyre of ryches. Here gather all that is wryten of couetouſnes, of goodes iniuſtly goten and poſſeſſed, of vſery, ſoteltie, euyll deceypte, of iniurie, & hurt done, of lettyng of thy neyghbours ꝑfette, or deſpiſyng hym.

¶ The fulfyllynge of the eyght, is a peaſible and hole tonge, whiche hurteth no man, but profiteth all men, whiche ſettheth enemies at one, whiche excuſeth and defendeth them that be noted vicious perſones, & ſynners, vntyll the tyme that theyr ſynne be knowen, and than he lamenteth and pitieth them, but yet ſpeaketh none yuell by them. Suche ſymplicite and profette is in ſpeakynge. Herunto apꝑteyne all thynges, whiche are ſpoken of ſilence, and ſpeakynge, and what ſoeuer toucheth the good name, honour, ryght cauſes, and profettes of thy neyghbour.

¶ The fulfyllynge of the laſte, is the ꝑfecte & abſolute purenes and deſpiſyng (in the herte) of all temporall ryches, and bodely pleaſures, whiche thynge ſhall be done perfectely in the lyfe to come, and not vntyll that tyme. In all theſe thyngꝭ ſeiſt thou none other thyng, but to loue other, that is, loue god, and thy neighbour. Whiche loue ſeketh not his owne ꝑfette, but only thoſe thyngꝭ, whiche belonge to god, and to his neyghbour. Whiche loue yeldeth and gyueth hym ſelfe pleynely to euery man, ryght gladly makyng them partetakers of ſuche thynges as they haue, mete for reliefe & conforte of theyr neceſſitie, as accordyng to ryght iudgement to the gyuer is thoughte conuenient.

¶ Nowe ſeiſt thou, that in al theſe tenne cōmaundementes in a good ordre, & briefly are cōteyned all kyndes of informations, that are expedient for mannes lyfe. Whiche, if any man wyll do his dilicēce to kepe truely, he ſhall neuer be ydle, no not one houre, but ſhall haue occaſion to do good dedes, ſo that truely he ſhall neuer haue nede to choſe to hym other ſtraunge workes of mānes inuention, neither to be occupied in ſuche thinges as in no place are cōmaunded, and whiche in compariſon of the other, by god cōmaũded, is lytle profitable eyther to hym ſelfe or to his neyghbour. It is euidẽt that in all theſe preceptes there is nothynge wryten, whiche teacheth vs to ſerue our ſelues, eyther to do, to leaue, or to require of any man, that whiche cõcerneth our owne ꝑfette, but onely what we are bounde to do, that is to ſay, to god, and to our neyghbour. So that euyn blynde men may well perceyue, that the fulfyllynge of the cōmaũdemẽtes ſtandeth in loue towardes other, ⁊ not towardes our ſelfe. For man of his owne nature ſeketh ⁊ auoydeth ſufficiently, that whiche is for, or agaynſt his profette, ſo ẏ it nedeth not to moue hym to it, but moche rather to bringe hym from it. ¶Therfore he lyueth beſte, whiche lyueth not to hym ſelfe. And contrary he lyueth worſte, whiche lyueth to hym ſelue. ¶This is theffecte that the .x. cōmaundementes teache, wherby it is manifeſt that there be but fewe that lyue well, yea in ẏ we are men, none of vs lyueth wel. ¶This knowen, we muſte lerne of whom to aſke this excellent gyfte, to lyue well, ſo that we may fulfyll theſe cōmaundementꝭ.

¶The crede

The crede or beleue.

THeffecte of our fayth ſtandeth in thre partes, as in it are reherſed thre perſonnes of the godly Trinite. The fyrſte is of the father. The ſeconde of the ſonne. The thyrde of the holy ghoſt. And to euery of theſe perſons is applied his operation. This is the chieſe article of the faythe, in the whiche all the other depende.

Here note two maner of beleues.

¶ Fyrſt, ſome there be, whiche beleue yͭ thoſe thynges be true, whiche are ſpoken of god. As a man dothe beleue thoſe thinges to be true, whiche he heareth of the Turke, of the deuyll, & of helle. This faythe is rather a ſcience or a vayne opinion than a ſure truſt or beleue.

¶ There is another fayth towardes god, that thou do not onely beleue thoſe thynges to be true, whiche thou heareth of god, but alſo truſt to hym, and betake & committe thy ſelfe wholy vnto hym. Beſydes that, to haue a ſure hope and confidence in hym with the maner of a certeyne good preſumption, vpon yͭ without doubte, thou ſurely ſhalte obteyne & receyue of hym that, whiche thou hardeſt ſpoken of hym, and that with ſuche faythe and confidence, as thou woldeſt gyue to none ertly man. Be it in caſe that yͤ (Turke) or any other man) greatly prayſed vnto the, and that thou beleue faythfully that ſome man is diſcrete & worthy prayſe, yet for al that yͧ wylte not cōmitte thy ſelfe vnto hym, puttynghe all thy truſte and confidence in hym.

But this fayth, whiche boldely betaketh hym ſelfe to god, both in ieopardie of lyfe and dethe, knowyng that he is ſuche as he is ſpoken of, maketh onely a chriſten, & obteyneth of god what ſoeuer he deſyreth. Neyther is there any falſe herte ỹ receyueth this fayth, for this is the quicke faythe, whiche is required in the fyrſte cōmaundement, whiche ſaythe thus: I am thy god, take no ſtraunge goddes. Wherfore this In is not put in vayne, but it is to be obſerued with a notable ſignification. For we do not ſay, I beleue to god the father, or of god the father. But I beleue in god the father, in Jeſu Chriſte, and in the holy ghooſte. Wherfore this fayth ought to be had in none but in one god. So that by this we confeſſe alſo the godhed of Chriſte, and of the holy ghoſte, bicauſe we beleue none otherwyſe in the ſonne, & in the holy ghoſte, than we do in the father hym ſelfe. For euyn as we haue one faythe in all thre perſones, ſo all thre perſonnes are onely one god.

The fyrſte parte of the belefe.

I Beleue in god the father almyghtye, maker of heuen and earthe, that is, I forſake Satan, and all Idolatrie, all charmes, wytchcraftes, & falſe hope. I put my truſt in no man of all the worlde, neither yet in my ſelfe, nor in my power, lernyng, ſcience, ryches, wyſedome, or what ſoeuer it be ỹ I haue or poſſeſſe. I put no confidence in any creature, whether it be in heuen or erthe, but I put my ſure truſt onely in one god, whiche can not be ſene with mannes iye, whiche can not be comprehended with mānes witte, whiche made heuen and erthe, and alone ruleth all creatures. To hym wholly I ſubmit my ſelfe, nothyng fearyng, nor regardyng the malice of the deuyll, & his felowes, for my god is aboue them all. Neyther wolde I put the leſſe cōfidence in god, thoughe all men dyd forſake me, and perſecute me. Neyther wyll I truſt hym the leſſe, bicauſe I am wretched and poore, bicauſe I am rude and vnlerned, bicauſe I am deſpiſed & lacke poſſeſſions. Neyther yet the leſſe bicauſe I am a ſynner, for this my faythe dothe farre paſſe all thynges, (as it is neceſſarie and oughte to do) what ſoeuer either be or be not, bothe ſinnes and vertues, and to be ſhorte, al thynges. So that ſhe doth purely and wholly fyxe her ſelfe in god onely, as the fyrſte cōmandement teacheth and cōpelleth me. Neyther deſyre I any ſigne to tēpte hym, I truſte faythfully vnto hym. Although he differre and tary his pleaſure, I wyll not ſet or preſcribe to hym any ende, any tyme, meaſure, or reaſon, but I cōmit all to his wyll with a pure faythe, and a ſtable, for he is almyghtie. What can I than lacke, that he can not gyue and do vnto me? For he is the maker of heuen and erthe, and lorde of all thyngꝭ. What thynge than can hyndre or hurte me? Howe may it be that all thynges ſhal not turne to myn vſe and profette? whan he to whom all theſe thinges are ſubiecte and obediēt, fauoureth me and loueth me? Nowe (ſyth he is god) he knoweth wherunto he hath ordeined me, and howe euery thynge ſhall be beſte for me, and that whiche he knoweth he may do. And ſeinge he is my father, it is ſure that he wyll do it, and prouide the beſt for me, and that for they fatherly loue that he hath & beareth vnto me. Whan I doubte not herof, and haue ſure truſte in hym, than no doubte I am his ſeruaūt, his ſonne, and his heyre. And euyn as I beleue ſo ſhall it be to me.

¶ The ſeconde parte of yͤ beleſe.

AND in Ieſu Chriſte his onely ſonne, our lorde, whiche was cōceyued by the holy ghoſt, borne of Mary the virgin. Suffred vnder pontius Pilatus, crucified, deed, and buryed. Deſcended to the helles

¶The thyrde day roſe agayn from deth. Aſcended to heuen, ſytteth on ẏ ryght hande of god ẏ father almyghtie. From thenſe he ſhall come to iudge quicke & deed.

¶That is, I do not only beleue that Jeſu Chriſte is the true and onely ſonne of god, by euerlaſtyng and godly nature, & beinge from the begynnyng, & euer begoten, but alſo that all thynges are ſubdued vnder hym, and that he is my lorde, and the lorde of all creatures, made ruler ouer them, beinge man, whiche he hym ſelfe with the father in his diuinitie dyd make.

¶ I beleue that no man may beleue in god the father, or may come vnto the father, neyther by ſcience & learnynge, neyther by workes, neyther by theyr owne reaſon and witte, or by what thyng ſoeuer may be named in heuen or erthe, but by this, and in this, Jeſu Chriſt his onely ſonne, that is to ſay, by the faythe in ẏ name and power of Jeſu Chriſte.

¶ I beleue vnfaynedly and ſurely, that he was cōceyued for my profette, by the holy ghoſte, without all mannes carnall worke, wout a bodely father, or mannes ſede, and ẏ to purifie & make ſpirituall my ſynfull, fleſhely, vnclene, & dampnable cōception, and al theirs that beleue in hym, moued to his mercy of his owne free wyll, and the wyll of the almyghtie father.

¶ I beleue that he was begoten of the virgyn Mary, without the loſſe of her pure & incorruptible virginite, ſo that (accordynge to the prouidence of the mercyfull father) he ſhulde blyſſe & clenſe the ſynnes & dāpnable byrthe of all that beleue in hym, that afterwardes it myght do no hurte.

¶ I beleue ẏ he ſuffred paſſion & dethe for my ſynnes, and all theyrs that beleue in hym, and that he therby blyſſed al paſſions, croſſes, and deathes, ſo ẏ after they myght not hurte, but be bothe holſome & meritorious.

¶I beleue that he was deade and buried, to mortifie and bury my ſynne, and all the ſynnes of them that beleue. Finally, that all bodely deathe by his death was deſtroyed, ſo ẏ it is of no power to hurte, but is rather made holſome and profitable.

¶I beleue that he went downe to helle to ſubdue and make captiue (to me, and to all that beleue) the deuyll with all his impery, ſoteltie, and malice, to delyuer me from helle, wherunto I was condempned in my fyrſt father Adam, takynge away all power therof, that it myght not hurte me, but ſhulde rather be a profitable occaſion to me, to laude & prayſe god for my delyuere.

¶I beleue that the thyrde day he roſe agayne from deathe, to brynge me, and all that beleue, in to a newe lyfe, and that therby he rayſed me from death of ſynne in to grace and ſpirite, not to ſynne after, but that I endowed with all kyndes of grace & vertue, myght ſerue hym, and ſo fulfyll his cõmaundementes.

¶I beleue that he aſcẽded in to heuen, and ẏ he hath receyued of the father rule, and honour, aboue all aungelles and creatures. And that he nowe ſytteth on the ryght hande of the father, that is, that he is kyng, and lorde ouer all the goodes of his father, in heuen, helle, and earthe. Wherfore he may helpe me, and them that beleue, in all maner aduerſities, agaynſt all our aduerſaries, and enemyes.

¶I beleue that fromthenſe he ſhall retourne the laſte day to iudge quicke, and deade. And that he ſhal cauſe all men and aungels good & euyll, to come before the ſeate of his iudgement, whom they ſhall ſe bodely, to

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¶ That is, I do not only beleue that Ieſu Chriſte is the true and onely ſonne of god, by euerlaſtyng and godly nature, & beinge from the begynnyng, & euer begoten, but alſo that all thynges are ſubdued vnder hym, and that he is my lorde, and the lorde of all creatures, made ruler ouer them, beinge man, whiche he hym ſelfe with the father in his diuinitie dyd make.

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I beleue that from thenſe he ſhall retourne the laſte day to iudge quicke, and deade. And that he ſhal cauſe all men and aungels good & euyll, to come before the ſeate of his iudgement, whom they ſhall ſe bodely, to delyuer me, and all faythfull, from bodely deathe, from all euyll, & ſynnes, and to puniſhe wᵗ eternall dampnation his enemyes, and aduerſaries, ſo that we ſhall be delyuered from theyr power for euer.

¶ The thyrde parte of the beleue.

I Beleue in yͤ holy ghoſt, the holy chriſten church, the cõmunion of ſaints, the forgyuenes of ſinne, the ryſynge of fleſhe, and euerlaſtynge lyfe. So be it.

¶ That is to ſay, I do not onely beleue that the holy ghoſte is very god, with the father, with the ſonne, but alſo that no man can come to the father by Chriſte, by his lyfe, paſſion, deathe, & what ſoeuer we haue here tofore ſpoken of Chriſt, or obteyne any of theſe thyngs, without the worke of this ſpirite. With the whiche ſpirite, I moſt humbly deſyre the father, & the ſonne, to touche me, and all faythfull, to ſtyrre me vp, to call, to drawe, and by Chriſt, and in Chriſte, to quicken me, to make me holy, and ſpirituall, and ſo to brynge me to the father, for it is he, whiche wᵗ the father, by Chriſte, and in Chriſte worketh and quickeneth all thynges.

¶ I beleue that in all the worlde, be it neuer ſo great, there is but one commen chriſten Churche, whiche is none other thynge, but the cõgregation and cõmunion of holy men, that is of ryghtuous and faythfull men on the earthe. And that this churche by this holy ſpirite is gathered and maynteyned, thrughe whom alſo it is gouerned and encreaſed dayly, by the ſacramẽtes and worde of god.

¶ I beleue that no man can be ſaued, whiche is not agreable and conſentynge with this congregation, in one faythe, in one worde, in one ſorte of ſacramentes, hope, & charite. And yͭ none of the Iewes or gentyles can be ſaued with his churche, excepte they reconcile them ſelfe vnto it, and come in fauour with it, conformynge them ſelues in all poyntes therunto.

I beleue that in this cõmunion or chriſtente, all the prayers, and good workes of this congregation do neceſſarily helpe me, weigh on my ſyde, and conforte me, in all tymes of lyfe and deathe.

I beleue that in this congregation, & cõmen welth, (and in none other place) is forgyuenes of ſinnes. And that without this, all grace and good workes, howe many ſo euer there be of them, do nothynge profette to forgyuenes of ſynne. And contrary wyſe in this cõgregation, the multitude, greatnes, and often cõmittynge of ſynnes (to hym yͭ vnfaynedly repenteth) do nothyng hurte, neither let the forgyuenes of ſynne, but that this forgyuenes dothe continue, where, and howe longe ſo euer this excellent churche dothe endure. To whom also Chriſt gyueth his keyes, and ſayth: What ſoeuer Math. xviii. ye loſe vpon erthe, it ſhal be loſed in heuen. Lyke wyſe he ſaythe to Peter alone, in the name and ſtede of this onely churche. What ſoeuer yͤ loſe vpon erthe, it ſhall Mat. xvi. be loſed in heuen.

I beleue, that there ſhall be a ryſynge of them that are deade. In the whiche ryſyng, the holy ghoſte ſhal ſtyrre vp all fleſhe, that is all men, cõcernyng the body and fleſhe, good, and euyll. So yͭ the very fleſhe, which was deade, buryed, and conſumed, or by other wayes deſtroyed, ſhall retourne and lyue agayne.

I beleue that after this reſurrection, I my ſelfe, and Colla. i. all true penitent ſinners, ſhal haue euerlaſtyng lyfe of Tit. iii. god yͤ father, in yͤ kyngdome of his welbeloued ſonne, Ro. viii. not for, by, nor thrughe the workes of ryghtwyſenes delyuer me, and all faythfull, from bodely deathe, from all euyll, & ſynnes, and to puniſhe wᵗ eternall dampnation his enemyes, and aduerſaries, ſo that we ſhall be delyuered from theyr power for euer.

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¶ I beleue that no man can be ſaued, whiche is not agreable and conſentynge with this congregation, in one faythe, in one worde, in one ſorte of ſacramentes, hope, & charite. And yᵗ none of the Iewes or gentyles can be ſaued with his churche, excepte they reconcile them ſelfe vnto it, and come in fauour with it, confirmynge them ſelues in all poyntes therunto.

¶ I beleue that in this cōmunion or chriſtente, all the prayers, and good workes of this congregation do neceſſarily helpe me, weigh on my ſyde, and conforte me, in all tymes of lyfe and deathe.

¶ I beleue that in this congregation, & cōmen welth, (and in none other place) is forgyuenes of ſinnes. And that without this, all grace and good workes, howe many ſo euer there be of them, do nothynge profette to forgyuenes of ſynne. And contrary wyſe in this cōgregation, the multitude, greatnes, and often cōmittynge of ſynnes (to hym yͭ vnfaynedly repenteth) do nothyng hurte, neither let the forgyuenes of ſynne, but that this forgyuenes dothe continue, where, and howe longe ſo euer this excellent churche dothe endure. ¶To whom alſo Chriſt gyueth his keyes, and ſayth: What ſoeuer ye loſe vpon erthe, it ſhal be loſed in heuee. Lykewyſe he ſaythe to Peter alone, in the name and ſtede of this onely churche. What ſoeuer yͧ loſe vpon erthe, it ſhall be loſed in heuen.

Math. xviii.

Mat. xvi.

¶ I beleue, that there ſhall be a ryſynge of them that are deade. In the whiche ryſyng, the holy ghoſte ſhal ſtyrre vp all fleſhe, that is all men, cōcernyng the body and fleſhe, good, and euyll. So yͭ the very fleſhe, which was deade, buryed, and conſumed, or by other wayes deſtroyed, ſhall retourne and lyue agayne.

¶ I beleue that after this reſurrection, I my ſelfe, and all true penitent ſinners, ſhal haue euerlaſtyng lyfe of god yͤ father, in yͤ kyngdome of his welbeloued ſonne, not for, by, nor thrughe the workes of ryghtwyſenes

Colla. i.

Tit. iii.

Ro. viii.

that we haue done(for all paſſions ,and martyrdomes that may be ſuffred in this worlde, are nothynge comparable to yͤ glory to come, whiche ſhall be ſhewed in vs) but by the grace & mercy of god, by yͤ redemption, whiche is in Chriſte Jeſu, yͭ is to ſay, by his precious deathe, & moſte paynfull paſſion. For truely the guerdome, rewarde, and ſtypende of ſynne, wherwith we are all manyfolde wayes polluted, beſpotted, and defyled, is deathe, yea, and that euerlaſtynge. But by the grace of god it is, that we repētyng of our ſynnes, and beleuynge ſtedfaſtly his promyſes, ſhall haue euerlaſtynge lyfe in Jeſu Chriſte our lorde.

Of all theſe thynges I doubte not but euery one
of them ſhal come vnto me, from the father,
by the ſonne Jeſu Chriſte our lorde, wᵗ,
and in the holy ghoſte. So be it.
¶That ſignifieth, yͭ in good
erneſt, & wᵗout doubt,
all theſe thyngꝭ
be true.

¶ A generall confeſſion for euery ſynner brought in to knowlage of his ſynnes, to cōfeſſe hym ſelfe with penitent and ſorowfull herte before god at all tymes.

OH my moſt mercyfull father, the father of mercies, and god of all cōſolation and conforte, my god, my father, I mooſte wretched ſynner confeſſe and knowlage my ſelfe vnfaynedly with herte, mynde, and mouthe, nowe before the, to haue moſte greuouſly offēded thy hygh maieſtie & goodnes. I recogniſe and knowlage my ſelfe to be full of ſynne, full of vnfaythefulnes, and a ſeruaunt vnprofitable. For all thy holy cōmaundementes haue I tranſgreſſed and broken.

¶ Fyrſte, I haue not ſet all my whole beleue, confidence, truſte, and hope in the. I haue not loued & honoured the wͭ all my herte, with all my ſoule, mynde, and powers of my ſoule.

¶ Secondarily, I haue deuided thyn honour & worſhyp from the, and gyuen it to thy creatures, and deade thinges, ymagined of myn owne fonde fātaſie, I meane in the myſuſynge of Images.

¶ Thirdly, I haue abuſed thy holy name by falſe and deceiptful ſwearyng, to the hyndraunce of my neyghbour, and ydely & vaynely haue I vſed thy holy name. I haue not ſayde ne done, neyther thoughte al thynges to thy glory.

¶ Fourthly, In the ſaboth day I haue not gyuen my ſelfe to hearynge, readynge, & learnynge the holy ſcriptures: neyther haue viſited the ſycke, and poore, being cōfortles: nor ceaſſed from myn owne ſynful wyl and luſt, prayenge at all tymes thy wyl and not myn to be fulfylled. Wherfore moſte humbly I aſke the mercy, and beſeche the of remiſſion and forgyuenes.

¶ Furthermore, I haue not honoured my father and mother. I haue not ſo moche ſette by them, eſtemed them, and had them in ſuche reuerence as thou commaundeſt me, ne obeyed them, neyther conforted, releued, or helped them. I haue ſlayne. I haue broken wedloke. I haue ſtolen, and borne falſe witnes. Alſo I haue coueted my neyghbours houſe, and his other goodes vnlaufully. I haue deſyred his wyfe, his ſeruauntes, and his catell. And I haue ſolde by falſe weyghtes and meaſures. Wherfore I crye the mercy moſte mercifull father, and deſyre the for yͤ loue whiche thou beareſt to thy dere ſon, my ſauiour Jeſu Chriſte, forgyue me in his bloude. For whan I went aboute to ſeke the, to truſt vnto the, or to do any thyng to thy glory: yet wolde not this luſt and cõcupiſcence, that contagious originall poyſon, and fleſhely dreggi, drawen of our father Adam, ſuffre me perfectely to do that I wolde haue done: thrugh this naturall concupiſcence, I ſtryue and fyghte dayly agaynſt thy holy ghoſte in me. Whiche vnlauful luſt & deſyre, I knowlage to be a greuous ſynne agaiſt thy hyghnes, if thou ſhuldeſt iudge me ſtraytly after the lawe, without the whiche cõcupiſcence I can not be. Wherfore I beinge a wretched, yea moſte abhominable wretched ſynner in my ſelfe, clerely deſtitute of all ryghtwyſenes, of all goodnes, of all holynes, and al deſeruynges, am come nowe by fayth before the, vnto Chriſtes mercy ſtole, and ryghtwyſenes, vnto his goodnes, deſeruynges, & ſatiſfactions, deſyrynge the (o moſte mercyfull father) for his deathes ſake, that his ryghtwiſenes, his wyſedome, his holynes, his goodnes, his merites, and ſatiſfactions, may be myn, and ſerue for my forgyuenes and ſaluation. For lyke as thou gaueſt me hym to dye for my ſynnes, euyn ſo beleue I that thou haſte gyuen me with hym all his to be myne, and to ſerue me for my ſaluation. Wherfore glory, honour, worſhyp, imperye, and rule be to the (oh father) with the ſonne in the holy ghoſte for euer. So be it.

¶ Furthermore, I haue not gyuen meate to the hungry, drynke to the thyrſty, lodged the harbourleſſe, clothed the naked, viſited the ſycke, conforted and releued the men in pryſon. For I haue not expended of howe greate weyght theſe wordes of thy ſonne my ſauiour Chriſt are, neyther beleued hym, ſayeng: In aſmoche as ye haue done theſe thynges vnto one of the leaſte of theſe my bretherne, ye haue done it vnto me. Math. xxv.

But I haue beſtowed and ſpente my golde, and ſyluer after my lewde luſte, & cōcupiſcence, in exceſſe of meate and drynke, in gorgyus apparell of my bodye, of my wyfe, chyldren, houſe, &c. Where I ſhulde not haue beſtowed it, or els not ſo largely, delicately, and exceſſiuely haue beſtowed it, not regardynge in the meane tyme to ſuffre ỹ dere beloued bretherne of Ieſu Chriſt, to go naked, and to peryſhe for colde & hunger. Thus moſte greuouſly haue I ſynned, omittyng & leuynge thy cōmaūdemētes (oh father) to fulfyll ỹ deſire of my fleſhe, the worlde, & the deuyll. Wherfore I crye ỹ mercy, my god my father, moſt hūbly deſyryng & beſechīg forgiuenes in the bloude, and for the deathes ſake of thy ſonne my onely whole & entier ſauiour Ieſus Chriſt, to whom wt the be glory worlde wtout ende. So be it.

¶An inſtruction howe. and in what maner we oughte to pray, to almyghty god.

Fyrſte of all, two thynges are neceſſaryly required to the, that our prayer may be a very prayer, and acceptable to god (that is to ſay) ſuche one, whiche vndoubtedly purchaſeth and obteyneth that thynge, whiche is aſked or deſyred by it. ¶The one of them is, that we haue the promyſe of god. ¶The other is, that we doubte nothynge at all of that promyſe. And we oughte to conſydre well before that promyſe of god, and to reuolue it in our mynde, that whan we ſhall make our prayer, we may (as ye wolde ſay) put god in remembraunce therof. ¶Than ſhall it come to paſſe, that by that meane, we ſhall be excited and ſtyrred to praye and to make our petition more boldly, and with more truſte and cōfidence to be ſpedde of the ſame. For except that we had cōmaūdement of god, to pray. Alſo yf god had not promyſed that he wolde here our petition and prayer, all the creatures that are coulde not obteyne any thynge, were it neuer ſo lytle, by theyr prayers. And here thou ſeiſt and perceyueſt, that is not to be eſtemed to come of yͤ goodnes of our prayers, or to be aſcribed to our owne worthynes, yf we do obteyne any thynge of god, but it is to be aſcribed to the infinite goodnes of god, whiche hath longe before preuented our petitions and prayers, with his promyſe, and cōmaundement, wherby he doth excite and ſtyrre vs to pray, that at the leaſte wyſe by the reaſon herof, we may lerne that he is farre more carefull for vs, and more redy to gyue or graunte, than we be eyther to receyue, or els to aſke. And foraſmoche as he doth offre more benefites and good thyngꝭ vnto vs, than we our ſelues durſte haue ben bolde to wyſhe, or deſyre, that liberalitie and bountuouſnes of god oughte to inflame and to encourage vs for to pray boldely without any myſtruſte, or doubtfulnes.

¶ Secondarily, this thynge alſo (as I haue ſayde) is requiſite to a true oraiſon or prayer, ÿ we do not doubt any thyng of the promyſe of god, whiche is both true, and faythfull. For this cauſe principally he ꝓmyſed, that he ſhall here our prayer, and gaue vs cõmaundement to pray, that we ſhulde be aſſured and beleue ſtedfaſtly, that he wyll certeynly here vs, and graunt our petition. As he ſaythe: What ſoeuer thigꝭ you do aſke or deſyre, whan you do pray, beleue that you ſhall receyue them, and they ſhall be graunted vnto you. Aſke, and it ſhall be gyuen to you, ſeke, and you ſhall fynde, knocke, and it ſhall be opened to you. For euery man that aſketh, receyueth, and who ſoeuer ſeketh, fyndeth, and to hym that knocketh, it ſhall be opened. Who is he amõge you, being a father, of whom yf his ſonne ſhall deſyre breade, wyll gyue hym a ſtone? Or yf he deſyre a fyſhe, wyll gyue hym a ſerpente, in the ſteade of a fyſhe? Or yf he ſhal aſke an egge, wyl reache to hym a ſcorpion? Yf ye thã, whiche are euyll, can gyue good gyftes to your ſonnes, howe moche more ſhall your heuenly father gyue the holy ghoſte to them that deſyre hym? By theſe and lyke promyſes & preceptes, our mynde is to be confirmed and ſtrengthed, that we may pray boldely, and with confidence, being aſſured, and out of doubte, that we ſhall receyue, and

Mat.xxi.

Luc.xxi.

obteyne all thynges, whiche we do aſke or deſyre.

¶ Thyrdly, yf men vndiſcretely doubte of god, whan they praye, whether that thynge ſhall come to paſſe, whiche they deſyre, or not, they do cōmit two offences, or ſynnes. Fyrſte, thrughe theyr defaute it chaunſeth and cometh to paſſe, that theyr prayer is of no ſtrẽgth, and the ſame is cauſe that they labour in vayne. For ſo alſo ſaynt James ſaythe: Yf any man aſketh any thynge of god, let hym aſke with good truſte, & without any doubtfulnes. For he that doubteth, is lyke to the waues of yͤ ſee, whiche is dryuen wͭ the wyndes, and caryed with violence. And let not yͤ man thynke that he ſhall receyue any thynge of god. Whiche wordes of S. James do playnely declare, that they, whiche in theyr prayers, doubte to be herde, ſhall obteyne nothyng of god, bicauſe theyr hertes are not aſſured, and quiete or at reſt. But faythe kepeth the herte in quietnes & reſt, that it may receiue & take the gyftes of god.

Jaco. i.

¶ The ſeconde thyng wherin they do offende and ſynne, whoſoeuer prayeth without fayth and truſt, is this, they do not gyue credence to god, whiche is faythfull and true of promyſe, but myſtruſteth hym, as yf he were a lyar, or a tryflynge lyght man, and as though god eyther coulde not, or els wolde not perfourme his promyſes. And ſuche perſones take a waye from almyghtye god, his honour, and name, for that they do not beleue, that he is faythfull & true. And this is ſo greate a ſynne, that it maketh of a chriſten man an infidele, and not onely by this ſynne god is denyed, but alſo is forgone and loſte, neyther is there any hope of helthe and ſaluation, ſo longe as we ſhall continue in this ſynne. And yf it do happẽ or chaũce, other whyles, that they do obteyne any thynge, whiche do pray thus without confidence and truſte, that gyfte is gyuen to them of god, beinge diſpleaſed and angrye with them, to the hurte and vndoinge bothe of theyr body & ſoule, that at the leaſt wyſe ſome honour may be had, or gyuen to the holy wordes, whiche are ſpoken & pronounced of men, beinge ful of ſynne, infidelite, and contẽpte or deſpiſynge of god.

¶ Fourthly, neyther they alſo are of ryghte opinion, whiche ſuppoſe or wene, that theyr ſelues may not obteyne any thynge by prayer, but yf by theyr merytes they come worthely to pray. For this is not to be conſidered, whether by thy merites thou be worthy or vnworthy, whiche doiſt pray. For yf we ſhulde not pray before ſuche tyme that we ſhulde thinke our ſelfe worthy, apte, or mete, than coulde we neuer pray. For (as we haue taughte heretofore) our prayer is not grounded, neyther truſteth vpon the worthynes of vs by our merites, whiche we do brynge with vs, but vpon the ſtedfaſte and ſure truthe of goddes promyſe. And verely yf prayer do truſt in hym ſelfe, or els in any other thig, ſaue only goddes promyſe, it is vayne, and without frute, euyn thoughe it ſeme to procede of a deuoute affection of the herte and mynde, and alſo though yͤ iyes in wepyng ſhedde forthe theares or droppes, not of water, but of bloude. Albeit there be certeyne cõditions required in hym yͭ wyl obteyn his petition by prayer. As fyrſte, to forgyue the offence of his brother done to hym. Seconde, that he be in Chriſte, by faythe, and charite. Thyrde, that he aſke in faythe, nothynge doubtynge to obteyne. Fourthe, that he aſke after the wyll of god. And fyfte, that he perſeuer in aſkyng,

Mar.xi.
Iohñ.xv.
Iaco.i.
i.Io.v.
Luc.xix.

and faynte not. But yet all theſe cõditions cõcurryng together, make hym not worthy to pray, neyther obteyne his petition, but that dothe the infinite goodnes of god, whiche byddeth vs pray, and promyſeth vs our aſkynges. For to this entente do we pray, bicauſe we can not pray worthely, and to be harde, bicauſe we do fele, perceyue and recogniſe our owne vnworthynes, and are bolde only vpon the truſt of the bõtiful goodnes, and alſo the faythfulnes of god. Howe moche ſo euer vnworthy ỹ feleſt & iudgeſt thy ſelfe to be, eyther to aſke and deſyre, or els to receyue any thynge of god, yet conſydre thou this thynge onely, that thou muſte honour his name, bicauſe he is true, and that thyn infidelite and vnbeleue do not impute & reken his faythfull promyſes, for a lye, or leaſynge. For onely incredulite and lacke of faythe condempneth the. Herof therfore neuer thynke, or iudge thy ſelfe worthy, eyther to make petition or prayer, or els to receyue and obteyne that, whiche thou deſyreſt, except only than whan thou thynkeſt that thou mayſt ſafely, and ſurely be bolde to truſte to the aſſured and true ꝓmyſes of thy mercyfull god. Of whoſe mercy thou oughteſt to be ſo moche the more certein and aſſured. For that like wiſe as he hath made this promyſe to the, being vnworthy & nothyng deſeruyng it, that he wyll deny nothĩg vnto the: euyn ſo alſo be thou neuer ſo moche vnworthy, yet wyll he here the, and graunte the thy petition, for to fulfyl his promyſe, whiche he hath made vnto the. So than no thyng at all is lefte, whiche may be aſcribed to our merites or worthynes, but all together is of ryghte to be aſcribed, partly to the trouthe of god, wherby he perfourmeth his ꝓmyſe, and partely to the mercy of god. Out of whiche (as of a fou̅tayn) as the ꝓmyſes ſprãge forthe, that ẏ ſentence may be verefied. All the wayes psal. xxv. of the lorde is mercy, and trouthe, for his mercy do we ſe and beholde, in theſe promyſes makynge. And his trouthe we do ſe than, whan the ſayde promyſes are kepte and performed. Mercy and truthe haue mette psalmo. together, that is to ſay, cõmeth together, and are ioyned lxxxv. the one with the other, in euery worke or gyfte of god.

Fyrſtely, that faythe or beleue, wherby we do gyue credence to the promiſes of god, is ſo to be tẽpered & ordered, that we do not ſet or appoynt to god any terme, tyme, place, or forme, and maner. But let vs leaue all thoſe thynges to his wyll, his wyſedome, and almyghtie power, beinge aſſured, and out of dubte, that thoſe thynges ſhal come to paſſe, and be done, whiche we do aſke and deſyre, albeit that neyther the place, neyther the tyme, neyther yet the way, and maner, by whiche it may be done, dothe appere vnto vs. For this is ſure and vndoubted, that ẏ wyſedome of god knoweth and foreſeeth theſe thyngꝭ farre better than we. Therfore yf ẏͧ gyue credence to god, and doiſt referre and put all thinges to his wyll & pleaſure, thoſe thinges ſhall vndoubtedly be done and brought to paſſe, whiche ẏͧ deſyreſt at the leaſte wyſe by myracles, yf there be none other waye wherby they may be done. Wherof we haue an enſamble in ẏ people of Iſrael, whiche whan they had gyuen credence to god, and put theyr truſte in hym, that he wolde delyuer them from theyr enemye: and yet notwithſtandynge there appered no maner way, wherby it myghte be done, and broughte to paſſe, ſodeynly the redde ſee opened it ſelfe, and gaue them way, wherby they myght and dyd paſſe thꝛigh. And it dyd ouerwelme, ⁊ dꝛowne theyꝛ enemyes euery mothers ſonne. In lyke maner Judith the holy woman, whan ſhe had vnderſtãdyng and knowlage, that the citezens of Bethulia had taken this counſell and purpoſe, that they wolde yelde vp the citie to thei ennemyes, excepte god wolde helpe them within fyue dayes, ſhe rebuked them very ſoꝛe, and ſayde: Wha maner of men be you, whiche do tempte ẏ loꝛde in this wyſe. ¶ This is not the ſpeche, whiche may pꝛouoke mercy, but rather whiche may pꝛouoke, and ſtyꝛre vp wꝛathe, and kendle ire. Haue you ſet the tyme of the loꝛdes mercy, and haue you appoynted hym a day fo your wyll ⁊ pleaſure? ¶ Therfoꝛe god by a meruylous way and maner delyuered her, ſo that ſhe dyd cutte o Olophernus heed, and ſo dꝛaue backe the hoſte oꝛ armye from the citie, as it is redde.

Judith.
xviii.
Ephe.iii.

So lyke wyſe Paule ſayth, ¶ That this is the maner and cuſtome of god to do all thyngꝭ farre after another maner, and moche better than we can eyther deſyꝛe, o els vnderſtande ⁊ perceyue. ¶ Thus than let vs thynke and iudge that we our ſelues are farre moꝛe vile ⁊ vnwoꝛthy, thã that we may appoynt oꝛ pꝛeſcribe to god in our prayer, eyther the tyme, oꝛ the place, or ẏ foꝛme and maner, oꝛ any other circũſtãce. But let vs leaue all thynges to his godly wyl and pleaſure, and let vs beleue fyꝛmely and ſtedfaſtly, that it ſhal vndoubtedly come to paſſe, that he ſhall here vs, and graunt vs our petition and deſyꝛe. And than with an ententiue, and diligent mynde, ſay the pꝛayer of the loꝛde.

¶ The pꝛayer

¶ The prayer of the lorde, called the Pater noſter.

OUR father/ Which art ī heuen. Halowed be thy name. Let thy kyngdome come. Thy wyll be fulfylled aſwell in erthe as it is in heuen. Gyue vs this day our dayly bread. And forgyue vs our treſpaſſes/ euyn as we forgyue them / Whiche treſpaſſe agaynſt vs. And leade vs not in to temptation. But delyuer vs from euyll. So be it.

¶ A goodly breue interpretation or declaration of the prayer of the lorde.

OUR father, whiche arte in heuens, loke mercifull vpon vs thy wretched chyldren here in erthe, and gyue vs this grace, that bothe thy holy name amonge vs, and alſo thrughout the hole worlde, may be ſanctified and prayſed, thrugh the true and pure preachynge of the worde of god, and alſo that ſynfull maner of lyuynge, and all wycked and erroneous doctrines may ceaſſe. For by theſe thynges thy name is diſhonoured and blaſphemed. Cauſe yͤ thy kyngdome may come, and be encreaſed, and al ſynners, and all thoſe, whiche being blynded thrughe ignoraunce, lyue in the kyngdome of Satan, may come to the knowlage of faythe in Jeſu Chriſt, that by ſuche meane thy churche may increaſe, and ware more and more, full of people.

Cauſe alſo that the holy ghoſte do confirme and eſtablyſhe vs, that we may obey thy wyll and pleaſure, and ſuſteyne and beare the croſſe, aſwell in lyfe, as in deathe, aſwell in proſperite, as in aduerſitie, that we ma mortifie our owne wyl, and offre it to god as a ſacrifice. Gyue vs this day our dayly bread. Take from vs couetouſnes & care for the belye, that we may loke for all good thyngꝭ from the, and that we may receyue them of the. Forgyue vs our treſpaces as we forgiue them that treſpaſſe agaynſt vs, that our herte may be quiete, & our conſcience not troubled, nor feared with the ſyght of our ſynnes. Leade vs not in to tẽptation. But helpe vs by thy ſpirite in mortifienge, and ſubduinge, or tamyng of our fleſhe, that we may lerne to deſpiſe the worlde with all the deſyres, ſtudies, and exerciſes, belongyng vnto it, and that we may vanquyſhe and ouercome the craftie guyles of Satan. Finally delyuer vs almyghtie father, from all euyll, aſwell temporal, or trãſitorie, as euerlaſtyng, aſwel of body, as of ſoule. Who ſoeuer coueyteth and deſyreth theſe thynges vnfaynedly, & hertely, let them ſay, So be it.

And let them beleue without any doubte, that god
hath graunted all theſe thynges, and that
the prayer is herde alredy, accordyng to
the ꝓmyſe of Chriſt, whan he ſayd:
Whatſoeuer thynge ye aſke
and deſyre by prayer, be-
leue yͭ ye do receyue
it, and ye ſhall
haue it.

✠

¶A more large expoſition of the prayer of the lorde, wherin are conteyned ſeuen petitions.

¶ ¶The preface & introduction to aſke the ſeuen petitions, is conteyned in theſe wordes.

Our father Whiche art in heuen &c.

¶The underſtandynge of the wordes.

¶Almyghtie god, ſyth thou of thyne infinite beneuolence and mercy, haſte not onely admitted vs, but alſo taughte, yea and cõmaunded vs by thy onely and dere ſonne our lorde Jeſu Chriſte, that we truſtynge in his merites & protection, he beinge our interceſſour, ſhulde beleue that thou were a louynge father vnto vs, And that we ſhulde alſo call the father, thoughe worthely and by great ryght, thou myghteſt haue ben an angry and greuous iudge agaynſt vs ſinners, which ſo ofte, and abhominably haue done agaynſt thy godly, & moſt holy wyll, and haue gyuen the occaſion of diſpleaſure agaynſt vs. Gyue vs we beſeche the, by the ſame beneuolẽce and mercy, that we may haue in our hertes, ſure truſte of thy fatherly loue, without waueryng, or doubtyng, and make vs fele this acceptable ſmell and ſwetenes, whiche the moſte ſure and chyldely truſte dothe gette vnto vs, that we may with gladde mynde call the father, knowlage, loue the, and crye on the, in all ieopdies. Kepe vs we hũbly beſeche the, yͭ we may continue thy louyng chyldren, and not deſerue to haue the moſte mekeſt father, our terrible iudge, nor ſuffre vs not to be thyne enemyes, whiche oughthe to be thy chyldren and heyres. Thou wylte alſo not onely ſymply be called a father, but that we with a cõmen voyce ſhulde call the our father. And ſo wͤ a ſpeciall prayer of vnitie, pray for euery man. Wherfore gyue vs an agreinge and brotherly loue, ſo that we may perceyue euery one of vs, that we are truely brothers, & ſyſters, and may pray to the, as to our cōmen and mercifull father, euery one for other, euyn as kynde chyldren entreate theyr father one for another. Graunte yͭ none of vs ſeke his owne cōmoditie or profette only, or elles forget other in thy ſyght: but that auoydyng all hate, enuie, and deſcention, as it becōmeth the true chyldren of god, we may loue together with due fauour, ſo that we may ſay with a faythfull herte, not my father, but our father. Syth truely thou arte no bodely nor erthly father, whom we may ſe in erthe, but arte in heuen our ſpirituall father, whiche dyeth not, neyther arte chaungeable, or inconſtant, or ſuche, whiche arte not able to helpe thy ſelfe, as is in an earthely and bodely father. Wherby it is euidēt vnto vs howe moche thou arte a better father, whiche teacheſte this temporall fatherhodes, coūtrey, frendes, ryches, fleſhe, and bloude to be deſpiſed for the. Graunt vs dere father, that we may be thy heuenly chyldren. ¶ Teache vs to regarde none other thynge that our ſoule helthe, and the euerlaſtyng inheritaunce, ſo that this countrey, and worldly inheritaunce, whiche entangleth, and encombreth vs, labourynge to make vs earthely, and lyke vnto it ſelfe, deceyue vs not, ſo that we may ſaye truely, and with a faythfull herte. O our heuenly father, gyue vs thy grace, that we may be thy heuenly chyldren.

¶ The fyrſte peticion.

Thy name be halowed.

¶ O god almyghtie, our moſt dere heuenly father, thy godly name, evyn now in this tyme in this vale of miſerie,(alas for ſhame)ſo many wayes is diſhonoured, and miſerably blaſphemed,applied to many thynges, wherin ſtandeth not thyn honour & glory,yea & many abuſe it,to theyr great confuſion, whiche thynge is ſo cōmen and often vſed, that this fylthye lyfe may well be called a ſclaunder and diſhoneſtyng of thy moſt glorious name. Make thou all wytchecraftes,and falſe charmes ſhortly to decay. Cauſe all coniurynges,by the whiche Satan or other creatures are enchaunted, to ceaſſe,by thy bleſſed name. Make yͤ all falſe fayth, by the whiche eyther we myſtruſt the,or put more confidence in other,than is nedefull,may quickely be deſtroyed. Make that all hereſies, and falſe doctrines, whiche pretende a colour of thy name, may ſodeynly vanyſhe a way. Make that all hipocriſie,or faynynge of truthe,ryghtwyſenes,or holynes,deceyue no man. Make that no man ſwere by thy name,lye,or deceyue. Kepe vs from all falſe hope, whiche vnder colour of thy bleſſed name, offereth it ſelfe vnto vs. Kepe vs from ſpiritual pryde,from yͤ vayne honour of worldly glorie and name. Graunte vs that in al parelles,and daunger,we may call vpon this thy holy name.

Graunte that in the ſtraytenes of conſcience, and ieopardie of dethe,we neuer forgette thy bleſſed name.

Graũte that in our good wordes and workes we may onely prayſe & magnifie the. So that we neyther ſeke nor chalẽge to our ſelfe any name or honour,but to the only,whoſe alone are all thynges. Kepe vs from the moſte dampnable ſynne of vnkyndnes. Graunt that by our lyfe,and good workes,all other may be moued to good,and that they honour & prayſe not vs,but thy name. Graunte that by our euyll workes and ſynnes no man may take occaſion to ſclaunder thy name, or diminiſhe thy prayſe. Kepe vs that we deſyre nothyng eyther tranſitorye, or euerlaſtynge, whiche ſhulde not retourne to the honour, and prayſe of thy name. And yf we aſke any ſuche thyng, here thou not our folyſhenes. Make that our lyfe be ſuche, that me may truely be founde thy chyldren, ſo that this thy name, father, be not called in vayne, or falſely in vs.

¶ To this parte of prayer ſpiritually apperteyne all
pſalmes, & prayers, wͭ whiche we prayſe,
worſhyp, ſynge, gyue thankes to
god, and finall, all the
prayſe of god.

¶ The ſeconde petition.

Let thy kyngdome come.

¶ This wretched and ſynful lyfe, is the kyngdome of all ſynnes, and myſchiefe, whoſe lorde is the wycked ſpirite, chife author and groſide of all malyce, & ſynne. But thy kyngdome is the kyngdome of all grace, and vertue, whoſe lorde is thy beſte beloued ſonne Jeſus Chriſte, the hedde and begynnyng of all grace and vertue. Wherfore helpe vs moſte dere father, and take vs agayne in to thy fauour. Gyue vs before all thynges true and conſtant faythe in Chriſt, hope without feare in thy mercy, agaynſt all infirmities of our weyke conſcience, and pure loue towardes the, and al men.

Kepe vs from infidelite, deſperation, & malice, whiche at the laſte myghte be the cauſe of our deſtruction.

Make vs to auoyde the foule deſyre of lechery. Gyue vs loue to virginitie, and to al clennes. Delyuer vs from diſcentions, batayles, diſcordes, and ſtryfes.

Make the vertues of thy kyngdome to come & reigne within vs. Gyue vs peace, concorde, and tranquilite, ſo that wrathe, or any other bytternes, haue not his kyngdome in vs, but rather thrugh thy grace, the ſimple ſwetnes, & brotherly behauiour, all kynde of frendſhyp, good maner, gentilnes, and kyndnes. Graunte vs that the inordinate anguyſhe, & heuynes of mynde haue no place in vs. But make that reioyſyng & pleaſure in thy grace and mercy, rule and haue dominion. And to be ſhorte, that all ſynne may be alionate from vs, and that we replenyſhed with thy grace, vertue, and good workes, may be made thy kyngdome, that al our herte, mynde, and wittes, with all our ſtrengthe in warde and out warde, may ſuffre them ſelfe to be ruled by the, to ſerue the, thy cōmaundementes, and thy wyll, not them ſelfe, the fleſhe, the worlde, or yͤ deuyll. Make this thy kyngdome ons in vs begonne, may be encreaſed, go forwarde dayly, and growe more & more, leſt the ſotell malice or ſleuthe that we haue to goodnes oppreſſe vs, leſt we loke backe agayn, and fall in to ſynne. Gyue vs a ſtable purpoſe and ſtrength, not onely to begynne this good lyfe, but rather to procede boldely in it, and to ꝑfourme it, as the prophete ſayde: Lyghten myn iyes leſt I ſlepe, or be wery in good lyfe ons begon, and ſo myn enemy do brynge me agayne in to his power. Graunte that we may ſo continue, and that thy kyngdome, whiche ſhall come, may finiſhe and perfourme this kyngdome, whiche is begonne by the. Delyuer is from this peryllous and ſynfull lyfe, whan it ſhall pleaſe the. Make vs deſyre the other lyfe to come, and to deſpiſe this preſent lyfe. Gyue vs grace not to feare deathe, but rather to deſyre it.

Put from vs ẏ loue and deſyre of this lyfe, that ſo thy kyngdome may fully be perfecte in vs.

¶ Of this petition are all pſalmes, verſes, & prayers, in the whiche grace and vertue is deſyred of god.

¶ The thyrde petition.

Thy wyll be fulfilled in erth as it is ī heuē.

¶ If our wyll be compared with thyn, it can neuer be good, but is euer euyll. Thy wyl is euer beſt, ſpecially aſmoche to be loued & deſyred: Wherfore haue compaſſion on vs moſte dere father, and ſuffre nothyng to be as our noughtie wylles wolde haue it. Gyue vs, and teache vs, true and ſtable paciẽce, whan our wyll is letten and broken. Grāte vs, that whan any man ſpeaketh, holdeth his peace, dothe, or leaueth vndone any thynge contrary to our wyll, that therfore we be not wrothe or angry, neither curſe, compleyne, crye, or murmour, neyther iudge, nor condempne, yea that we defende not our ſelfe with the iniurie or hurte of our brother. Graunte that we may mekely gyue place to our aduerſaries, and them, whiche let our wyll, and ſo to diſanulle our wyll, that we may prayſe, ſay well, and do to them, as to thoſe, whiche do perfourme thy godly and beſte wyll agaynſt ours. Endowe vs with thy grace, that we may gladly ſuffre all diſeaſes, pouertie, deſpiſinges, ꝑſecutions, croſſe, and aduerſities, knowynge that it is thy wyll to crucifie our wyll. Gyue vs grace that we may ſuffre iniurie, and that gladly. Kepe vs from auengement. Make vs that we acquite not euyll for euyll, neyther to auoyde violence by violence. But rather ẏ we delyte in thy wyl, whiche bryngeth vs all theſe thynges, prayſe the, and gyue the thankes. Make vs that we impute it not to the deuyll, or euyll men, whã any aduerſitie chaſiſeth: but that we attribute all vnto thy godly wyll, whiche ordeyneth all ſuche thynges, that our wyll may be letted, and the bleſſednes may encreaſe in thy kyngdome. Gyue vs grace that we may be glad, and mery to dye, and that for thy wyll we may take our deathe gladly, ſo that by feare, or infirmitie, we be not made diſobedient vnto the. Make yͭ all our membres, iyes, tongue, herte, handes, and feete, be not ſuffred to folowe theyr deſires, neither that we be at any tyme ſubdued vnder them, but that we euin as taken and impriſoned, may be broken in thy wyll and pleaſure. Kepe vs from al euyll, myſcheuous, obſtinate, harde, ſtyffe, vngentyll, and reſiſtynge wyll. Gyue due obedience, perfecte and free mynde, in all ſpirituall thynges, worldly, euerlaſtynge, and tranſitorie. Kepe vs from the moſte horrible ſynne of grudgynge, curſynge, and folyſhe iudgement, that we myſiudge no man, or turne any thynge to rebuke, whiche of it ſelfe is not euyll. Put from vs that abhominable euyll, and mooſte greuous ſtroke of ſuche tongues, and teache vs, that yf we ſe or heare of other any thynge worthy of rebuke, ⁊ whiche diſpleaſeth vs, that we holde our peace, and hyde it, complaynynge to the onely, puttyng and cõmittyng it vnto thy wyll, ſo yͭ with all our mynde we forgyue them that offende vs, for whom alſo we be ſory, ⁊ pray for theyr amendynge. Teache vs to vnderſtande that no man may hurte vs, except he do hym ſelfe moche more hurt in thy ſyghte, ſo that we may be moued with mercy towardes hym, rather than we ſhulde be prouoked to wrathe, rather weppyng for his blyndnes, thã to thike of auengement. Gyue vs grace that we reioyſe not in theyr troubles, which haue reſiſted our wyll, our hurte or in what pouertie ſoeuer theyr lyfe diſpleaſeth vs, & alſo ẏ we be not ſory whā they ꝓſpere & haue welfare.

Of this petition are all pſalmes, verſes, and prayers, teachynge vs to pray for our enemies, & agaynſt our ſynnes.

The fourthe petition.

Gyue vs this day our dayly breade.

The breade is our lorde Ieſu Chriſte, whiche noryſheth and conforteth the ſoule. Therfore o heuenly father gyue vs this grace, that the lyfe of Chriſt, wordſ, workes, and paſſions, may be preached, knowen, accepted, and alowed, bothe of vs, and of all the worlde. Gyue vs grace ẏ we may haue his wordes, workes, and all his lyfe, for an effectuall example, & ſpectable of all vertues. Gyue vs grace that in our paſſions and aduerſities we may conforte our ſelues by his paſſion and croſſe. Gyue vs grace that we may with a ſtable faythe ouercome our deathe, by his deathe, and folowe without feare this noble capteyne, in to another lyfe. Gyue vs this grace, that all they ẏ preache may profitably, and godly preache thy worde, and Ieſu Chriſte thrugh all the worlde, and that all, whiche haue herde thy worde preached, may lerne Chriſte, and ſo may be purified & go forthe in a better lyfe. Graunte this alſo mercyfull father, that all ſtraunge doctrines, in the whiche Chriſte is not lerned, may be thruſte out of thy churche. Haue mercy on all byſſhops, and preeſtes, and all rulers, and gouernours, and generally vpon al officers, hygh, and lowe, that they may be lyghtned with thy grace, to teache and rule well, bothe in worde, and alſo example of lyfe. Kepe all that are weyke in the fayth, leſt they be offended by the euyll exāple of them, whiche ought to gyue to them beſt example. Kepe vs from hereſies and doctrines of diuiſion, that we may be agreing in one mynde, ſyth we vſe our dayly bread, that is, one dayly doctrine, and worde of Chriſte.

¶Teache vs by thy grace to thynke and haue in mynde, truely, and as we oughte to do, the paſſion of Chriſte, and to ioyne it happely with our lyfe, counterfaytyng, and folowyng the example of it in our lyuynge, ſo that we may come vnto and atteyne ſome thynge, thoughe it be but the ſhadowe of it. Finally, gyue vs our dayly bread, that Chriſt in vs, and we in Chriſt, may dwell perpetually, and may worthely beare this name, ſyth of Chriſte we are called chriſten.

¶ Of this petition are all kynde of prayers, and pſalmes, wich the whiche we pray for our officers
agaynſt falſe teachers, for the Jewes, for
heretikes, and all other that are out
of the ryghte way. And alſo
wͭ the whiche we pray,
for them ỹ lacke
conforte.

¶The fyfte petition.

Forgyue vs our treſpaſſes / euyn as we forgyue them that treſpaſſe agaynſt vs.

¶This prayer hath a certeyn condition and ſygne annexed with hym, whiche is, that fyrſte we forgyue our treſpaſſes. ¶This done, than we may praye that god forgyue vs our treſpaſſes. Before alſo in the thyrde petition, we prayde, that ỹ wyll of god myghte be fulfylled, whiche wylleth, that we ſuffre all thynges paciently, tiently, not acquityinge euyll for euyll, neyther ſekyng auengemēt, but that we do good for euyll, by thexāple of our father in heuen, whiche maketh his ſonne ſhyne vpon good, & euyll, and ſendeth his rayne vpon kynde, and vnkynde. ¶ This is nowe our prayer.

O Father conforte our conſcience, bothe nowe, and in the day of deathe, whiche conſcience is nowe abaſhed, ſeing his ſynne and iniquitie, and than alſo ſhall be abaſhed, remembrynge thyne harde, & ſtrayte iudgement. Gyue thy peace in to our hertes, that we reioyſynge may loke for thy iudgement. Entre not in to iudgement agaynſt vs, with the ſtrayte extremitie of thy lawe. For in it ſhall no man be founde innocēte and ryghtuous, but manyfolde wayes to haue ſynned agaynſt it. ¶ Teache vs dere father not to ſtycke, ſtepe, or groūde our ſelues ī our good workes or deſeruings, but to gyue and ſubmitte our ſelfe pleynly and faythfully to thyn infinite and incomperable mercy.

Agayne, make that we deſpaire not for this our gyltie and ſynfull lyfe, but that we may iudge ẏ thy mercy is more myghty and ſtronger, than our lyfe, howeſoeuer we haue ordred it. Helpe and conforte all mennes conſciēce, whiche in poynt of deathe, or in any other ſuche temptation, are vexed wͭ deſperation. Forgyue bothe them and vs our dettes, conforte vs, refreſhe vs, and be reconſiled vnto vs. Gyue vs thy goodnes for our malice, as thou cōmaundeſt that we ſhulde do to our enemies. Caſte downe the horrible feende, ſclaunderer, accuſer, and encreaſer of our ſynnes, nowe and in the poynt of deathe. And to be ſhorte, in all ſtraytenes of conſcience. Gyue vs grace to be ware, & to auoyde, that by our diffamation mēnes ſynnes appere not the more greuous. Iudge vs not after the accuſation of the deuell, and our wretched cõſciences, neyther heare the voyce of our enemies, whiche accuſe vs day and nyghte before the, euyn as we wyll not heare them, whiche diffame and accuſe other vnto vs. Take from vs the greuous heape of the ſynnes in our conſcience, ſo that we refreſhed by the ſure truſt and confidence of thy mercy in the botum of our herte, may lyue, dye, ſuffre, and take all thynges paciently.

¶ In this petition take place, all pſalmes, and prayers, whiche agaynſt ſynnes cry on the mercy of god.

¶ The ſyxte petition.

And leade vs not in to temptation.

¶ We are aſſaulted with thre maners of temptations, the fleſhe, the worlde, and the deuyll. Therfore we deſyre the moſt dere father, endewe vs ſo with thy grace that we may withſtande the deſyres of the fleſhe. Make that we reſiſte and fyghte agaynſt this ſuperfluitie of meate, drynke, ſlepe, ſlouthe, and ydlenes. Make that we may brynge ẏ fleſhe in to bondage and ſubiection wͭ faſtyng, temperate dyete, conuenient clothynge, ſlepe, reſte, watche, and labour, ſo that it may be mete, and apte to good workes. Make that with Chriſte we may faſten on the croſſe his euyll deſyres to lechery, with all his affections & inſtigations, that we neuer conſent, or folowe any of his temptations. Make, that yf (by chaunce) we loke on a well made or a fayre man or woman, or any other beautifull ymage or creature, that they be not to vs a cauſe of tẽptation. But that the rather of them we may take occaſion to loue chaſtite, and to prayſe ẏ in thy creatures. Make that whan we heare any gladde or pleſaunt armonie or melodie, or fele any ſwete ſente or odours, that we ſeeke not therin our delyte and pleaſure, but thy prayſe and glorie. Kepe vs from the greate ſynne of coueytouſnes, and deſyre of worldly ryches. Gyue vs grace that we ſeke not the rule and honour of this worlde, or conſente to ſuche deſyres. Kepe vs that the falſe ſubtelties of this worlde, the countrefaite bryghtnes, and entiſementes of the ſame ꝑſwade vs not to folowe it. Kepe vs that we be not drawen by the euylles and aduerſities of the worlde, to impacience, auengement, wrathe, or ſuche other vices. Gyue vs grace that we may deſpiſe the lyes of the worlde, colours, deceiptes, promyſes, and falſhod. And to be ſhorte, that we may eſteme of lytle reputation al ẏ belongeth to hym, good, and euyll, as we haue promyſed in baptiſme, and that we may cõtinue in this purpoſe, goynge forwarde dayly more and more. Kepe vs from the entiſement of the deuyll, that we conſent not to pryde, whiche wolde cauſe vs to ſet moche by our ſelfe, and deſpiſe other, for rycheſſe, kynne, power, ſcience, learnyng, beautie, or any other gyftes, or goodnes. Kepe vs that we fall not in to the ſinne of hate, and enuie, what occaſion ſo euer be gyuen to vs. Kepe vs that we doubte not in the fayth, neither fall in deſperation, nowe, nor in the poynte of deathe. Put thy helpynge hande, our beſt heuenly father to them that fyght and labour agaynſt this harde and manyfolde temptation. Confort them that nowe do ſtande, and lyfte them vp that are fallen and be ouercome. Finally, fulfyll vs all wͭ thy grace that in this miſerable, and perylous lyfe (whiche is compaſſed with ſo many continuall enemies, that neuer ceaſſe) we may fyghte boldely, with ſtable & noble faythe, and obteyne the euerlaſtynge crowne.

¶ The ſeuenth petition.

But delyuer vs from euyll.

¶ This petition prayeth for all the euylles of paynes & puniſhementes, as doth the churche in the letany.

¶ O father delyuer vs from the euerlaſtyng wrathe and punyſhementes of helle. Delyuer vs from thy ſtrayte iudgement in deathe, & at the laſte day of dome. Delyuer vs from ſodeyne deathe. Kepe vs from the violēce of water, and fyre, from thundre, lyghtenyng, and hayle. Kepe vs from hunger and derthe. Kepe vs from warre, and manſlaughter. Kepe vs from thy moſt greuous ſtrokes, the peſtilēce, frēche pockes, fallynge ſyckenes, and ſuche other diſeaſes. Kepe vs from all euylles, and parelles of the body.

Prouyded alway, that in all theſe thynges be the glory of thy name, encreace of thy kyngdome, and fulfyllyng of thy wyll. So be it.

¶ Graunte vs good lorde, that all theſe prayers may be obteyned of vs without doubte. Neyther ſuffre that we myſtruſte any thynge, but that in all theſe thynges we ſhall be herde, yea be herde alredy. And let all theſe thynges be ſure, and without any doubte. So may we with gladde herte ſaye, Amen. That is to ſay, ſtable, conſtant, true, and ſure, beit.

✠

¶The ſalutation of our mooſte bleſſed lady ſaynt Mary the virgin.

Hayle Mary full of grace.

Here fyrſte of all take hede, that no man put his ſure truſt, and hope, in the mother of god, or her merites. For this ſure truſte is due to god onely, as the chiefe, and only worſhyp, with the whiche we are commaunded to honour onely god.

¶The grace and fauour, whiche was gyuen her of god, gyueth vs an occaſiō to prayſe god, & gyue hym thākꝭ. We ought none other wyſe to prayſe, an loue her, than one, whiche hath receyued ſuche goodnes, without her owne deſeruynge, of the pure liberalitie, and fauour of god, euyn as ſhe her ſelfe dothe knowlage in the ſonge Magnificat. For as I am moued by yͤ ſyght of heuen, the ſonne, or other creatures, to cōmende and prayſe the maker, & put them in to my prayſe & prayer, ſayenge: O good lorde, whiche haſte made ſuche a bryghte and goodly creature, gyue I praye the vnto me alſo that I may be bryghte, and ſhynynge in vertue, voyde of all derkenes, of ſynne, errour, and ignoraunce, whiche at the laſte mought bringe me to deſtruccion. &c.

So in this place in our prayer, we ſet yͤ mother of god, and ſay: O glorious god, what a noble virgin haſte thou made, bleſſed, and prayſed be ſhe. And that lorde, whiche haſt ſo glorified & exalted her, graunte, I moſt humbly beſeche the, alſo to me thy grace, that I may auoyde & eſchewe the daunger of thy diſpleaſure, and that I may alſo loue & kepe thy holy cōmaūdemētꝭ. &c.

So that our herte conſiſte not in her, but may go forth by her to Chriſte, and to god hym ſelfe. Wherfore this ſalutation is alſo made on this maner, that it gyueth all to god, whan we ſay,

Hayle Mary ful of grace the lorde is
With the / bleſſed arte thou amonge
Women / and bleſſed is the frute of thy
Wombe / Jeſus Chriſte. So be it.

¶ Here thou ſeiſt that in theſe wordes no petition, but pure prayſes and honours are conteyned. Lyke as in the begynnyng and fyrſte wordes of the Pater noſter, is no petition, but onely prayſe, and declarynge of the godly fauour and maieſtie, that he is our father, and in heuen. Therfore we can not call this ſalutation a petition, or any prayer, ꝑperly, and ſtrayghtly, to ſpeake therof, bicauſe it is not laufull for vs, to expoſide theſe wordes further than they ſounde, and than the holy ghoſte dyd make them. Howe be it we may entreate of this ſalutation diuerſe maner of wayes. Fyrſte, as a mediator, that we may in this remembre the grace whiche god gaue her. Secondarily, that we may deſyre alſo that ſhe may be knowen & exalted of al men. For ſhe was full of grace, wherby it is knowen yͭ ſhe had no ſynne imputed to her. And this was a ſpeciall fauour of god, to be ful of al goodnes, and voyde of all euyl. Thyrdly, that ſhe is bleſſed amonge al women, not for that alone, that ſhe broughte forthe her chylde without labour and payne, other wyſe than Eua, and other womē, but alſo bicauſe ſhe conceiued frute with out ſynne, & the bodely frute by the holy ghoſt, whiche dyd fall vpon al yͤ chyldren of Eue, bicauſe they were all conceyued in ſynne, and borne gyltye of wrathe, and dãpnation, But this onely frute of her wombe alone be bleſſed. In the whiche frute, all we are bleſſed.

Fyftely, here may be added a petition and deſyre, that we may pray for them, whiche ſay euyll by this frute, and mother. But who are theſe that ſay euyll by them? Truely they, whiche perſecute and curſe his worde (whiche is the goſpell) and the fayth of Chriſte, as nowe a dayes do the iewes and papiſtes. Wherfore note that this mother, and her ſonne, be ſayde wel by two maner of ways, carnally, & ſpiritually. Carnally, with the mouthe only, and wordes of this ſalutation, which are, Hayle Mary. And theſe many tymes that be the great ſayers therof, be they, whiche chiefly of all do curſe and blaſpheme them in theyr lyuynge.

Spiritually, with the herte, whan we do prayſe her ſonne Jeſu Chriſte, in all his wordes, workes, & paſſion, and ſay wel by hym. Whan we are gladly cõtent to ſuffre perſecution for his trouthes ſake, rather than to forſake it. Whan for his ſake we are cõtente to loue our neyghbour as our ſelfe. But this can no man do, excepte he be inſpired with pure & true faythe, knytte and ioyned vnto charite. For without this faythe can no herte be good, but rather of nature, full of curſes, and rebukes, towardſ god, & all his ſayntes. Therfore I wolde counſell hym ỹ lacketh this fayth to abſteyne from this ſalutation, yea & from all maner of prayers excepte he fyrſte praye for grace to repente of his ſynne, and for this faythe. For of them that entende ſtyll to cõtinue in ſynne without purpoſe to repent & amende, it is wrytten. His prayer be turned in to ſynne.

pſ.c.viii.

Conditor celi et terre.

O maker of heuen, and erthe, kyng of kynges, and lorde of lordes, whiche of nothyng dydeſt make me to thy ymage and likelines, & dydeſt redeme me with thyne owne bloude, whom I a ſynner am not worthy to name, neyther to cal vpon, neyther with my herte to thynke vpon, humbly I deſyre the, and mekely pray the, that gently thou beholde me thy wycked ſeruaũt. And haue mercy on me, whiche haddeſt mercy on the woman of Canane, and of Mary Magdalen, whiche dydeſt forgyue the publican, and the thefe hangynge on the croſſe. Unto the I confeſſe, oh moſt mekeſt father, my ſynnes, whiche yf I wolde, I can not hyde from the. Haue mercy on me Chriſt, for I a wretche, haue ſore offẽded the in pryde, in couetouſnes, in glotony, lechery, in vayne glory in hatered, in enuie, in adulterie, in thefte, in lyenge, in backebytynge, in ſportynge, in diſſolute and wanton laughynge, in ydell wordes, in hearyng, in taſtyng, in touchynge, in thynkyng, in ſlepyng, in workyng, and in all wayes, in whiche I a freyle man, & moſt wretched ſynner, myghte ſynne. My defaulte, my mooſte greuous defaulte. Therfore I mooſte humbly pray, and beſeche thy gentlenes, whiche (for my helthe) deſcended from heuen, whiche dyd holde vp Dauid, yͭ he ſhulde not fall in to ſynne. Haue mercy on vs oh lorde, haue mercy on me, oh Chriſt, the which dydeſt forgiue Peter, that dyd forſake the. Thou art my creator, and my helper, my maker, & my redemer, my gouernour, and my father, my lorde, my god, my kynge. Thou arte my hope, my truſte, my gouernour, my helpe, my conforte, my ſtrength, my defence, my redemption, my lyfe, my helthe, my reſurrection. ¶Thou arte my ſtedfaſtnes, my refuge or ſuccour, my lyght, and my helpe. I moſt humbly and hertely deſyre and pray the helpe me, defende me, make me ſtronge, & conforte me, make me ſtedfaſt, make me mery, gyue me lyghte and viſite me, reuiue me agayne, whiche am deade. For I am thy makynge and thy worke, oh lorde, deſpiſe me not. I am thy ſeruaunt, thy bondman, although euyll, although vnworthy, and a ſynner. But whatſoeuer I am, whether I be good, or badde, I am euer thyne. ¶Therfore to whom ſhall I flee, except I flee vnto the? If thou caſt me of, who ſhall or wyll receyue me? If thou deſpiſe me, and turne thy face from me, who ſhall loke vpon me? And recogniſe and knowlage me (although vnwo. thy) cōmyng to the, although I be vile, and vnclene. For if I be vyle & vnclene, thou canſte make me clene. If I be ſycke, thou canſte heale me. If I be deade and buryed, thou canſt reuiue me. For thy mercy is moche more, than myn iniquitie. ¶Thou canſt forgyue me more than I can offende. ¶Therfore oh lorde, do not cōſydre, nor haue reſpecte to the nōbre of my ſynnes, but accordīg to ẏ greatnes of thy mercy forgiue me, & haue mercy on me moſt wretched ſinner. Say vnto my ſoule, I am thy helthe, whiche ſaydeſt, I wyll not the deathe of a ſynner, but rather that he lyue & be conuerted. ¶Turne me, oh lorde, to the, & be not angry with me. I pray the moſte meke father, and for thy great mercy, I moſt humbly beſeche the, that ẏ brynge me to the blyſſe, ẏ neuer ſhall ceaſſe.

So be it.

¶ Thoffice of all eſtates.

A Byſhop muſt be fauteles, the huſbande of one wyfe, ſobre, diſcrete, honeſtly apparayled, herberous, apte to teache, not dronken no fyghter, not gyuen to fylthye lucre, but gentle, abhorryng fyghtyng, abhorryng couetouſnes, and one that ruleth his owne houſe honeſtly, hauyng chyldren vnder obedience with all honeſtie. i.Timo. iii.

¶ Rulers.

Ye that are rulers of the earthe, ſe that ye loue ryghtwyſenes, & that ye cõmitte none vnrygchtwyſenes in iudgement. Deute.i.

Thou ſhalte not haue reſpecte to the perſone of the poore, nor honour thou the countenaunce of the ryche, but iudge thy neyghbour ryghtwyſely. Leui.xix.

¶ The comens.

Ye ſhall not deceyue your brethern, neyther with weight nor meaſure: but ſhall haue true balaunces, and true weyghtes, for I am the lorde, your god. Leui.xix.

¶ Huſbandes.

Huſbãdes loue your wyues, euyn as Chriſte loued the congregation, and gaue hym ſelfe for it, to ſanctifie it, and clenſed it in the foũteyne of water, thrugh the worde, to make it to hym ſelfe a glorious cõgregation, without ſpotte or wryncle, or any ſuche thynge. So oughte men to loue theyr wyues, as theyr owne bodyes. He that loueth his wyfe, loueth hym ſelfe. For no man yet euer hated his owne fleſhe, but noryſhed it. &c. Ephe.v.

¶ Wyues.

Ephe.v. Wyues, ſubmitte your ſelues to your owne huſbandes, as vnto the lorde, for the huſbande is the wyues hed, euyn as Chriſt is the hedde of the congregacion. ¶ Therfore as the cõgregaciõ is in ſubiectiõ to Chriſt, likewiſe let þe wyues be in ſubiection to theyr huſbãdes in al thingꝭ.

¶ Fathers and mothers.

Ephe.vi. YE fathers moue not your chyldren to wrathe, but bryngethem vp wͭ the norter & informaciõ of the lord.

¶ Chyldren

CHyldren obeye your fathers and mothers in the lorde, for ſo it is ryght. Honour thy father & mother, that is þ fyrſte cõmaundement þͭ hath any promyſe, that þͧ mayſt be in good eſtate, & lyue longe on the earthe.

¶ Mayſters.

Collo.iiii. YE mayſters, do vnto your ſeruauntes that whiche is iuſte, and egall, puttynge away all bytternes, & threatenynges, knowyng that euyn ye haue a mayſter in heuen.

¶ Seruauntes.

Collo.iii. SEruauntes be obedient vnto your bodely maiſters in all thynges, not wͭ iye ſeruice, as men pleaſers, but in ſinglenes of hert, fearyng god. And what ſoeuer ye do, do it hertely, as though ye dyd it vnto þ lorde, & not vnto mẽ, for aſmoche as ye knowe þ of the lorde ye ſhall receiue þ rewarde of inheritaũce, for ye ſerue the lorde Chriſte.

¶ Wyddowes.

SHe that is a very wydowe, and frendles, putteth her truſte in god, and continueth in ſupplicacion & prayer, nyght and day.

¶ The ſumme of all.

¶ Loue thy neyghbour as thy ſelfe, and what ſoeuer ye wolde that other ſhulde do to you, do you euyn the ſame to them, and what ye wolde not that other ſhuld do to you, ſe that ye do it not to them.

¶ Good workes

AMonge good workes, the chiefe are, to be obedient in al thingꝭ vnto kyngꝭ, princes, iudges, & ſuche other officers, as farre as they cōmaūde ciuile thynges that is to ſay, ſuche thyngꝭ as are indifferēt, and not contrary vnto the cōmaundementes of god. For than muſt we rather obey god thā men, although we ſhulde leſe bothe our ſubſtaunce, and lyfe therto, to honour rulers, to promote peace, to praye for all cōminalties, and to apply all our ſtudies to profite them. Actes. v.

¶ The nexte are, to be obedient to father & mother, to prouide for our houſeholde, both noryſſhīg our famylie wᵗ bodely ſuſtenaūce, & alſo to ēſtructe them wᵗ ẏ worde of god, & ſo to be theyr gouernour carnall, & ſpiritual.

¶ Thā muſt we loke howe we oughte to behaue our ſelues towardꝭ our neyghbour, knowlegynge that al the gyftes, whiche are gyuen vs of god, are not gyuen vs for our owne ſelfe, but for the edefieng of the cōgregation, as it is wryten. And yf we beſtowe them not on ẏ maner, we ſhal ſurely gyue a rekenyng for them before ẏ lorde. Amōge theſe ought we to haue reſpecte vnto the preachers & miniſters of the worde, that they may be had in honour, and well prouided for. And aboue al thynges good brethrene addreſſe your ſelues vnto that neceſſary worke, prayer. Remēbre to pray for all eſtates, for that is a worke that Chriſte and his apoſtles ful diligētly exhorted al men vnto, promyſyng them that they ſhulde obteyne theyr peticions, yf they be accordyng to the wyll of god, and for his glorye.

i. Cor. xii.
Io. xvi.
i. Io. iii.
i. Io. v.

¶ Perſecution.

After theſe ⁊ ſuche other workes, let euery ma
bolden ⁊ cōforte his brethern ſuffre to the croſſe
that god wyll lay on them, to ꝓue them, whether they
wyl abyde in his worde, or flee backe agayn. And let
Luc. xiiii. al men caſt theyr peny worthes before. And euery day
that they are not vexed, let them counte yͭ wonne, and
loke euery houre whan yͤ croſſe ſhal come. For this is
Hebre. xii. a playn caſe, god ſcourgeth euery ſon, whom he recey-
ii. Tim. iii. ueth. And Paule ſayth, Al yͭ wyl lyue godly in Chriſt
Jeſu, muſt ſuffre ꝑſecution. ¶ Nowe yf they can en-
dure chaſtenyng, and ſuffre paciētly, than god offereth
Hebre. xii. hym ſelfe unto them, as vnto ſonnes, ſo yͭ they ſhal be
deſtitute in nothing. For what can they lacke, whiche
haue god hym ſelfe? Forgyue hertely your enemyes
and ꝑſecutours, prayeng vnto god for them, yͭ he wold
vouchſafe to open theyr blynde hertes, and gyue them
true knowlage. For there is no man ſo madde, cruell,
furious, ⁊ indurate, but yͭ all other of them ſelues are
euyn as farre wyde from god, as he. So yͭ euery man
whiche is not ſo wycked, may thanke god yͭ he kepeth
hym from yͭ impietie. ¶ Thou ſeiſt a man yͭ is a thefe, a
whoremonger, ⁊ a murtherar: there ſeiſt yͧ euyn thyn
owne nature. For yf god kept yͧ not out of ſuche vicꝫ,
thou ſhuldeſt be euyn as euyll as he. If yͧ be not ſuche
glorye in god, ⁊ not in thy ſelfe. Be not angry therfore
with thin enemies ⁊ ꝑſecutours, but be ſory for them,
and lamente theyr blynde ignorancy. Receyue yͤ croſſe
gladly, ⁊ reioyce therin. For this fyre and tribulacion
(whiche is the triale of your fayth) bryngeth forthe
pacience, pacience bryngeth felynge, felynge bryngeth
Roma. v. hope, hope maketh vs not aſhamed, but maketh vs
boldely to loke for his iudgement, in whiche the vn-
faythfull ſhall not be able to ſtande. So be it.

Domine labia. pſal. li.

O Lorde open thou my lyppes: and than ſhal my mouth ſhewe forth thy prayſe

O god bende thy ſelfe in to my helpe: lorde haſte the to helpe me.

Glorye be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ The inuitatorie.

Come vnto me all ye that labour and are laden: and I ſhall refreſhe you. Mat. xi.

Come and let vs ioyfully gyue thankes vnto the lorde, let vs reioyſe in god our ſauiour, let vs approche in to his preſence w prayſe & thankes gyuynge, and ſynge we vnto hym in the pſalmes.

Come vnto me all ye that labour and are laden: and I ſhall refreſhe you.

For god is a great lorde and a great kynge ouer all lordes: in whoſe handes are the hertes of all the creatures of the erthe, and the hygh hylles are at his commaundement.

Come vnto me all ye that labour and are laden: and I ſhall refreſhe you.

The ſee is his, for he hath made it, and his handes haue faſhoned the erthe alſo: come therfore and let vs worſhyp and fall downe before the lorde, whiche hath made vs: for he is our god, and we are ÿ flocke of his paſture, and the ſhepe whom he dryueth.

Come vnto me all ye that labour and are laden: and I ſhall refreſhe you.

Nowe (the gospell preached) yf ye here his voyce, se that ye harden not your hertes, as they dyd in the place of temptacion in wyldernes, bytterly murmurynge and speakynge agaynst god, where your fathers tempted me, and prouoked me to angre, yea althoughe they se my myracles.

Come vnto me all ye that labour and are laden: and I shal refreshe you.

Fourty yeres was I at debate, chydyng with the generacion, wherfore I sayd euer, theyr hertes are gone from me, they knowe not my ways: to whom I swore in my great angre, that they shulde not entre in to the londe of my reste.

Come vnto me all ye that labour and are laden: and I shall refreshe you.

Glory be to the father, to the son, & to the holy ghost, As it was in the begynnyng: as it is now, and euer shalbe. So be it.

¶ The hymne.

Prayled be god for his excedynge fauour
Whiche hath gyuen vs his sonne to be our sauiour.
We are synners, vnryghtwyse, folysshe, and fleshely.
Christe is our mercy stole, ryght wysenes, and wysedome verely.
We are vncleane, holden vnder the daunger of dethe, and synnes exaction.
Christe is our holynes, our lyfe, our redemption, and satisfaction.
Glory be to the o lorde, borne of the vndefiled virgin
Glorie to the father, and to the holy ghoost, our soules [illegible]. So be it.

¶ Lorde

Domine dominus noſter. pſal. viii.

Lorde, yea our lorde, howe wonderfull reuerēt & clere is thy name ouer all ẏ erthe: whiche haſt lifted vp thy high magnificēce aboue the heuens: yea and that by the mouthes of thy ſoukyng babes, that can not yet ſpeake, haſt thou ſet vp ẏ prayſe of thy myght agaynſt thy enemyes, to confounde thy aduerſary, that wyll auenge hym ſelfe.

I ſhall therfore loke vp and wonder at thy heuens: loo, theſe are the workꝭ of thy fyngers, the moone and ſtarres, thou haſte ſet them ſo goodly.

But loo, what thyng is man mortall, that thou thus remēbreſt hym? what is the ſonne of Adam, that thou regardeſt hym ſo greatly?

Thou haſt made hym not moche inferior thā angels: with ſo great dignite & glory haſt thou endued hym.

Thou haſte made hym lorde of thy handy workes: thou haſt caſt all thynges vnder his feete.

As flockes of ſhepe, all herdes of neate: and alſo the wylde beaſtes.

Foules of the ayer, and fyſhes of the ſee: and what ſoeuer ſwymmeth in the water.

Lorde, yea our lorde, howe wonderfull reuerent and clere is thy name ouer all the erthe.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte. As it was in the begynnyng, as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Celi enarrant. pſal. xix.

The heuens declare ẏ glorious maieſtie of god: & ẏ firmament ſheweth what are his workꝭ.

One day folowyng another ſheweth continually our thoughtes: and one nyght folowyng another encreaſeth our knowlege.

Theſe creatures haue neyther ſpeche nor wordes:
neyther is theyr voyces any where herde.
And yet theyr [illegible] and ſhewyng hath taughte
all the worlde: and theyr dumme ſpeche hath gone
forthe in to all the cooſtes of the worlde.
He hath faſtened in them a tabernacle for the ſonne:
and he cõmeth forth of his clowdes lyke a brydegrome,
yea lyke a freſhe valyaunt knyght to make his courſe.
From the fartheſt eaſte parte of the heuens cõmeth
he forth, hauyng his recourſe vnto the other extreme:
neyther is there any man that may hyde hym from
his heate.
The lawe of the lorde is perfecte, refreſſhyng yͤ ſoule:
the teſtimonye of the lorde is faythefull, mynyſtrynge
wyſedome to the vnlerned.
The commaundementes of the lorde are ryghte: ma-
kynge gladde the herte.
The thinges whiche god cõmaundeth are playne and
pure: and they lyghten the iyes.
The feare of the lorde is pure and holy, abydynge for
euer: the pleaſures of the lorde are trewe and ryghte in
euery parte.
More worthye to be deſyred than golde and precious
ſtones: ſweter than yͤ hony combe when it droppeth.
And thy ſeruaunt is taughte and warned by them:
that ſame obſeruynge of them is a great rewarde.
Who may attayne to the knowlege of his ſynfull na-
tures? purge me from my ſecrete ſynnes.
Yea and kepe thou theſe great ſynnes from thy ſer-
uaunte, leſt they haue dominion ouer me: then ſhall
I be pure from euery greate ſynne.
Let the ſpeches of my mouthe, and the thoughtes of

my herte be pleaſaunt and accepte vnto the, lorde, my defender and redemer.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy goſte.

As it was in the begynnyng: as it is nowe and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Domini eſt terra. pſal. xxiiii.

The erthe is the lordes, & all that is cōtayned therin: the rounde worlde, & all ỹ inhabite it.

For in the ſee hath he ſet her foundations: and hath buylded her aboue the floodes.

Who ſhall clymme in to the hylle of the lorde? or who ſhal abyde in his holy place?

An innocēt in his dedes, and he that is pure in hert: that hath not extolled hymſelfe proudely vnto vanite, neyther hath ſworne for any deceyte.

This man ſhall be ledde to the bleſſyng of the lorde, and with the mercy of god his ſauiour.

This is the nacion gyuen all vnto hym and ſeketh hym: this is the very ryght Jacob, ſo it is.

O ye gates lyfte vp youre ſelues: ye gates euerlaſting be ye opened: and this glorious kynge ſhall entre in.

Who is this kynge, ỹ is ſo glorious? It is the myghtye valyaunt lorde, noble in power: a lorde excellent in ſtrength to wage batayle.

O ye gates lyfte vp youre ſelues: ye gates euerlaſtyng be ye opened: and the glorious kynge ſhall entre in.

Who is this kynge ỹ is ſo glorious? It is the lorde of hoſtes: it is he that is this glorious kynge, ſo he is.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ The anteme.

Ro.iii. ¶ All we are synners, & haue nede of the glory of god.

¶ The versicle.

Ephe.i. ¶ In what thynge standeth the glory of god?

¶ The answer.

¶ In the free forgyuenes of synnes of his clere mercy only.

¶ The pater noster.

OUr father which arte in heuen, halowed be thy name. Let thy kyngdome come. Thy wyll be fulfilled as well in erthe as it is in heuen. Gyue vs this day our dayly bread. And forgyue vs our trespasses, as we forgyue them that trespasse agaynst vs. And lede vs not in to temptacion. But delyuer vs from yuell. So be it.

¶ The Aue Maria.

HAyle Mary, greatly in gods fauour, the lord is with the: blessed arte thou amõge women, and blessed be ŷ frute of thy wombe. So be it.

¶ Lede vs not (lorde) in to temptacion. But delyuer vs from yuell. So be it.

¶ The blessynge.

¶ Lorde we beseche the of thy blessynge.

¶ The answer.

¶ Blessed are they that suffre persecution for ryghtwysnes, for theyrs is ŷ kyngdome of heuen. So be it.

¶ The fyrste lesson.

Mat.x. LO I send you forth as shepe amonge wolues. Be therfore ye wyse as serpentes, and innocent as doues: beware of men, for they shall delyuer you vp to the counsayles, and shall scourge you in theyr synagoges, and ye shall be brought to the heade rulers and kynges for my sake, in wytnes to them, and to the gentyles: but whan they put you vp, take no thought what, or howe ye ſhall ſpeake: for it ſhall be gyuen you euen in the ſame houre, what ye ſhall ſay. For it is not you that ſpeake, but the ſpirite of your father, whiche ſpeaketh in you. And lorde thou haue mercy on vs.

¶ The anſwere.

¶ These thynges haue I ſayde vnto you, bicauſe ye ſhulde not be hurte in your fayth. John.xvi.

¶ They ſhall excommunicate you, yea the tyme ſhall come, that who ſoeuer kylleth you ſhall thynke that he doth hygh ſeruice to god.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Suche thynges ſhall they do vnto you, bicauſe they haue not knowen the father, nor yet me.

¶ They ſhall excommunicate you, yea the tyme ſhall come, that who ſoeuer kylleth you ſhall thynke that he dothe hygh ſeruice to god.

¶ The bleſſynge.

¶ Lorde we beſeche the of thy bleſſynge.

¶ The anſwere.

¶ Bleſſed are the poore in ſpirite, for theyrs is ẏ kyngdome of heuen. So be it.

¶ The ſeconde leſſon.

The burden of ſynne caſte away: let vs runne with pacience vnto the batayle that is ſet before vs, lokyng vnto Jeſus, the auctor & fynyſher of our fayth, which for ẏ ioye that was ſet before hym, abode the croſſe, & diſpiſed the ſhame, and is ſet downe on the ryghthãde of the throne of god. Conſydre therfore howe ẏ he endured ſuche ſpeakynge agaynſt hym of ſynners, leſt ye ſhulde be weryed and faynte in your hertes: for ye haue not yet reſyſted vnto bloudſhedyng, fyghtyng agaynſt ſynne. And ye haue forget the conſolation, Heb.xii.

lacion, whiche ſpeaketh vnto you as vnto chyldren.
My ſonne deſpiſe not the chaſtenyng of the lorde, ne
ther faynte whan thou arte rebuked of hym: for whom
the lorde loueth, hym he chaſteneth, yea and he ſcou
geth euery ſonne that he receyueth. But thou lorde
haue mercy on vs.

¶The reſponde.

Hebre. xii. ¶ If ye ſhall endure chaſtenynge, god offereth hym
ſelfe vnto you as vnto ſonnes. What ſonne is that,
whom the father chaſteneth not?

¶The verſe.

¶ If ye be not vnder correction (wherof all are part
kers) than are ye baſtardes, and not ſonnes.
What ſonne is that, whom the father chaſteneth not

¶The bleſſynge.

¶ Lorde we beſeche the of thy bleſſynge.

¶The anſwere.

¶ Bleſſed are all men that truſt in the lorde. So be i

¶The thyrde leſſon.

Sapi. v. IN the laſt iudgemẽt whan theſe vngodly ſhall
beholde the rightwiſe mẽ, they ſhalbe trouble
with horryble feare, and ſhal marueyle at theyr ſo
ſodeyne helthe vnloked for, waylyng for the ſorowful
anguyſhe of theyr myndes, ſaying within them ſelues,
beinge heuye and mournynge for the anguyſhe of theyr
myndes: These are they, whom we had ſomtyme i
deriſion, and vnto lykelyhod of opprobrious laughte
but we our ſelues, beinge than without our wytte
had wente that theyr lyues had ben but madnes: and
ſo theyr ende to haue ben without honour. But neue
ſe howe they are counted amonge the chyldren of god,
and theyr herytage is amonge the ſayntes. Wherfo

we dyd [illegible] than erred and went from the way of the trouthe, and the lyghte of ryght wysenes dyd not shyne vpon vs, and the sonne of ryght vnderstandyng sprange not vpon vs, we were weryed and tyerde in the way of wyckednes & perdicion: we walked herde & werye wayes, for the way of the lorde we knewe we not. But lorde haue thou mercy on vs.

¶ Responde.

¶ When ye were ministers of his kyngdome, ye iudged not ryght, ye kepte not the lawe of ryght wysenes, neyther ye walked after the wyll of god. Fearefully and shortely shall he appere vnto you. For ryghte sharpe iudgement shall be done vpon these that are in auctorite.

¶ The verse.

¶ To the weyke lytell ones is graunted mercy, but the great myghty ones shall suffre myghty stronge tormentes.

¶ Fearefully and shortely shall he appere vnto you. For ryghte sharpe iudgement shall be done vpon these that are in auctorite.

Glory be to the father, to the son, & to the holy goste. For ryghte sharpe iudgement shall be done vpon these that are in auctorite.

¶ The songe of Austen and Ambrose.

WE prayse the (o god) we knowlege the to be the lorde.

All the erthe mought worshyppe the, which arte the father euerlastynge.

To the crye forthe all aungels, the heuens and all the powers therin.

To the thus cryeth Cherubyn and Seraphyn contynually.

Holy arte thou. Holy arte thou. Holy arte thou.
Thou arte the lorde god of hoſtes.
Heuen & erthe are fulfilled w̄ the glory of thy maieſty.
The glorious company of the apoſtles prayſe the
The goodly felowſhyp of the ꝓphetes worſhyp the.
The fayre felowſhyp of martyres prayſe the.
The holy congregation of faythfull throughout al the worlde magnifie the.
They knowlege the to be the father of an infinite maieſtie
They knowlege thy honorable and very onely ſonne
They knowlege the holy ghoſt to be a comforter.
Thou arte the kynge of glory, o Chriſte.
Thou arte the euerlaſtynge ſonne of the father.
Thou (whan thou ſhuldeſt take vpon the our nature to delyuer man) dydeſt not abhorre ỷ virgins wombe.
Thou haſt opened the kyngdome of heuen to the beleuers, deathes darte ouercome.
Thou ſytteſt on the ryght hande of god in the glory of the father.
Thou arte beleued to come our iudge.
Wherfore we pray the helpe thy ſeruauntes, whom thou haſt redemed with thy precious bloude.
Make them to be nombred with thy ſayntes in ioye euerlaſtynge.
O lorde ſaue thy people, and blyſſe thyn heritage.
Gouerne and alſo lyfte them vp for euer.
We prayſe the euery day.
And we worſhyp thy name euer worlde w̄out ende.
O lord, let it be thy pleaſure to kepe vs this day without ſynne.
O lorde haue mercy vpon vs: haue mercy vpon vs.

O lorde, lette thy mercy lyghten vpon vs, euyn as we truſte in the.

O lorde I truſte in the, let me neuer be confounded.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Chriſte is deade for our ſynnes.

¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ And is ryſen agayne for our ryghtwyſenes.

O God bende thy ſelfe vnto my helpe: lorde haſt the to helpe me.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, and to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ Dominus regnauit. pſal. lxxxxiii.

The lorde is kynge, his maieſtie is gloriouſly vertue: the lorde hath armed hym ſelfe with ſtrengthe, & hath gyrte hym ſelfe myghtely.

He hath ſurely buylded & ſet faſt the rounde worlde: ſo that it ſhall not be moued.

Thy ſeate was prepared in ſeaſon, but thou thy ſelfe arte of euerlaſtynge.

The floodes are ryſen (o lorde) the floodes haue rored.

The floodes haue lifted vp theyr ſtreames aboue the noyſe of the great ſtormy and troubled ſees.

Merueylous is yͤ lorde, which hath his reſidēce aboue.

Thy wordes are ſure & faythfull, thy houſe is ryght fayre, holy, & goodly: the ſecrete holy place of the lorde ſhal ſtande in to full longe tymes.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe. & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

Iubilate. pſal. C.

Make ye melody vnto the lorde: all that dwell vpon the erthe.

Worſhyp ye the lorde gladly: & come in to his preſence ioyfully.

Knowlege ye the lorde that he is god: he hath made vs, and not we our ſelues: we are his people, and the flocke of his paſture.

Entre ye in to his gates with thankes gyuyng: and in to his foreporches with prayſe ſyngynge, magnifie hym and prayſe his name.

For the lorde is ryght gentle, his mercy endureth in to euerlaſtynge, and his faythfulnes in to all ages.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, and to ŷ holy ghoſt.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Deus deus meus. pſal. lxiii.

GOD, thou arte my god, erly do I ſyghe for the: my ſoule thyrſteth for the, my fleſſhe deſyreth the, in this thyrſty and wyde wyldernes.

Here ſhall I beholde the as in thy ſecrete holy place: that I myght ſe thy power, and thy glorious beautie.

For thy mercy is more deſirous than this ſame lyfe: with my lyppes ſhall I prayſe the.

Thus ſhall I magnifie the thrughout al my lyfe: in the prayſe of thy name ſhall I lyfte vp my handes.

Thou ſhalte ſatiſfie my ſoule wt fat delicious meate: wherupon my lyps ſhal ioye, & my mouthe ſhal prayſe.

As longe as I ſhall remembre my ſelfe vpon my bed: I ſhall thynke vpon the, euyn in ŷ watches of ŷ nyght.

For thou verely art he that bryngeth me helpe: and I beynge vnder the ſhadowe of thy wynges, ſhal tryumphe ioyfully.

My ſoule

Deus deus meus. pſal.lxiii.

My ſoule cleued vnto the: for thy ryghte hande ſuſtayned me.

These men ÿ ſeke my lyfe to ſpyll it: ſhall go downe in to theyr graues.

Men ſhall dryue them vpon the edge of theyr ſwerdes: they ſhall be hewen and cut in to meate for foxes.

But the kyng ſhall reioyce in god, & he ſhall glory that ſweareth in hym, whã foule mouthes ſhalbe ſtopped.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng: as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Deus miſereatur. pſal.lxvii.

GOd moughte fauour and haue mercy vpon vs: he moughte lyghten vs with his preſence, ſo [illegible] he moughte.

That thy way myght be knowen euery where in the erthe: and thy ſauynge helthe alſo vnto all nacyons.

The people moughte magnifie the (o god) yea all people moughte magnifie the.

The heathen moughte ioye & tryumphe in that thou doſte ryghte vnto the people, and directeſt the nacyons vpon the erthe.

The people moughte ſprede thy name (o god) yea all people moughte magnifie the.

The erthe alſo moughte gyue agayne her encreaſe: and god, whiche is our god, moughte do vs good.

God moughte blyſſe vs: and all that inhabite ÿ erthe, euen vnto ÿ vttermoſt ꝑtes therof moughte feare hym.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ The ſonge of the thre chyldren.

PRayſe ye the lorde all his workes: prayſe and extolle hym for euer.

Ye aungelles of the lorde prayſe the lorde: ye heuens loaue the lorde.

Ye waters, all that are aboue heuen prayſe the lorde: all the powers of the lorde mought prayſe the lorde.

The ſonne, the moone prayſe ye the lorde: ſtarres of the firmament loaue ye the lorde.

The rayne and the dewe prayſe ye the lorde: all the wyndes of god prayſe ye the lorde.

Fyer and heate magnifie ye þ lorde: wynter & ſome loaue ye the lorde.

Moyſtnes and ye hore froſtes prayſe ye the lorde: the froſte and colde loaue ye the lorde.

Yce and ſnowe mought loaue the lorde: nyghtes and dayes prayſe ye the lorde.

The lyghte and darkenes moughte prayſe the lorde: lyghtenynges and cloudes loaue ye the lorde.

The erthe moughte prayſe the lorde: loaue and extoll hym for euer.

Hylles and mountaynes prayſe ye the lorde: all that ſpryngeth vp on the erthe loaue ye the lorde.

Ye welles and ſprynges prayſe ye the lorde: ſees and floodes loaue ye the lorde.

Whale fyſſhes, and all that moue in the water, prayſe ye the lorde: all byrdes of the ayre prayſe the lorde.

All beaſtes bothe wylde and tame prayſe the lorde: ye chyldren of men loaue the lorde.

Iſraell prayſe thou the lorde: loaue hym and extolle hym for euer.

Ye miniſters of the lorde prayſe the lorde: ye ſeruauntes of the lorde loaue the lorde.

Ye ſpirites and ſoules of ryghtewyſe men loaue the lorde: ye holy and meke in herte prayſe ye the lorde.

Anania, Azaria, Miſael, prayſe ye the lorde: loaue and excoll hym for euer.

O lorde thou arte bleſſed and prayſed in ẏ firmamẽt of heuen: thou arte prayſe worthy, glorious and magnified in to worldes withoutende.

Laudate dominum de celis. pſal. C.xlviij.

Prayſe the lorde ye heuenly myndes: prayſe ye hym all that are aboue.

Prayſe hym all aungelles: prayſe hym all his hoſte rounde aboute hym.

Prayſe hym ſonne and moone: prayſe hym all bryght and ſhynynge ſtarres.

Prayſe hym the moſte hygheſt heuens: & ye waters that are aboue the heuens.

Prayſe ye the name of the lorde: for he made and created all thynges with a worde.

And hath made them to ſtande faſte in to the worlde of worldes: he hath gyuen them a lawe, whiche they breake not.

Prayſe the lorde all creatures of the erthe: dragons and all depe waters.

Fyer, hayle, ſnowe, yſe, ſtormy wyndes: doinge his cõmaundement.

Mountaynes and all hygh hylles: frutefull trees, and all cedre trees.

All wylde beaſtes and catte: all thynges that crepe, and fethered foules.

Kynges of the erthe & all people: princes and all iudges of the erthe.

Syngle men and maydens, olde men & yonge, prayſe the name of the lorde: for it is onely hygh and ſpred ouer therthe and heuens.

He ſhall lyfte vp the power of his people: it becommeth his ſayntes to prayſe hym, whiche haue pleſſ hym: euyn Iſraell his owne people, whiche cometh vnto hym. ¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ Cantate domino. psal. C.xlix.

Synge ye to the lorde a newe dytie: his prayſe ſhall be in the congregacion of the ſayntes.

Iſrael ſhall reioyce of his maker: and the citezens of Syon of theyr kynge.

They ſhall prayſe his name with trumpett: ſynge ye vnto hym with taberet and harpe.

For the lorde well pleaſed with his people: ſhall exalte lowlyones with his helpe.

Sayntes ſhall reioyce euyn from theyr hertes: and the nobles ſhall tryumphe in theyr couches.

The exaltyng of god is in theyr throtes: and in theyr handes a two edged ſwerde.

To take vengeaunce vpon the gentyles: and to correcte the people.

To bynde theyr kynges in chaynes: and theyr moſt nobleſt rulers in fetters of yren.

To execute iudgement amonge them as is it wrytten this glory ſhall be vnto all that are his ſayntes.

Glory be to the father, to the ſonne, & to the holy goſt.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhall be. So be it.

¶ Laudate dominum. psal. C.l.

Prayſe hym that hath his reſidence in his temp
holy place: prayſe hym that reigneth in the
mament, the ſeate of his power.

Prayſe hym for his ſtrengthe: prayſe hym for al
myghtynes.
Prayſe hym with ſoūde of trumpettes: prayſe hym
with lutes and harpes.
Prayſe hym with tympany and taberet: prayſe hym
with organs and pypes.
Prayſe hym with ſofte clarycymbales: prayſe hym
with loude clarycymbales.
What ſoeuer thynge is endued wᵗ brethe: let it prayſe
the lorde.
Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.
As it was at the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer
ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ The antheme.

The hygheſt prayſe and greatteſt glory yᵗ we Ro.iiii.
may gyue to god, is to beleue his promeſſe, &
to veryfie it with our faythe: whiche faythe
he dothe gyue vs alſo, that we myghte beleue our ſynnes to be forgyuen in Chriſtes bloude.

By grace are ye made ſafe thrugh faythe, & that Ephe.ii.
not of your ſelues: for it is the gyfte of god, and
cometh not of workes, leſt any man ſhulde
boſte hym ſelfe of his owne dedes.

¶ The hymne.

Prayſe ye the lorde omnipotēt. Whiche thrugh
his benignite. His moſt dere ſonne hath to vs
ſente. To dye for our iniquite.
We were his cruell ennemyes. Abiecte for our trāſgreſſion. Howe be it in Chriſte fyxe we our iyes.
Whiche is our ſatiſfaction.
Glory be to the trinite. The father, ſonne, & ſpirite
lyuynge. Whiche are one god and perſones thre.
To whom be prayſe without endynge. So be it.

¶ The verſicle.

Ro. viii. ¶ What and yf we here ſuffre with Chriſt?

¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ Thã ſhal we be glorified together wt hym in heuen.

¶ The ſonge of zachary the preeſte, ſaynt Johñ Baptiſtes father.

¶ Benedictus. Luce. i.

Prayſed be yͤ lord god of Iſrael: for he hath graciouſly viſited, & redemed his people.

He hath ſet vp our myghty helthe: in the houſe of Dauid his ſeruaunt.

Accordynge to his promyſes, by yͤ mouthes of his holy prophetes of a longe tyme paſte.

Promyſynge that we ſhulde be preſerued from oure enemyes: & from the handes of all them that hate vs.

That he wolde thus vſe & declare his ryche mercy towarde our fathers: remembryng his holy ꝓmyſes.

And alſo to perfourme his othe, whiche he ſwore to Abrahã our father: & ꝓmyſed hym ſelfe to gyue it vs.

So that without feare, we delyuered from yͤ handes of our enmyes: myghte ſerue and honour hym.

In holynes and ryghtwyſenes before hym: all days of our lyfe.

And thou (my chylde) ſhalte be called the prophete of the moſte hygheſt: for thou ſhalte go before the face of the lorde, to prepare his wayes.

To gyue the knowlege of the ſauynge helthe to his people: thrugh the forgyuenes of theyr ſynnes.

The whiche cõmeth thrughe thabundant mercy and goodnes of our god, by the whiche he hath thus graciouſly loked vpon vs, ſpryngynge from aboue.

¶ To gyue

To gyue lyght to them that haue ſytten in darkenes, and in the ſhadowe of deathe: to directe our feete in to the waye of peace.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng: as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ The antheme.

He that moueth vs to pray, hath alredy grauted vs our aſkynge, yf we aſke in faythe, whiche ſaythe: All thynges what ſoeuer ye ſhall aſke in your prayer, beleue, and ye ſhall receyue them.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Father here our prayer. ¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ And make vs to aſke of the in faythe.

¶ The colet.

O God almyghtye, our mercyfull father, whiche haſt ſo excedyngly loued vs thy choſen children that thou woldeſt vouchesaue to gyue vs thy only and welbeloued ſonne Jeſu Chriſte our ſauiour to ſuffre dethe for our ſynnes: ſo that all that do thus beleue in hym, myghte not peryſhe, but haue lyfe euerlaſtynge: we beſeche the for thy habundant mercy, and for that ineſtimable loue, whiche thou bareſt to thy ſon Chriſt our ſauiour, gyue vs of thy grace, & poure thy fauour in to our hertes, that we may beleue, fele, and knowe perfectely, that thou only arte our god, our father, and to vs an almyghty helper, delyuerer, & a ſauiour from ſynne, from all the deuylyſhe powers of helle, of this worlde, and from dethe, and that by thy ſonne our lorde Jeſu Chriſte. So be it.

¶ A prayer to the holy ghoſte.

Come holy ſpirite, replenyſhe the hertes of thy faythful: & kendle in them thy brennyng loue.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Sende forth thy ſpirite, & men ſhalbe created a newe.

¶ Thaunſwere

¶ For ſo renewest thou the ſoule of man.

¶ The prayer

O God, whiche haſte inſtructed the hertes of the faythfull men with yͤ lyghtenynge of the holy ghoſt, graunt vs to ſauour a ryght in yͤ ſame ſpirite, & to reioyce euermore of his holy cōſolacion. whiche lyueſt and reigneſt in yͤ ſame ſpirite euer. So be it.

¶ A prayer to the Trinite.

¶ Deliuer vs, ſaue vs, & iuſtifie vs, o blyſſed Trinite.

¶ The verſycle

¶ The name of god be bleſſed.

¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ From age to age euerlaſtynge. So be it.

¶ The prayer.

O Almyghty euerlaſtynge god, whiche haſte gyuen vs thy ſeruātes to knowlege yͤ glory of the euerlaſtynge Trinite, with a faythfull knowlege, and to worſhyp the, one god in thy almyghty maieſtie: we beſeche the, yͤ through the ſtedfaſtnes of this fayth, we mought be defended from all aduerſities: whiche lyueſt & reigneſt one god in the Trinite of perſones, worlde without ende. So be it.

¶ The prime and houres.

O God bende thy ſelfe to my helpe. Lorde haſte the to helpe me.

Glory be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.

As it was at the begynnynge & as it is nowe, & euer ſhall be. So be it.

¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

The

¶ The hymne.

Come holy ſpirite to the we call. To ſtablyſhe our infirmite. Gyue vs true faythe, and hope withall. Inflame our hertes with charite.

Our nature is ſore viciate. And nedeth regeneration. Lyghten our myndes excecate. O lorde our conſolacion.

Glory be to the Trinite. The father, ſonne, & ſpirite lyuynge. Whiche are one god, and perſones thre.

To whom be prayſe without endynge.

¶ Deus in nomini tuo.. pſal. liiii.

O God, ſaue me for thy names ſake: delyuer me by thy power.

O my god, here my prayer: lyſten to yͤ wordes of my mouthe.

For ſtraunge men are ryſen agaynſt me: and ſtronge tyrauntes purſue my lyfe, they haue not god before theyr iyes, no they haue not.

But loo, god helpeth me: the lorde is preſente with them that ſuſteyne my lyfe.

He ſhall acquite yuell to my awayte layers: for thy trouthes ſake thou ſhalte trede them downe.

I ſhall wͭ good wyll make a ſacrifice to the: I ſhall magnifie thy name (o lorde) for thou arte full gentle.

For thou wylte delyuer me from all trouble: & myn yes ſhal ſe my pleaſure vpon myn enemyes.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte. As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Laudate dn̄m omnes pſal. C.xvi.

Prayſe ye the lorde all gentyles: magnifie hym all nacyons.

For his mercy is ſpredde ouer vs: and the faythfulnes of the lorde ſtandeth for euer.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhall be. So be it.

¶ Confitemini. pſal. C.xviii.

Magnifie ye the lorde for he is gracious: & his mercy endureth for euer.

Let Iſraell nowe magnifie hym: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Let the houſe of Aharon magnifie hym: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Let as many as feare the lorde magnifie hym: for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whan I was in a greuous ſtraynt, I called vpon the lorde: and he graunted to ſet me at large.

The lorde ſtãdeth on my ſyde: I ſhall not feare whatſoeuer man may do vnto me.

The lorde ſtandeth on my ſyde with my helpers: and I ſhall ſe my deſyre vpon them that hate me.

It is better for one to cōmyt hym ſelfe to the tuicion and defence of the lorde: than to mannes defence.

It is better to put our confidence in the lorde: than in men, be they neuer ſo great.

Whan all the gentyles beſeged me on euery ſyde: well ſayd I, in the name of ẏ lorde, for I ſhall cut the away.

They compaſſed me in, yea they beſette me rounde about: well ſayde I, in the name of the lorde, for I ſhall cut them a way.

They ſwermed aboute me lyke bees: and inuaded me as fearſly as fyre the drye thornes, but they were ſoone quenched: for I ſayde well, in the name of the lorde ſhal I ſuere them awaye.

I was caſt with great violence redy to haue fallen: but the lorde ſuſtayned and helped me.

The lorde is my ſtrengthe, and the very ſame whom I prayſe: it is he that is my ſauynge helthe.

The voyce of tryumphe, and of men ioyfully publyſhynge theyr ſauynge helpe nowe brought vnto them is in the tabernacles of the ryghtwyſe: for the ryghte hande of the lord hath brought it ſo myghtely to paſſe.

The ryght hande of ỹ lorde is excellẽt high: the ryght hande of ỹ lorde hath broughte it ſo myghtely to paſſe.

I ſhall not dye but lyue: and ſhall publyſhe ỹ workꝭ of the lorde.

He chaſtyſed me with greuous and erneſte chaſtiſement: but yet he betoke me not to dethe.

Open me the gates of ryghtwyſe men: and I ſhall entre in at them: and magnifie the lorde.

This is the gate of ỹ lorde: the ryghtwyſe men ſhall entre in therat.

I ſhal magnifie the, for thou haſt graunted me: and haſt brought me a ſauynge helpe.

The ſtone, whiche the buylders opprobriouſly caſted away: is made an heed corner ſtone.

Of the lorde this is done: and this ſame thynge is a myracle in our mynde.

This is that ſame day, whiche the lorde hath made: let vs be glad and reioyce therin.

I beſeche the (lorde) now helpe vs, I beſeche ỹ (lord) make vs nowe to proſpere.

Well happen it to that man, whiche is cõmen in the name of ỹ lorde: we ſhal pray for your welthe to well happen vnto you from the houſe of the lorde.

The lorde is ſtronge, & he wyll make lyght to ſhyne vpon vs:

vpon ye tye your ſacrifices to be offered, euyn to the altars endes with cordes.

It is thou that arte my god, and I ſhal magnifie the: thou arte my god, and I ſhal exalte the.

Magnifie ye the lorde, for he is gracious & his mercy endureth for euer.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ The anthem.

Beholde, I haue ſet vp in Syon a choſen precious ſtone to be layde in ye higheſt corner of my churche, and alſo to be in the foundacion therof. And he yt beleueth in hym, ſhall not be ſhamed: to you therfore that beleue, it is precious: but to them that beleue not in hym, as to ye buylders that reproued this ſtone, it is a ſtomblyng ſtone.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Lorde here our prayer.

¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ And make vs to aſke in faythe. So be it.

¶ The prayer.

Luce. ii.

O Father whiche dydeſt prophecy of thy ſonne Chriſte by the mouthe of Symeon, holdyng hym in his armes, nowe preſented in to the temple, ſaying to his mother ye virgin Mary: beholde, this thy chylde is ſet vp for many in Iſrael to fall at hym, and many agayne to ryſe by hym: he is ſet vp for a marke to be agaynſt ſayde, we beſeche the father, for the fauour that thou bareſt to this thy ſon, ſuffre not vs thrugh vnbelefe with theſe blynde buylders to ſtumble and to fall at this ſtone: neyther with them to reproue & to ſay agaynſt hym & his doctrine, but by faythful truſt and true belefe in hym, to ryſe by hym: beleuynge ſtedfaſtly, yt by his dethe his wrathe is peaſed, is peaſed, and thrugh his bloude thou forgiueſt vs our ſynnes, by this ſtone thy ſonne our lorde Jeſu Chriſt. So be it.

¶ The thyrde houre.

O God bende thy ſelfe in to my helpe.

O lorde haſte the to helpe me.

Glory be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ The hymne.

Let vs reioyſe deuoute chriſten. Puttynge a parte all heuynes. For Chriſt regardeth his brotherne. And furdereth all theyr buſynes.

Althoughe this vale of miſerye. Our troubles dothe encreaſe. Yet Chriſte dothe ſe our penurye, Whiche is our inwarde peace.

Glorye be to the Trinite. The father, ſonne, and ſpirite lyuyng. Whiche are one god, and p̄ſons thre. To whom be prayſe without endynge. So be it.

¶ Ad dominum pſal. C.xx.

When I was in ſtrayte anguyſſhe I called vpon the lorde: and he graunted me.

Lorde delyuer my ſoule from lying lyps: and from a diſceytefull tonge.

What auauntageth it the: or what good bryngeth it the (o lyinge man) thy diſceytfull tonge?

Oh ſharpe arowes of the ſtronge archer: and hote conſumynge ienipere cooles.

Alas that I am thus longe holden in exile amonge theſe falſe and cruell folke of Meſhec: and muſte yet dwelle ſtyll with the churlyſſhe nacyon of Kedar.

Full to longe hath my ſoule taryed amonge theſe violent men: whiche hate peace.

I ſtudye for peace, but whan I ſpeake of peace to them: by and by are they ſtyred to batayle.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Leuaui oculos. pſal. C.xxi.

I Lyfte vp myn iyes in to the hylles: from whenſe helpe moughte come vnto me.

My helpe cõmeth from the lorde: the maker of heuens and erthe.

He ſhall not ſuffre thy feete to ſlyde: neyther he beyng thy keper, ſhal ſlepe.

Loo, neyther wyll he ſlepe, nor yet ons wynke: that kepeth Iſraell.

The lorde is thy keper, the lorde is thy defence: and is euer at thy ryght hande.

The ſonne ſhall not ſmyte the by day: neyther yet the moone by nyghte.

For the lorde wyll kepe yͤ from all yuell: yea, he wyll kepe thy ſoule.

The lorde ſhall kepe bothe thy out goynge, and thy in cõmynge: from this tyme vnto euerlaſtynge.

Glory be to the father, to yͤ ſonne, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Letatus ſum. pſal. C.xxii.

I Was ryghte gladde whan men ſayde vnto me: let vs go vnto the houſe of the lorde.

Our feete ſhal ſtãde faſt ĩ thy gates: o Ieruſalē.

Ieruſalem is bylded goodly lyke a citie: well framed together in her ſelfe.

That thyther myght aſcende yͤ trybes, euyn yͤ trybes of the lorde, to magnifie the name of the lorde: for ſo it was cōmaunded vnto Iſraell, by gods owne mouthe.

For there were ordeyned and holden ſeates of iudgement: euyn the iudgemēt ſeates of ẏ houſe of Dauid.

Pray ye for ẏ felicite of Jeruſalem: the louers of the moughte proſpere.

They moughte ꝓſpere wᵗin thy walles: they moughte proſpere within thy houſes.

For thy brothers & neyghbours ſakes: ſhall I nowe pray for thy felicite.

For the houſes ſake of the lorde our god: I ſhal pray for thy welthe.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, and to ẏ holy ghoſt.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ The antheme.

Thoſe men are not of the ryghte Jeruſalem, although they are called ſpiritual and of the churche, appere they neuer ſo holy: whiche vexe, trouble, and perſecute the ſymple and true preachers of Chriſtes goſpell, and thyrſte for theyr bloude.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Lorde here our prayers. ¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ And gyue vs grace to aſke in faythe. So be it.

¶ The prayer.

O Our mercyfull father, whiche prophecyedſt by the mouthe of thy ſon our ſauiour Chriſt: that the tyme ſhulde come whan men ſhulde curſe, excōmunicate, & chaſe thy flocke out of theyr ſynagoges, beleuynge in ſo doinge, to do vnto the hygh worſhyp in kyllynge of thē: we beſeche ẏ for thy trouthes ſake, & for the fauour that thou beareſt to thy ſonne, to delyuer vs from theyr hādes: & open thou theyr iyes that they myghte ſe theyr ſynnes, and repente them, and knowe the and thy ſonne thrughe ŷ holy ghoſte, the ſpirite of trouthe. So be it.

¶The ſyxte houre.

O God bende thy ſelfe in to my helpe: Lorde haſte the to helpe me.

Glory be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶The hympne.

Loue ye the lorde of Iſraell. For his gyftes celeſtiall. Whiche ſendeth his ghoſte in vs to dwell. ¶To ſubdue our bodies beſtiall. He gyueth vs gyftes manyfolde. He leadeth and kepeth vs tenderly. His is our ſyluer and our golde. ¶To hym be prayſe eternally. Glory be to the. &c.

¶Ad te leuaui. pſal. C.xxiii.

Unto the I lyfte I myn ies: whiche ruleſte in heuens.

Beholde, for as the ſeruauntes ies are euer vpon theyr mayſters, & the maydens waytynge vpon theyr mayſtres: euyn ſo let our ies be lokynge vp vnto the lorde, our god, untyll he haue mercy vpon vs.

Haue mercy vpon vs lord, haue mercy on vs: for we are out of meaſure fylled with ignominie.

Our lyfe is fylled out of meaſure with ſcornes & diriſion of theſe welthy ryche men: and with ignominie and ſhame of theſe arrogante and proude men.

Glory be to the father. As it was. &c.

Excepte

¶ Niſi quia dominus. pſal. C.xxiiii.

Excepte the lorde had bene with vs: (let Iſrael nowe ſpeke.)

Excepte the lorde had ben with vs: whan theſe men roſe agaynſt vs.

Without doubte (theyr wrathe thus kendled agaynſt vs) they had deuoured vs quicke.

Waters had wrapped vs in with theyr waues: the floudes had gone ouer our ſoules.

The troublous floude of theſe importune men: had runne ouer our ſoules.

But prayſed be the lorde, whiche hath not gyuen vs in to theyr tethe for theyr praye.

Our ſoules are delyuered lyke the byrde from ẏ ſnare of the fouler: the ſnare is broken, and we are eſcaped.

Our helpe cõmeth thrugh ẏ name of the lorde: whiche hath made the heuens and erthe.

Glory be to the father. &c As it was in the. &c.

¶ Qui confidunt. pſal. C.xxv.

They ẏ ſtycke to ẏ lorde ſhal neuer ſlacker: but ſhal ſtãde faſt for euer lyke ẏ mõte of Syon

.. .. .. And lyke as Ieruſalem is gyrte about with hylles: euyn ſo cloſeth the lorde his people from this tyme vnto euerlaſtynge.

He wyl not ſuffre ẏ power of the vngodly to oppreſſe the lande of the ryghtewyſe: leſte the ryghtewyſe put forthe theyr handes to any wyckednes.

Deale thou gentely with good men: and with men ryghte in theyr hertes

Them that ſwarue from ẏ ryghte way vnto ſhrewe wayes: the lorde moughte leade awaye with them gyuen vnto wyckednes.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

¶ The antheme.

Eſai.lvii.

The vngodly men are lyke a fearſe ſwellyng
ſee, whiche can not reſte, but the waues of i
rebounde with violence, caſtynge out ſtynke
and fylthynes: the dyuylyſhe vngodly ſhall haue
reſt (sayth the loꝛde) but here they ſhal be euer vexinge
the ryght wyſe: and after this, they ſhall haue a perp
tuall gnawyng in theyꝛ conſcience. ¶ The verſicle.

¶ Loꝛde heare our prayer. ¶ The anſwere.

¶ And make vs to aſke in faythe. ☙ ✠ ❧

Our mercyfull loꝛde, whiche ſhall ſay at the dꝛe
full houre of thy laſt iudgement to theſe wyc
ked vngodly: Go your wayes out of my ſyght
ye workers of wyckednes. We beſeche the foꝛ thy
paynfull paſſion, that thou ſuffereſt in thy pure inno
cent ſoule foꝛ our redempcion, let vs here this ioyfull
voyce of thy mouthe in the tyme of our redempcion &
gloꝛy, sayeng: Come vnto me ye bleſſed chyldꝛen of
your father, and receyue the kyngdome of heuen pre
pared foꝛ you from the begynning, thꝛugh me your
sauiour Jeſus Chꝛiſt. So be it.

¶ The nynthe houre.

God bende thy ſelfe in to my helpe.
O loꝛde haſte the to helpe me
Gloꝛy be to the father, to the ſonne,
and to the holy ghoſte.
As it was in the begynnynge: as
it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Prayſe ye the loꝛde.

¶ The hymne.

Prayſe we our father louyngly, whiche gently
hath vs preſerued. Whã we foꝛſoke hym wret
chedly. And by ſynne hath deth deſerued.

His mercy was ſo bounteous. That although we
thus in to ſynne felle. Frely in Chriſte he p̄doned vs.
And by his deathe redemed from helle.
Glory be to the Trinite. The father, and ſonne, and
ſpirite lyuyng. Whiche are one god, and p̄ſones thre.
To whom be prayſe without endyng. So be it.

¶ In conuertendo. pſal. C.xxvi.

When yͤ lorde ſhall brynge agayne vs of Syon frō captiuitie: we ſhal be lyke men dremyng for ioye.

Than ſhall our mouthes be fylled with laughter, & our tonges wͭ tryumphe: than ſhall it be ſayd amonge the gentyles, that the lorde hath wroughte myghtely with theſe men.

The lorde ſhall worke myghtely with vs: we ſhall be refreſhed with great gladnes.

Brynge vs agayne from captiuitie (o lorde) for ſo ſhalt thou fyll vs wͭ ioye: as if thou ſhuldeſt gyue plẽtuous floudes to the dwellers in that thyrſty ſouthe deſerte.

They that ſowe with teares: ſhall reape wͭ gladnes.

Whan they wente forth to ſowe: they went wepyng, takynge with them theyr ſeede koddes.

But whan they ſhall come agayne: they ſhall come with great ioye: bryngyng theyr handes full of corne.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

¶ Niſi dominus. pſal. C.xxvii.

Excepte the lorde buylde the houſe: the buylders therof labour but in vayne.

Excepte the lorde kepe the citie: the kepers therof watche but in vayne.

It is all in vayne, that ye haſte yourſelues to ryſe ſo early: and agayne to dyffer your downe ſyttynge to eate your careful breade, excepte god gyue it all.

For it is he ỹ thus ſhall gyue vnto his welbeloue quiete ſlepe and plentuous refection with good fod

Lo chyldren are ỹ heritage whiche the lorde gyueth: the frute of the wombe is his gyfte.

As arowes are in the handes of the myghtye man: euyn ſo ſhall be the chyldren of thy yonghte.

Bleſſed is ỹ man, whiche hath his quiuer fylled with theſe arowes: for they ſhall not be ſhamed whan they ſhall haue to do with theyr enemies in iudgement.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

¶ Beati omnes. pſal. C.xxviii.

BLeſſed is he who ſoeuer worſhyppeth the lorde: whiche alſo walketh in his wayes.

For thou ſhalte eate the labours of thyn owne handes: and ſhalte haue proſperous encreaſe.

Thy wyfe ſhall be frutefull as the vyne tree within the walles of thy houſe: thy chyldren ſhall ſtāde round aboute thy table lyke the plantes of olyue trees.

Lo thus ſhall that man be bleſſed, whiche worſhyppeth the lorde.

The lorde ſhall do the good from Syon: and ỹ ſhalte delyghte beholdynge the proſperite of Jeruſalem all dayes of thy lyfe.

And thou ſhalte ſe thy chylders chyldren: and the felicite of Jeruſalem.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

¶ The antheme.

Mat. vi.

GReat is ỹ prouiſion of god for vs, whiche byddeth vs fyrſt ſeke his kyngdome by feare, fayth, and truſte in hym, and than all thynges neceſſarye for our bodies ſhall be caſt vnto vs, but ſo that we labour in that, whiche good is.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Lorde here our prayer ¶ Thaunſwere.

And gyue vs grace to aſke in faythe. So be it.

¶ The prayer.

O Our mercyfull father, whiche teachynge vs to pray by thy ſonne Chriſt, haſt commaunded vs to call the father, and to beleue that we are thy welbeloued chyldren, whiche ſtyreſt vp none of thyn to pray, but to thentente that thou woldeſt here them, gyuyng vs alſo all thynges more effectuouſly and plentuouſly than we can eyther aſke or thynke: we beſeche the for thy ſonnes ſake, gyue vs grace to beleue and to knowe ſtedfaſtly, that thy ſonne our ſauiour Chriſte is gyuen of the vnto vs, to be our ſauiour, our ryghtwyſenes, our wyſedome, our holynes, our redemption, and our ſatiſfaction, & ſuffre not vs to truſt in any other ſaluation, but in the ſonne, and by thy ſonne onely our ſauiour. So be it.

¶ Here begynneth the Euenſonge.

O God bende thy ſelfe in to my helpe.
O lorde haſte the to helpe me.
Glory be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.
As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ Beatus vir. pſal. i.

Bleſſed is that man, whiche walketh not in the counſell of the vngodly: and ſtandeth not in the way of ſynners: and ſytteth not in the ſeate of the peſtilent ſcorners.

But hath all his pleaſure in yͤ lawe of the lorde: and vpon is his mynde is occupied bothe daye and nyghte.

Suche a man ſhall be lyke a tree planted by yͤ ryuer ſyde: whiche ſhall gyue forthe her frutes in due tyme, and her leaues ſhall not wyther: for what ſoeuer he ſhall do, ſhall proſpere.

But ſo ſhall not yͤ vngodly: for they ſhal be lyke duſt whiche is diſperſed with the wynde.

Wherfore theſe vngodly ſhall not ſtande in the iudgement: neyther theſe ſynners may abyde in the compane of the ryghtwyſe.

For the lorde approueth the way of the ryghtwyſe, but the way of ſynners ſhall peryſhe.

Glory be to the father, to yͤ ſonne, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ Quare fremuerunt gentes. psal.ii.

Wherfore do the gentyles thus ſwelle and cluſter togyther: wherfore do the people of the Iues thus gnaſte in vayne:

Wherfore conſpire the kynges of therthe: and yͤ chiefe preeſtes thus caſte theyr heddes togyther agaynſt the lorde and his anoynted:

Sayenge, let vs breake theyr bondes: and let vs caſte of theyr yokes.

But he yͤ hath his reſidence in heuen moketh them: it is the lorde that ſcorneth them.

Than ſhal he thruſt them downe in his wrathe: and in his indignacion ſhall he all to trouble them.

I haue conſtituted and ordeyned my kynge to be ouer Syon my holy hylle.

I ſhal ſhewe forthe the lordes commaundement: for he ſayd vnto me, thou art my ſonne, whom I haue nowe openly declared.

Aſke of me, and I ſhall gyue the, the nacions in to thy heritage: and to be thyne owne poſſeſſion thrughout all the worlde.

Thou ſhalte ſmyte them togyther wͭ an yrne ſceptre: and ſhalte breake them lyke erthen veſſels.

Nowe therfore ye kynges, be wyſe and vnderſtande: ye rulers of yͤ erth be cōtent to be monyſhed & lerned.

Serue ye the lorde beſely: ſtudy to gyue hym his honour ioyfully with reuerence.

Kyſſe ye the ſonne, leſte (he beinge wrothe) your lyfe peryſhe: for his angre ſhall be ſhortely kendled.

And than bleſſed are all men that truſte in hym.

¶ Domine quid. psal.iii.

LOrd, ſe what a ſorte there are that trouble me: full many there are that ryſe agaynſt me.

Many there are yͭ thynke thus vpon my ſoule: ſurely ther is no helth to be loked for from god, vnto this mā:

But thou lorde, thou arte my helpe and my glorye: thou lyfteſt vp my heed.

The lorde I called vpon with my prayer, and he anſwered me euen from his holy hylle, ſo he dyd.

I ſhall lye downe & ſlepe, I my ſelfe ſhall vp wake me: for the lorde ſuſteyneth me.

I ſhall not feare, yea thouſandes of folke: although they beſege me rounde aboute.

Ryſe (lorde) ſaue me my god: thou ſhalte gyue all myn enemyes ſuche a clappe on theyr chekes, yͭ anone the tethe of theſe vngodly ſhall be broken.

It is the lordes proprietie to ſaue: and thy people it behoueth to be holpen and endued with thy benefites.

¶ Non nobis domine pſal. C.xv.

NOt to vs lorde, not to vs, but to thy name gyue the glory and prayſe: for thy mercy & for thy trouthes ſake.

Wherfore than ſhulde the gẽtyles ſay: where is nowe theyr god?

Whan our god is in the heuens: he doth what ſoeuer lyketh hym

Theyr ymages are but golde and ſyluer: euyn the very worke of mannes hande.

They haue mouthes, and yet ſpeake they not: iyes, and ſe not, eares, and heare not, noſe, and ſmell not.

They haue handes, and nothynge feele they: feete, and go not, with theyr throte make they no noyſe.

Unto theſe ydols are they lyke that make them: and as many as truſte vnto them.

But Iſraell truſte thou in the lorde: for he helpeth them, and is theyr ſhylde.

Ye of the houſe of Aharon, ſe that ye truſte in yͤ lorde: for he is theyr helpe and theyr ſhylde.

Ye worſhyppers of the lorde, ſe that ye truſte in the lorde: for he is to them helpe and defender.

The lord wyll haue vs in mynde, it is he that wyll do good: he wyll do good to the houſe of Iſraell, & to the houſe of Aharon.

He wyll be beneficiall to the worſhyppers of yͤ lorde: as well to the lytle as to the greate.

The lorde mought encreaſe his good mynde towarde you: and towarde your chyldren.

Ye are they to whom the lorde dothe good: whiche hath made heuen and the erthe.

The heuens, the very heuens are the lordes: but the erthe hath he gyuen to the chyldren of men.

Non nobis domine. pſal. C.xxv.

The deade in no maner wyſe ſhall prayſe the lorde: neyther they that go downe to the place of ſeilence.

But we ſhall magnifie and prayſe ẏ lorde: from this tyme in to euerlaſtynge. ¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ The antheme.

WE, the whiche are ſtronge (ſaythe Paule) oughte to beare the fraylnes of them, whiche are weyke, and not to ſtande in our owne conceytes. Ro.xv.

¶ The Chapiter.

LEt euery man pleaſe his neyghbour vnto his welth and edefienge. For Chriſt pleaſed not hym ſelfe, but as it is wryten: The rebukes of them, whiche reuiled the, fell vpon me. Thankes be to god. Ro.xv.

¶ The hympne.

BLeſſed be god, father of heuen. Whiche hath ſtrengthened his feble flocke. With ſtedfaſte faythe & boldenes euyn. To beare his croſſe, burden, and yocke. These are the laſt days perylous. Frely Chriſtꝭ goſpell to profeſſe. Come downe lorde ſhortly to iudge vs. And take vs from this heuynes. So be it. ¶ The verſicle. ¶ What thynge is precious in gods ſlyghte? ¶ Thaunſwere. The dethe of his faythfull men.

¶ The ſonge of our lady.

¶ Magnificat.

MY ſoule magnifieth the lorde. Luce.i.

And my ſpirite reioyſeth in god my ſauiour.

For he hath loked on the poore degree of his hande mayden.

Beholde nowe from hence forthe ſhal all generations call me bleſſed.

For he that is myghtye hath magnified me: wherfore bleſſed be his name.

And his mercy is ouer them that feare hym: thrughout all generations.

He ſheweth ſtrengthe with his arme: he ſcatereth them yͤ are proude in the ymagination of theyr hertes.

He hath plucked downe men of power from theyr ſeates: and hath lyfted vp the poore lowlyones

The hungrye men he hath ſatiſfied with goodnes: and them that appered ryche, he hath lefte voyde.

He hath taken vp Iſraell his ſeruaunte, thynkynge vpon hym: to be ſaued for his mercyes ſake.

Lyke as he promyſed to our fathers: as to Abraham and to his ſede for euermore.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon. & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ The anthem.

Lu.i. & ii. Somtyme the ſcripture with the goſpell was ſo free, that they were preached of yͤ mouthes of holy women: as of our ladye, of Anna Phanuelis doughter, and of the foure doughters of Philip: but nowe beholde (ſayth yͤ lorde by his ꝓphete Amos) I ſhall ſende an hunger in to the erthe, not the hunger for bodely foode, nor thyrſt for water: but hunger and thurſte to here the worde of the lorde, and men ſhal go from the one ſee to the other, compaſſynge aboute from the northe to the eaſte, ſekynge the worde of the lorde, and they ſhall not fynde it.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Oh lorde ſende vs the preachers of thy worde.

¶ Thaun

Thaunſwere

And gyue vs grace to beleue it. So be it.

The prayer

O Mercyful father, whiche by thy worde madeſte al thynges: & by it ſhalt vnmake agayne at the tyme appoynted. And wᵗ thy fearefull worde dydeſt caſt downe Adam: wᵗ thy cōfortable worde lyftedeſt hym vp agayne. Alſo through thy worde thou haſt declared thy wyll, and gyuen vs the knowlege of the, by the fathers, and prophetes. and at the laſte by thyne owne ſonne Chriſte, ſendynge hym to preache it, as a thynge ſo neceſſary, that without it there is no knowlege of the, no fayth, no ſaluation, no helthe: wherfore we beſeche the for thy wordes ſake, and for thy glorye therin, to ſet vp thy worde agayne, and make it to be knowen, whiche of ſo longe tyme hath ben darkened with mennes dreames, and thruſte downe wᵗ mennes wordes, and mēnes lawes: ſo that through thy worde, now at ẏ laſt, we myght knowe thy wyl from mēnes pleaſures. And finally to beleue onely thy worde, and to do thy wyll, by thy ſonne our lorde Jeſu. So be it.

The complene.

Conuerte nos.

Turne vs to the (o god) our ſauiour.
And turne thy wrathe from vs.
O god bende thy ſelfe in to my helpe.
Lorde haſte the to helpe me.
Glory be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.
As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe, So be it.

Prayſe ye the lorde.

HOwe longe (lorde) wylte thou tary? wylte thou forget me for euer? howe lōge wylt thou turne thy face fro me?
Howe longe ſhall I thus ſtudy, muſyng wͭ my ſelfe: fyllynge my herte dayly full of ſorowe?
How lōge ſhall myn enemy be thus exalted ouer me?
Beholde and anſwere me lorde, my god: kepe me wakynge, leſt the ſlumbre of dethe come vpon me.
Yea leſt pauẽture myn enemye may ſay, I preuayled agaynſt hym: for yf I fall my troublers wyll reioyce.
But I truſte in thy mercy, my herte ſhalbe gladde of thy helpe: I ſhal gyue thākes to my lorde, for he hath rewarded me.

Judica me. pſal. xliii.

AUenge me (o god) and defende my cauſe from thungodly folke: delyuer me from ẏ diſceytful and wycked man.
For thou arte my god, and my ſtrenghte: wherfore haſte thou put me awaye? wherfore go I thus mournynge, myn enemy oppreſſinge me?
Make thy lyghte, and thy faythfulnes to ſhyne vpon me: let theſe thyngꝭ leade me vnto the holy hylle, and let them leade me to thy tabernacles.
That I myghte ons come to the altare of god, euyn the god of gladnes, and ẏ author of my ioye: to prayſe and to magnifie the with harpe (god my god.)
Wherfore arte thou deiecte (my ſoule) and thus troubled in me? truſt in god: for yet wyll I magnifie hym for the helpe, wherwith he hath made glad my face, and ſhewed hym ſelfe to be my god.

Sepe expugnauerunt. pſal. C.xxix.

GReuouſly haue they vexed me euyn from my yongthe: nowe let Iſraell ſpeake, Greuouſly haue they vexed me euyn from my yõgth: but yet they preuayle not agaynſt me.

Upon my backe theſe ploughmẽ ploughed: and haue cutte forthe theyr longe forowes.

But the ryghtwyſe lorde hath cut away the bondes of theſe vngodly.

They ſhall be ſhamed and put to flyght: who ſoeuer hateth Syon.

They ſhall be as graſſe that groweth vpon ẏ houſe rydges: whiche is wythered before it be pulled vp.

With the whiche neyther ẏ reaper fylleth his handes: nor yet the gatherer fylleth his armes.

Neyther the goers foreby ſo regarded them, as to ſay ons, god bleſſe you: or we wyll wyſhe you in ẏ name of the lorde.

¶ Domine non. pſal. C.xxxi.

LOrde, my herte is not proude, neyther loke I alofte: I take not ſtoughtly vpõ me in great maters, neyther preſume I in merueylous thynges aboue my eſtate.

But verely I repreſſed and put my ſoule to ſcilence, lyke a weanlyng from the mothers teate: euyn lyke a weanlyng was my ſoule in very dede.

Let Iſrael wayte and truſt vpon the lorde: from this tyme in to euerlaſtynge.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, ⁊ to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge: as it is nowe, ⁊ euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ The antheme.

ISraell in ſcripture betokeneth the electe chyldren of god, whiche, whan they are in mooſte extreme affliction, lykely to be forſaken of god and man: than haue they gods helpe mooſte preſent, if theyr fayth fayle not.

¶The chapiter.

WHan we are dryuen to ſuche an harte ſtraynt, that we can not tell what to do, thã onely is there lefte vnto vs this laſte ſhyfte & preſent helpe: to lyfte vp our iyes vnto the lorde. ¶Thankes be to god.

¶The hympne.

WOrſhyp we the ſpirite ryght ſadly
Whiche moued ſobre Simeon the ſage
In his armes to take very gladly
Our ſauiour Chriſt yet tender of age.
WHan his father and his mother
Preſented theyr yonge chylde Ieſus
Simeon amonge all other
Prayſed the lorde, ſayinge thus:

¶Nunc dimittis.

NOwe letteſt thou thy ſeruaũt departe (o lorde) accordyng to thy promyſe, in peace.

FOr myn iyes haue ſeene the ſauiour ſente from the.

Whom thou haſt ſet forth in the preſence of all people

To be a lyght, lyghtnyng the gentyles: and to be the glorye of thy people Iſraell.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶The antheme.

AH howe fearefull a iudgement is it to be reiecte and caſte from the lorde, and not to be called his people, whiche iudgemẽt is nowe fallen vpon the iewes, whiche ſome tyme were called his people of Iſraell. ¶The verſicle.

¶Kepe vs Ieſu confirmed in thy worde.

¶The aunſwere. ¶Holde vs to thy trouthe, and caſte vs not from the. So be it.

¶The prayer.

O Lorde Jeſu, reſtore Iſrael we pray the, yea reſtore all the holle worlde, teachynge vs with the ſpirite of thy trouthe, that we all with one mynde, and one aſſente, myghte runne after the, and glorifie thy name. Graunte vs (o mercyfull ſauiour) that we myght ſe the glorious takynge vp agayne of Iſraell, whiche ſhall be to the worlde as a newe ryſynge agayne from dethe to lyfe, that thus all the hole worlde myghte lyue vnder the alone, mooſte perfecte herdeman, and thou moughteſt reigne in vs all: to whom with the father, and with the holy ghoſte, be glorye, honour, imperye, and rule in to the worlde of worldes. So be it. ¶Salue rex.

Hayle (Jeſu Chriſte) kynge of mercy, our lyfe, our ſwetnes, & our hope, we ſalute the: vnto the we crye, whiche are the banyſſhed chyldren of Eue: vnto the we ſyghe, ſobbynge, and wepynge in this vale of wretchednes: haſte the therfore our mediator: turne vnto vs thoſe thy mercyfull ipes. O Jeſu, all prayſe worthy, ſhewe vs the preſence of thy father after this outlawrye. O gentle, O mercyfull, O ſwete Jeſu Chriſte. ¶The verſicle.

¶In all our trouble and heuynes. ¶Thaunſwer.

¶O Jeſu our helthe and glory, ſuccour vs.

¶The prayer.

O Jeſu Chriſt the ſon of god, our redemer, whiche deiectedeſt and humbledſt thy ſelfe from the glorious ſtate & ſhape of thy godhed, vnto ÿ ſhape of our vyle ſeruitude, bicauſe thou woldeſt reconſile vs the chyldren of wrathe, vnto thy father: and ſo make vs the chyldren of grace: we beſeche the graunte vs that we mought euer fele euyn the by thy very ſelfe to be our preſent mediator before our father, for all ghoſtly gyftes, whom we knowlege with perfecte faythe to be our ſauiour, whiche art the lyuely god, with the father and the holy ghoſte, lyuynge, and reignynge in to the worlde of worldes. So be it.

¶Here foloweth the ſeuen pſalmes.

¶Domine ne the fyrſt. pſal. vi.

Ah lorde rebuke me not in thy wrath, neyther chaſten me in thyne anger.

But deale fauourably wͭ me (o lord) for full ſoore broken am I: heale me (lord) for my bones are all to ſhaken.

My ſoule trembleth ſore: but lorde howe longe?

Turne the lorde, and delyuer my ſoule: ſaue me for thy mercies ſake.

For they verely that are in this deedly anguyſhe, can not thynke vpon the: in theſe helly paynes, who may prayſe the.

I am wery with ſyghyng: I ſhall water my bedde euery nyght wͭ my teares, ſo yͭ it ſhall ſwym in them.

My face is wrynkeled & dryed vp with care & anger: myn enemyes haue made it full thynne with trouble.

Auoyde fro me ye workers of wyckednes: for yͤ lord hath herde my complayntes, poured out wͭ wepynges.

The lorde hath herde my depe deſyre: the lorde hath receyued my petition.

All myn enemies ſhalbe aſhamed, and aſtonyed: they ſhalbe put to flyghte, and confounded ſodeynly.

Bleſſed is he, whoſe vngodlynes is forgyuen: and whoſe ſynnes are couerde.

.. .. .. Bleſſed is that man, to whom the lorde rekeneth not his ſynne: neyther is there in his ſpirite any diſſemblynge deſceyte

Whyles nowe I helde my peace, dayly muſyng with my ſelfe: and other whyles cryed out, my bones waſted for ſorowe.

For day and nyghte thy hande preſſed me downe: my moyſter was dryed vp lyke as one tooſted in the myddes of the ſomer. Selah. it was in dede.

I ſhall knowledge my ſynne, and ſhall not hyde my wyckednes: I thoughte, ſayenge with my ſelfe: I ſhal confeſſe myn vngodlynes, whyche is agaynſt me to the lorde: & thou euyn ſtrayght forgaueſt me my wyckednes, whiche openeth her ſelfe by my outwarde ſyn Selah. it dothe in dede.

For the whyche euyn euery ſaynt ſhal pray vnto ẏ in tyme of beſeching: & thã yf affliction come vpon hym lyke a great ſwellĩg floude, yet ſhal it not touche hym.

Thou arte my defender from tribulation: thou ſhalt kepe me, and ſhalt make me gladde excedyngly for my delyueraunce. Selah. thou ſhalte in dede.

I ſhal inſtructe the, & theache ẏ, the way wherupon thou maſt go: I ſhall coũſel the, & ſe for ẏ ryght well.

Se that ye be not as horſe or moyle, which are vnreaſonable: whoſe chawes muſt be reſtrayned with bytte and brydle, leſt they ſtryue agaynſt the.

Many ſorowes fall vpon the vngodly: but hym that truſteth in the lorde, mercy cloſeth rounde aboute.

Be gladde therfore in the lorde, and reioyſe ye ryghte wyſe: make ye mery all faythfull & vpryghe in herte.

Domine ne. the ſeconde. pſal.xxxvii.

PUnyſhe me not (lorde) of indignacion: neither chaſten me in thy wrathe.

For thy arowes are ſore ſmyten in to me & ỹ diſeaſe which ỹ haſt caſt vpon me, depreſſeth me downe ſore.

There is no helthe in my fleſhe for thy wrathe: there is no reſte in my bones for my ſynnes.

For my ſynnes haue preſſed downe my heed lyke an heuy burden: they are heuyer than I may beare.

Myn olde preuye ſores feſtred within: and nowe are they broken forthe, for myn owne folyſhenes.

I am depreſſed & ſore broken: I walke in continuall mournynge.

For a foule botche occupieth all my thyghes: ſo that there is no helthe in my fleſſhe.

I am feble and ſore broken: I gnaſted with my tethe for ſorowe of my herte.

Lorde all my deſyres are before the: & my ſorowfull ſyghes are not vnknowen vnto the.

My herte trẽbleth & panteth for ſorowe: my ſtrength fayleth me, and euyn the very ſyght of myn iyes ceaſſe from theyr office.

My frendes & my felowes ſtode agaynſt my wõde: and my nygh kynſefolke ſtode all a farre.

In the meane ſeaſon they that ſoughte my lyfe made ſnares for me: and they that hũted for my faute ſpoke deſayte, whyſperynge to deceyue me continually.

But I, as it had ben one deffe, herde nothyng at all: and as a dumme man, opened not ones my mouthe.

I was as one that herde not: and as one ỹ had not a worde in his mouthe to anſwere for hym ſelfe.

For the (lorde) do I abyde: thou ſhalte anſwere for me, lorde, my god.

For I ſayde with my ſelfe: theſe men paraduenture wyll reioyſe vpon me: and as ſone as my foote begynneth to ſlyde, they ſhall runne vpon me.

For I am but an haltynge creple, redy euer to falle: my ſorowe neuer gothe fro me.

I cõfeſſe myn vngodlynes: I ſorowe for my ſynnes.

But in the meane ſeaſon myn enemyes were ſtrõge: euyn they, whiche purſue me falſelye are encreaſed in power.

Whiche acquite me euyll for good, & are agaynſt me: bicauſe I ſought ſtudiouſly to profite them.

Forſake me not lorde: be not farre fro me my god.

Spede the to helpe me lorde: my ſauynge helthe.

¶ Miſerere mei deus. pſal. li.

Haue mercy vpon me god, for thy fauourable goodnes: for thy great mercyes ſake, wype away my ſynnes.

And yet agayne waſhe me more fro my wyckednes: and make me clene fro my vngodlynes.

For my greuous ſynnes do I knowledge: and myn vngodlynes is euer before myn iyes.

Agaynſt the, agaynſt the onely haue I ſynned: and that that ſore offendeth the haue I done: wherfore very iuſte ſhalte thou be knowen in thy wordes & pure, whan it ſhall be iudged of the.

Lo, I was faſhoned in wyckednes: and my mother conceyued me polluted with ſynne.

But lo, thou woldeſt trouthe to occupie and rule in my inwarde partes: thou ſhewedeſt me wyſedome, whiche thou woldeſt to ſyt in the ſecretes of my herte.

Sprynkle me with yſope, & ſo ſhall I be clene: thou ſhalt waſhe me: & than ſhall I be whytter thã ſnowe.

Poure vpon me ioye and gladnes : make my bones to reioyce, whiche thou haſt ſmytten.

Turne thy face from my ſynnes: and wype a way al my wyckednes.

A pure herte create in me (o lorde) & a ſtedfaſte ryght ſpirite make a newe within me.

Caſt me not a way: & thy holy ghoſt take not fro me.

Make me agayne to reioyce, whyle thou bryngeſt me thy ſauynge helthe: and let thy chiefe gouernyng free ſpirite ſtrengthen and leade me.

I ſhall enſtructe curſed and ſhrewde men in thy way: and vngodly men ſhall be conuerted vnto the.

Delyuer me from that bloudy ſynne, o god, o god my ſauiour: and my tonge ſhall tryumphe vpon thy mercy, wherwith thou makeſt me ryghtwyſe.

Lorde open thou my lyppes : and than my mouthe ſhall ſhewe forthe thy prayſe.

For as for ſacrifices thou delyghteſt not in them : or elles I had offered them, and as for brente ſacrifices, thou regardeſt them not.

Acceptable ſacrifices to god, is a broken ſpirite, a cõtrite, and a deiected herte, thou ſhalt not diſpiſe, o god.

Deale gently of thy fauorable beneuolẽce wt Syon: let the walles of Hieruſalem be edified and preſerued

Than ſhalt thou delyght in ỹ very ſacrifices, in the ryght brente ſacrifices, & in the oblation of ryghtwyſenes: than ſhal they lay vpon thy altare the very oxen.

Domine exaudi. pſal. C.ii.

Lorde here my prayer, and ſuffre my depe deſyres to come vnto the.

Hyde not thy face fro me in tyme of tribulacion: bowe downe thyn eare vnto me in the day whan

I call vpon the, haſte the to graunte me.

For my days verely are vanyſhed away lyke ſmoke: and my bones are dryed vp lyke a ſtowe.

My herte is ſmytten thrugh lyke graſſe, & is wythered awaye: in ſo moche that I forſoke to take myne owne meate.

I was ſo dryed vp wͭ my ſorowfull & loude ſyghes: that my bones cleued to my ſkynne.

I am lyke an oeſtrege of the wyldernes: and made lyke an owle in an olde forſaken houſe.

I lye wakynge and am lefte alone: lyke the ſparowe in the thacke.

Myne enemyes reuyled me all daye: and they yͭ chyd me, vſed my name opprobriouſly.

I eate erthe in ſteade of breade: & lycke in my teares in ſteade of drynke.

And all is for thy indignation, and thy wrathe: for whan I was a lofte, thou thruſte me downe.

My days are vanyſhed away lyke a ſhadowe: and I my ſelfe am wytherde lyke hay.

But thou lorde ſytteſt ſtyll for euer: & thy memoriall endureth from age to age.

Thou ſhalt ryſe & haue pitie on Syon: for it is tyme for the to fauour it, thy day appoynted is nowe come.

For the ſtones of it pleaſe thy ſeruauntes verely: and they fauour her ſoyle.

Then the hethen alſo ſhall worſhyp the name of the lorde: and all the kynges of the erthe ſhall knowledge thy glorious beautie.

The lorde verely ſhall buylde Syon: he ſhal be ſene in his beautifull glorye.

And he ſhal haue reſpecte vnto the prayer of yͤ poore forſaken: his prayer ſhall he not deſpiſe.

This thynge ſhal be wryten for the worlde to come: and for this cauſe the people, whiche yet are vnmade, ſhall prayſe the lorde.

For he ſhall loke forthe of his hyghe holy place: the lorde ſhall beholde therthe euyn from heuen.

To here the ſyghes of them that are in bondes: and to loſe the chyldren iudged to dethe.

That they myghte preache the name of the lorde in Syon: and his prayſe in Hieruſalem.

When the people and the kyngdomes ſhall be gathered together to worſhyp the lorde.

He abated my courage in my iourney: and hath cut of my dayes.

I ſay, my god, take me not a way in ẏ myddes of my dayes: for thy yeares endure thrughout all ages.

In the begynnynge thou laydeſt the foundacion of therthe: and the heuens are thy handy worke.

They ſhall peryſhe whā thou ſhalte ſtande faſte: and all thĩges ſhall ware olde lyke a garment: thou ſhalte dreſſe them agayne lyke a garmente, and they ſhall be chaunged.

But thou art euyn thy very ſelfe: and thy yeres ſhall neuer be ended.

The chyldren of thy ſeruauntes ſhall dwell ſtyll: and their poſteritie ſhall lyue proſperouſly, and bleſſedly in thy preſence.

¶ De profundis. pſal. C.xxx.

From my moſte depe paynfull troubles: called I vpon the lorde.

Lorde here thou me: and let thy eares be attente vnto my depe deſyre.

If thou ſhuldeſt loke narowely vpon our wyckednes (o lorde) lorde, who myght abyde the?

But there is mercy with the: and therfore arte thou worſhypped.

I abyde the lorde, my ſoule abydeth hym: and I tary lokynge vp alway for thy promyſes.

My ſoule wayteth for the lorde: as deſyrouſly as do the watche men deſyre the day ſprynge.

Let Iſraell wayte for the lorde: for with the lorde is there mercy and plentuous redempcion.

It is he yͭ ſhal redeme Iſraell: from all theyr wyckedneſſes.

Domine exaudi. the .ii. pſal. C.xliii.

O Lorde here my prayer, lyſten vnto my feruēt beſechynge: for thy trouthes ſake, graunte me for thy ryghtwyſenes.

Haue thou not to do wͭ thy ſeruaunt in iudgemēt: for in thy preſence no man lyuynge is reputed ryghtwyſe.

A cruell enemy verely perſecuted my ſoule: he hath caſte downe my lyfe in to therthe: he hath ſette me in darkenes, lyke as men iudged to dethe.

My ſpirite is ſore troubled within me: and my herte waxed colde in my breſte.

But at laſt I remēbred yͤ days paſt: I conſydered all thy workꝭ, & pondered in mynde yͤ dedes of thy handꝭ.

I ſtretched forthe my handes vnto the: my ſoule deſyrouſly panted and brethed for the: I gaped for the lyke thyrſty erthe.

Haſte the to graunte me, o lorde, for my ſpirite faynteth: hyde not thy face fro me, onles I be lyke men goynge downe in to theyr graues.

Make me ſhortely to here of thy mercyable goodnes, for in the do I truſt: ſhewe me yͤ way wherin I may

go:for vnto the haue I lyfted my ſoule.
Delyuer me from myn enemyes, o lorde, my god:for vnder the do I hyde my ſelfe.
Teache me to do thy pleaſures, for thou arte my god: thy good ſpirite mought leade me in to the ryght way.
For thy names ſake lorde reſtore me: for thy ryghtewyſenes leade my ſoule out of this ſtrayte anguyſhe.
Yea and for thy mercyes ſake all to deſtroy myn enemyes:and ſhake a way all that trouble my ſoule, for I am thy ſeruaunt.
Glory be to the father, to the ſon, ⁊ to the holy ghoſte.
As it was in the begynnynge:as it is nowe, ⁊ euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ A preface.

Foraſmoche good chriſten reder, as I am certeynlye perſwaded, that diuerſe perſones of ſmall iudgemēt and knowlege in holy ſcripture haue ben offended, for that that in the englyſhe prymer, whiche I lately ſet forthe, I dyd omitte and leaue out the letany, whiche, I take god to witnes, I dyd not of any puerſe mynde or opinion, thynkyng that our bleſſed lady, and holy ſayntes, myghte in no wyſe be prayed vnto, but rather bicauſe I was not ignoraunt of yͤ wycked opinion, and vayne ſuperſticious maner, that diuerſe and many perſones haue not only vſed in worſhyppyng of them:but alſo thynkyng that god by Chriſt wolde none other wyſe gladly here and accepte theyr petitiōs and prayers, but by his bleſſed mother, and ſayntes, amōges other carnall ⁊ worldly ꝑſwaſiōs alledgyng this. That yf a man haue a ſute to any tẽporal prince, that thã they muſt nedes fyrſt make meane vnto hym by ſome man that is in his fauour. Whiche fonde reaſon, although it be nothynge lyke betwene god & vs, as it is betwene a worldly prince & his ſubiecte, for that that god in all places, and at all tymes dothe both knowe & here our petitiõs, whiche any worldly prince doth not nor can not without another meane. And although it be nothyng lyke nor true, as cõcernyng the neceſſite, that we by the cõmaundement of holy ſcripture, muſt of neceſſite pray to our bleſſed lady, & ſayntꝭ, or ẏ other wyſe we can not be herde: yet is it true, as concernyng ẏ we muſt nedes haue a peace maker and mediator to our heuẽly father, whiche is his only ſon, and our only ſufficiẽt & eternall mediator Jeſu Chriſt. Wherfore for the cõtentation of ſuche weyke myndes, and ſomwhat to beare theyr infirmities, J haue nowe at this my ſeconde edition of the ſayde prymer, cauſed the letany to be printed & put in to the ſame, truſtynge that they by theyr olde vntrue opinion before alledged, ne yet by any other lyke, wyll abuſe the ſame.

Ryghte doubtfull it is (as J thynke) to pray vnto all thoſe that be mentioned, named, and called ſayntes in the cõmen prymers in laten. For although many of them (by what auctoritie, J can not tell) haue ben canoniſed and made ſayntes, by ſuche as haue ben byſhoppes of Rome: yet whether they be ſayntꝭ or no, J cõmitte to the ſecrete iudgement of god.

Ne remi-
niſcaris.

¶The antheme.

LOrde remembre not our greuous offences, or thoffences of our parentes, neyther take thou vengeaunce of our ſynfulnes, but haue mercy on vs, and ſpare thy poore people, whom thou haſt redemed with thy moſte precious bloude, & be not euer angry with vs.

¶The letany.

LOrde haue mercy on vs.
Chriſte haue mercy on vs.
Lorde haue mercy on vs.
God the father of heuens, haue mercy on vs.
God the redemptor of this worlde: haue mercy on vs.
God the holy ghoſte: haue mercy on vs.
The holy Trinite in one godhed: haue mercy on vs.
Saynt Mary perpetual virgin & mother of Chriſt, pray for vs.
S. Mighell, pray for vs.
S. Gabriell, pray for vs.
S. Raphaell, pray for vs.
All holy aungels & archaungels, pray ye for vs.
S. John Baptiſte, pray for vs.
All holy patriarkes & prophetes, pray ye for vs.
S. Petre pray for vs.
S. Paule, pray for vs.
S. Andrewe, pray for vs.
S. John euangeliſt, pray for vs.
S. James, pray for vs.
S. Thomas of Jnde, pray for vs.
S. Philip, pray for vs.

S. Mathie, pray for vs.
S. Bertholomewe, pray for vs.
S. Symon pray for vs.
S. Thade, pray for vs.
S. Barnabe, pray for vs.
S. Marke, pray for vs.
S. Luke, pray for vs.
All holy Apoſtles & euangeliſtes, pray ye for vs.
All holy diſciples and innocentes, pray ye for vs.
S. Stephane, pray for vs.
S. Line, pray for vs.
S. Clete, pray for vs.
S. Clement, pray for vs.
S. Ciprian, pray for vs.
S. Eraſmus, pray for vs.
S. Edmunde kynge and confeſſor, pray for vs.
S. George, pray for vs.
All holy martyres, pray for vs.
S. Edwarde kynge, pray for vs.
S. Hierome, pray for vs.
S. Auſten, pray for vs.
S. Ambroſe, pray for vs.
S. Gregory, pray for vs.
S. Bernarde, pray for vs.
S. Bede, pray for vs.
S. Chriſoſtome, pray for vs.
S. Albane kyng and fyrſt martire of England, pray.
S. Martine byſhop, pray for vs
S. Antony, pray for vs.
S. Nicholas, pray for vs.
S. Benedicte, pray for vs.
S. Fraunces, pray for vs.

All the

All holy confeſſours, pray for vs.
All holy monkes and confeſſours, pray for vs.
S. Marie Magdalen, pray for vs.
S. Anne, pray for vs.
S. Katherine, pray for vs.
S. Margaret, pray for vs.
S. Helene, pray for vs.
S. Luce, pray for vs.
S. Cecile, pray for vs.
S. Agnes, pray for vs.
All holy virgins, pray for vs.
All holy wydowes, pray for vs.
All ſayntes pray for vs.
Propitius eſto. Be mercyfull to vs, and ſpare vs lorde.
Be mercyfull to vs, and delyuer vs lorde.
From all ſynne, delyuer vs lorde.
From all errour, delyuer vs lorde.
From all yuell, delyuer vs lorde.
From yͤ crafty traynes of yͤ yuell, delyuer vs lorde.
From the imminent peryll of ſynne, delyuer vs lord
From the poſſeſſion of deuyls, delyuer vs lorde.
From the ſpirite of fornication, delyuer vs lorde.
From the deſyre of vayneglory, delyuer vs lorde.
From yͤ vnclẽnes of mynde & body, delyuer vs lorde.
From vnclene thoughtes, delyuer vs lorde.
From the blyndnes of the herte, delyuer vs lorde.
From ſodeyn & vnprouided dethe, delyuer vs lorde.
From peſtilence and famyne, delyuer vs lorde.
From all mortall warre, delyuer vs lorde.
From lyghtnynge and tempeſtious wethers, dely.
From ſeditions and ſciſmies, delyuer vs lorde.
From euerlaſtyng dethe. Delyuer vs lorde.

From

By the priuie miſterie of thy holy incarnation, dely.
By thy holy natiuite, delyuer vs lorde.
By thy baptiſme, faſtynges, and temptations, delyuer vs lorde.
By thy paynfull agony in ſweatyng bloude & water, delyuer vs lorde.
By yͤ payns & paſſion on thy croſſe, delyuer vs lorde.
By thy dethe and buryenge, delyuer vs lorde.
By thy reſurrection and aſcention, delyuer vs lorde.
By the comynge of the holy ghoſte, delyuer vs lorde.
In the tyme of our tribulations, delyuer vs lorde.
In the tyme of our felicite, defende vs lorde.
In the houre of dethe, delyuer vs lorde.
In the day of iudgement, delyuer vs lorde.
We ſynners, pray the to here vs lorde.
That it mought pleaſe the lorde to gouerne and leade thy holy catholyke churche. We beſeche the to here vs
That yͧ vouchſafe yͭ our byſſhops, paſtors, and miniſters of thy churche, may in holy lyfe, & in thy ſounde & hole worde fede thy people. We pray the to here vs.
That thou vouchſafe, that all ꝑuerſe ſectes & ſclaunders may be auoyded. We pray the to here vs.
That thou vouchſafe, that all, whiche do erre, and be deceyued, may be reduced in to the waye of verite. We pray the to here vs.
That thou vouchſafe that we may the deuyll wͭ all his pompes, cruſhe and treade vnder foote. We pray.
That thou vouchſafe to ſende vs plentie of faythfull workemen in to thy harueſt. We pray the to here vs.
That thou vouchſafe lorde to gyue the herers of thy worde, lyuely grace, to vnderſtãde it, & to worke therafter, by the vertue of the holy ghoſte. We pray the.

That all extreme pouertie, thou pleaſe lorde to reconforte. We pray the to here vs.

That they, whiche are weyke in vertue, & ſone ouercome in temptation, thou of thy mercy wylte helpe and ſtrengthen them. We pray the to here vs

That yͧ voucheſafe to gyue vniuerſal peace amonges all kynges, and other rulers. We pray the to here vs.

That thou vouchſafe to preſerue our moſte gracious ſouerayne lorde and kyng, Henry the eyghte, his moſt gracious ſonne prince Edwarde, all theyr poſteritie, ayders, helpers, & true ſubiectes. We pray yͤ to here vs.

That our miniſters & gouernours may vertuouſly rule thy people. We pray the to here vs.

That thy people in affliction, or in peryl and daunger, by fyre, water, or lande, thou wylte voucheſafe to defende and preſerue. We pray the to here vs.

That temyng womē may haue ioyfull ſpede in their labour. We pray the to here vs.

That all yonge orphantes, and ſycke people, yͧ pleaſe lorde to noryſhe & prouide for, We pray the to here vs.

That all being captiue or in priſons, thou wilte ſende delyuerance. We pray the to here vs.

That vnto all people lorde, thou wylte ſhewe thy ineſtimable mercy. We pray the to here vs.

That thou wylt forgyue all warryars, perſecutours, and oppreſſours of thy people, and to conuerte them to grace. We pray the to here vs.

That the fruites lorde on yͤ erthe may gyue good encreaſe, and yͭ thou wylte conſerue them. We pray the.

That thou lorde wylte here our prayer. We pray the.

O the very ſonne of god. We pray the to here vs.

O lambe of god, whiche takeſte away the ſynnes of the worlde, haue mercy on vs.

O lambe of god, whiche takeſt a way the ſynne of the worlde, haue mercy on vs.

O lambe of god, which takeſt a way the ſynne of this worlde, gyue peace and reſt vnto vs.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ O lorde here thou my prayer. ¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ That my callynge may come to thyne eares.

¶ The colettes or prayers.

O Omnipotēt & mercyful god, the father eternal, which doſte not diſpiſe vs ſynners, bewaylynge wᵗ cōtrite herte, for offendyng thy hye maieſtie, we pray yᵗ by thy grace & mercy to drawe vs nere to yͤ, to here our prayers, to forgyue vs our offēces, and conforte vs in our afflictiōs. And forgyue lorde them that oppreſſe vs. And yᵗ our ghoſtly enemy haue no power to deuoure vs (as he deſyreth) but yᵗ we may ſtrōgly withſtāde his fraudes and ſnares, to our conforte, that we may dye in yͤ very true catholyke faythe, & reſt with the eternally, our lorde Jeſu Chriſt. So be it.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ We haue ſynned with our fore fathers.

¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ Iniquite haue we wrought with vniuſte lyuynge.

LOrde god, whiche doſte not ſuffre ſynners to peryſſhe & dye in theyr workꝭ, but rather wyle that they ſhal cōuerte & lyue, we humbly pray the to forgyue vs nowe, whyle we haue tyme & ſpace. And gyue vs grace that we do not abounde in ſynne, nor in iniquite no more, leſt thou lorde be wrathe with vs. And mekely we pray the lorde to open the verite of our true catholike fayth, & deſtroy all Antichriſtꝭ with

all theyr

all theyꝛ iugelynges, and crafty ſcyſmes, whiche dothe ſo ſoꝛe oppꝛeſſe and daūger thy people to dampnation, (ſeace this ſciſme loꝛde) & that thy moſte holy woꝛdes of thy goſpelles may plentuouſly be pꝛeached, without crafte oꝛ diſſimulation: whiche beareth with it thy holy ſpirite and lyfe, to confoꝛte all that hunger oꝛ thyꝛſte to dꝛynke therof, by the vertue of our loꝛde Jeſu Chꝛiſte. So be it.

O Moſte hye and myghtie loꝛde god, & kynge of peace, whiche, whan thou tokeſt thy moſt holy humanite vpon the, in the wombe of the mooſte holy virgin Mary, than by the hye pꝛouiſion of thy fathers deuine power, all the vniuerſall woꝛlde was in peace and concoꝛde. Wherfoꝛe bounteful loꝛde god, we pray the to pꝛeſerue our kynge H. his ayders, & counſellers, and all gouernours, and the whole vniuerſall commons of this realme in peace and concoꝛde. And not onely vs loꝛde, but all realmes in the woꝛlde, that we may kepe one god, one fayth, and one lawe, by the oꝛdinaunce of our loꝛde Jeſu Chꝛiſte, whiche reigneth in ẏ woꝛlde of woꝛldes. So be it.

¶ An expoſition after the maner of a contemplation vpon the .li. pſalme, called Miſerere mei deus.

Alas wretche that I am, comfortles and forſaken of all men, whiche haue offended bothe heuen and erthe. Whyther ſhall I go? or whyther ſhall I turne me? To whom ſhall I flye for ſocoure? who ſhall haue pitie or compaſſion on me? Unto heuen dare I not lyft vp myn iyes, for I haue greuouſly ſynned agaynſt it. And in the erthe can I fynde no place of defence, for I haue ben noyſome vnto it. What ſhal I nowe do? Shall I deſpayre? God forbyd, full mercyfull is god, and my ſauiour is meke and louynge. Therfore onely god is my refuge, he wyll not deſpiſe his creature, nother forſake his owne ymage. Unto yͤ therfore moſte meke and mercyfull god come I all ſadde and ſorowfull, for thou onely arte my hope, and thou art only the toure of my defence. But what ſhall I ſay vnto the, ſyth I dare not lyfte vp myn iyes? I wyll poure out the wordes of ſorowe, I wyll hertely call for mercy, and wyll ſay:

Haue mercy vpon me (oh god) accordynge to thy greate mercy.

¶ God, whiche dwelleſt in lyghte, that no man can attayne, God, whiche art hydde & canſt not be ſene with bodely iyes, nor comprehẽded wt any vnderſtandynge that euer was made, neither expreſſed with yͤ tonges of men or angels. My god, the whiche arte incomprehenſible do I ſeke, the whiche canſte not be expreſſed, do I call vpon, what thyng ſoeuer thou arte, whiche arte in euery place. I knowe that thou arte the moſte hye and excellent thynge, yf thou be a thynge, and not rather the cauſe of all thyngꝭ, yf I may ſo call the. For I fynde no name, by yͤ which I may name or expreſſe thyn inenarrable maieſtie. God (I ſay) whiche arte all thynges that are in the, for yͤ arte euyn thyn owne wyſedome, thy power, and thy moſt gracious felicite. Seinge therfore that thou arte mercyfull, what arte thou, but euyn the very mercy it ſelfe? And what am I, but very miſerie? Beholde therfore (o god) whiche arte mercy, beholde miſery is before the, what ſhalte thou do mercy? truely thy worke. Canſt thou do other wyſe than thy nature is? And what is thy worke? Verely to take away miſery, and to lyfte vp them that are in wretched cõdition. ¶ Therfore haue mercy on me (oh god.) God, I ſay, whiche arte mercy, take away my miſery, take away my ſynnes, for they are myn extreme miſery. Lyfte vp me, whiche am ſo myſerable, ſhewe thy worke in me, ⁊ exerciſe thy power vpon me. One depthe requireth another, the depthe of myſerye requireth yͤ depth of mercy. ¶ The depth of ſynne axeth the depth of grace and fauour. Greater is the depthe of mercy, than the depthe of myſery. Let therfore the one depthe ſwalowe vp the other. Let the botomleſſe depthe of mercy ſwalowe vp the profounde depthe of myſery. ¶ Haue mercy on me (oh god) accordyng to thy great mercy. Not after the mercy of men, whiche is but ſmall, but after thyne owne mercy, whiche is great, whiche is vnmeaſurable, whiche is incomprehenſible, whiche paſſeth all ſynnes wͭout compariſon. Accordynge to that thy great mercy, with the whiche thou haſt ſo loued the worlde, that thou woldeſt gyue

thyn only

thyn onely ſonne. What mercy can be greater? what loue can be more? who can deſpayre? who ſhulde not haue good cōfidence? God was made man, and crucified for men. ¶ Therfore haue mercy on me (oh god) accordynge to this thy great mercy, by the whiche thou haſte gyuen thy ſonne for vs, by whiche thrughe hym thou haſt taken a way the ſynne of yͤ worlde, by which thrugh his croſſe, yͧ haſt lyghtned all men, by whiche thrugh hym thou haſte redreſſed all thynges in heuen and erthe. Waſhe me, oh lorde, in his bloude, lyghten me in his humilite, redreſſe me in his reſurrection. Haue mercy on me (oh god) not after thy ſmall mercy, for that is but thy ſmall mercy in compariſon, whan thou helpeſt men of theyr bodely perels: but it is great whan thou forgyueſt ſynnes, & doſte eleuate men by thy fauour, aboue the toppe of the erth. Euyn ſo lorde haue mercy on me, accordyng to this thy great mercy, that thou turne me vnto the, that thou put out my ſynnes, and yͭ thou iuſtifie me by thy grace and fauour.

And accordynge to the multitude of thy compaſſions / Wype a way myn iniquitie.

¶ Thy mercy lorde is the abundance of thy pitie, by the whiche thou lokeſt gently on the poore & wretched. ¶ Thy compaſſions are the workes and proceſſes of thy mercy. Mary Magdalene came vnto thy feete (good Ieſu) ſhe waſhed them with her teares, and wyped them with her heere, thou forgaueſt her, & ſenteſt her away in peace. ¶ This was (lorde) one of thy cōpaſſiōs. Peter denyed the, and forſoke the with an othe, thou lokeſt vpon hym, & he wepte bytterly, thou forgaueſt hym, and madeſt hym one of the theſe amonge thyne apoſtles. ¶ This was (lorde) another of thy cōpaſſions.

¶ The theſe

¶ The thefe on the croſſe was ſaued with one worde. Paule in the furious wodnes of his perſecution was called, and by and by was fylled with the holy ghoſte. ¶ Theſe are lorde thy cōpaſſions. ¶ The tyme ſhulde fayle me, yf I ſhulde nombre all thy mercyful compaſſions. For loke howe many ryghtwyſe men there be, and ſo many are thy godly compaſſions. ¶ There is none that can glory in hym ſelfe. Let them all come yͭ are ryghtwyſe, eyther in erthe, or in heuen, and let vs aſke them before the, whether they be ſaued by theyr own power and vertue. And ſurely all they wyll anſwere with one herte, and one mouthe, ſayenge: Not vnto vs (lorde) not vnto vs, but vnto thy name gyue all yͤ prayſe, for thy mercy, and for thy truthes ſake. For they in theyr owne ſwerde poſſeſſed not yͤ lande, & theyr own arme or power ſaued them not: but thy ryght hande, & thyn arme, and the lyghtnyng of thy countenance, for thou delytedſt in them, that is, they are not ſaued for theyr owne deſeruynges, leſt any man ſhuld boſte hym ſelfe, but bicauſe it pleaſed the ſo to be. Whiche thynge the prophete dothe alſo more expreſſely witneſſe of the, whan he ſaythe: He ſaued me, bicauſe he wolde haue me. Syth therfore that thou art the ſame god, with whom is no alteratiō or variablenes, neither art thou chāged vnto darkenes: and we thy creatures as wel as our fore fathers, whiche were borne vnder concupiſcēce, ſynners as well as we. And ſyth there is but one mediator and atonemēt maker betwene god and man, that is Chriſt Jeſus, whiche endureth for euer, why doſt thou not poure out thy plētuous compaſſiōs vpon vs, as well as yͧ dydeſt vpon our fathers? Haſte thou forgotē vs? Or are we onely ſynners? Dyd not

Chriſt dye for vs? Are al thy mercies ſpent & none left?

¶ Lorde our god, I deſyre and hertely beſeche the, to put out myn iniquite, accordyng vnto the multitude of thy compaſſions, for many, yea and infinite are thy compaſſions, that accordynge (I ſay) to the multitude of thy compaſſions, thou vouchſafe to quenche my ſyn: that as thou haſt drawen and receyued innumerable ſynners, and haſt made them ryghtuous: euyn ſo that thou wylt drawe & take me, & make me ryghtwyſe: thrugh thy grace and fauour. Therfore accordyng to the multitude of thy compaſſiōs, wype away myn iniquite. Clenſe and purifie my herte, that after al myn iniquite is put out, & all my vnclēnes clenſed, it may be as a clene table, in ẏ which the fynger of god may wryte the lawe of his loue & charite, wich ẏ whiche can none iniquite continue.

Yet waſhe me more from myn iniquite, and clenſe me from my ſynne.

¶ I graunte and knowledge (oh lorde) thou haſt once put out myn iniquitie, thou haſt put it out agayn, and haſte waſhed me a thouſande tymes: howe be it yet waſhe me from myn iniquite, for I am fallen agayn. Doſt thou vſe to ſpare a ſynfull man vntyll a certayn nombre of his ſynnes? whiche whan Peter enquired, Howe often ſhal my brother offende agaynſt me, and I ſhall forgyue hym? whether ſeuen tymes? Thou anſweredſt: I ſay not ſeuen tymes, but ſeuenty tymes ſeuen tymes, takynge that certeyne nombre, for an infinite nombre. Syth than, that a man muſte forgyue ſo often, ſhalte thou in pardonyng and forgyuyng be paſſed of a man? Is not god more than man? Is he not better than man? yea rather god is ẏ great lorde, and euery man lyuynge is nothynge but all vanite. And only god is good, & euery man a lyar. Haſt thou not ſayde: In what houre ſoeuer the ſynner dothe repence, I wyll not remembre any of his iniquities? Beholde, I a ſynner do repence and mourne, for myn olde priuie ſores feſtred within, & now are they broken forth for myn owne folyſhenes. I am depreſſed & ſore broken, I walke in cõtinuall mournyng. I am feble and very weyke. I rored for the ſorowe of my herte. Lorde all my deſyres are before the, and my ſorowful ſyghes are not vnknowen vnto the. Myn herte trembleth and panteth for ſorowe, my ſtrẽgth fayleth me, and euyn the very ſyght of myn iyes ceaſe from theyr office. Wherfore than (oh lorde) doſte yͧ not put away myn iniquitie? And if thou put it out accordyng to the multitude of thy mercyes: yet waſhe me more from myn iniquitie, for yet am I not perfectely puryfied. Fynyſhe thy worke, take away the hole offenſe, & alſo the payne yͭ is due vnto the cryme, encreaſe thy lyght within me, kendle my herte with thy loue & charitie, put out all feare, for perfecte loue ſendeth away feare. Let the loue of the worlde, the loue of yͤ fleſhe, the loue of vayne glory, and the loue of my ſelfe, vtterly depte fro me: yet ſtyll more and more, waſhe me from myn iniquite, by the whiche I haue offended agaynſt my neyghbour, and clenſe me from my ſynne that I haue cõmitted agaynſt god. I wold haue the put away not only the faute and payne that foloweth it, but alſo the occaſion and nouryſhemẽt of ſynne. Waſhe me, I ſay, with the water of thy mooſte gracious fauour, with water, of whiche, he that drynketh ſhall not thyrſt for euer, but it ſhal be made in hym a fontaine of lyuyng water, runnynge in to euerlaſtynge lyfe. Waſhe me with the water of my teares, waſhe me with the comfortable waters of thy holy ſcriptures, that I may be ennumbred amonge them, vnto whom thou ſaydeſt: Nowe are ye clene for my wordes ſake, whiche I haue ſpoken vnto you. Joh.xiii.

For I knowledge myne iniquitie / and my ſynne is euer before myn iyes.

¶ Although thrugh the beholdynge of thy mercy and cõpaſſions, I may be bolde to flye vnto the (oh lorde) yet wyll I not come as ẏ phariſe, whiche prayed not, but rather prayſed hym ſelfe, and diſpiſed his neyghbour: but I come vnto the as the publicane, whiche Luc.xvi. durſte not lyfte vp his iyes vnto heuen, for I alſo do knowlege myn iniquite, & whyles I pondre my ſynnes; I dare not lyfte vp myn iyes, but humblyng my ſelfe with ẏ publicane, I ſay: God be mercyfull to me a ſinner. My ſoule wauereth betwene hope and fere, and ſomtyme for the feare of my ſinnes, whiche I fele and knowlege to be in me, I am redy to deſpayre, ſomtyme thrughe the hope of thy mercye, I am lyfted vp and conforted. Neuertheles bicauſe that thy mercy is greater thã my miſery, I wyll euer lorde truſt in the, and wyll ſynge out thy plẽtuous cõpaſſions for euer, for I knowe ẏ thou deſyreſt not the dethe of a ſynner, but rather that he were conuerted, and that he wolde knowlege his iniquite, & forſake his ſynne, & to come to the that he may lyue.

¶ My god graunte me that I may lyue in the, for I knowlege my wyckednes, I knowe what a greuous burthen it is, howe copious, and howe ieopardous, I am not ignorant of it, I hyde it not, but ſet it euyn before myn iyes, that I may waſhe it with my teares, and knowlege vnto yͤ lorde myn vnryghtwyſenes agaynſt my ſelfe. And alſo my ſynne, whiche I haue proudely done agaynſt the, is euer agaynſt me. And therfore is it agaynſt me, bicauſe I haue ſynned agaynſt the. And it is truely agaynſt me, for it is euyn agaynſt my ſoule, and accuſeth me euer before the my iudge, & condempneth me euer, & in euery place: and it is ſo agaynſt me, that it is euer before my face, & ſtandeth butte agaynſt me, that my prayer may not perce thrugh vnto the, that it myght take thy mercy fro me, and hyndre thy mercy that it can not come at me: therfore do I tremble, & therfore do I mourne, beſechyng the of thy mercy. ¶ Therfore (oh lorde) as thou haſt gyuen this grace vnto me to knowe my wyckednes, and to bewayle my ſynne: euyn ſo accompliſhe this thy beneuolence, gyuyng me a perfecte fayth, and drawyng me vnto thy ſon, whiche hath made a full ſatiſfaction for all my ſynnes. Gyue me lorde this precious gyfte, for euery good gyfte, and euery perfecte gyfte is from aboue, cōmyng from the father of lyghte.

Agaynſt the onely haue I ſynned, and haue done that, whiche is euyll in thy ſyght: that thou mayſt be iuſtified in thy wordes: & mayſt haue the victorie, whan thou arte iudged.

¶ I haue ouermoche ſynned vnto the alone, for thou commaundedſt me, that I ſhulde loue the for thy ſelfe, and ſhulde loue all creatures for thy ſake. But I haue loued a creature more than the, louynge it euyn for it ſelfe. What is ſynne, but to loue a creature for it ſelfe? And what is that, but to do agaynſt the? Surely he that loueth a creature for it ſelfe, maketh that creature his god. And therfore haue I ſynned agaynſt yͤ only, for I haue made a creature my god. So haue I caſte the a waye, and haue ben iniurious onely to the, for I haue not offẽded agaynſt any creature, in that I haue ſet my truſt or cõfidence in it. For it was not cõmaunded me, that I ſhulde loue any creature for it ſelfe. If thou haddeſt cõmaunded me, that I ſhulde haue loued an angell, onely for hym ſelfe, and I had loued money for it ſelfe, than no doubte I had offended agaynſt the angell. But ſyth that thou only arte to be beloued for thy ſelfe, that is to ſaye, without any reſpecte either of good or euyll, and euery creature is to be loued in the, and for thy ſake. Therfore haue I ſurely offẽded only agaynſt the, for I haue loued a creature for it ſelfe.

¶ But yet haue I worſe done, for I haue ſynned euyll in thy ſyght. I was nothyng aſhamed to ſynne before thy face. Oh mercyfull god, howe many ſynnes haue I done in thy ſyght, whiche I wolde in no wyſe haue done before mortall men, yea that I wolde not in any caſe that men ſhulde knowe? I feared men more than the, for I was blynde, and loued blyndnes, and ſo dyd I nother ſe nor once conſydre the. I had onely fleſhely iyes, therfore dyd I onely feare & loke on men, whiche are fleſhe. But thou lokedſt on all my ſynnes, & nombredſt them. Therfore I can neyther hyde them from the, neyther turne my backe and flye from thy face.

¶ Whyther ſhall I go from thy ſpirite? And whyther ſhall I flye from thy face? what ſhall I than do? whyther ſhall I turne me? whom ſhall I fynde to be my defender? whom I pray you, but the my god? who is ſo good? who is ſo gentle? who is ſo mercyfull? For thou paſſeſt ẇout cõpariſon al creatures in gẽtlenes, It is one of thy chefeſt ꝓpreties to forgyue & be mercyfull. For thrugh mercy and forgyuenes, thou doſte moſte declare thy almyghtynes. I graunte lorde, that I haue offended only agaynſt the, and haue done that, whiche is euyll in thy ſyght. Haue mercy therfore on me, and expreſſe thy puyſaunce on me, that thou mayſt be iuſtified in thy wordes. For thou haſt ſayde, ỷ thou cameſt not to call the ryghtwyſe, but ſynners unto repentaunce. Juſtifie me lorde, accordyng to thy wordꝭ,

Johñ.iii call me, receyue me, & gyue me grace to do true workꝭ of repentaunce. For this cauſe waſte thou crucefied, deade, and buryed. Thou ſaydeſte alſo: whan I am lyfted up from of the erthe, I wyl drawe all unto my ſelfe. Verefie thy wordes, drawe me after the, let us runne together in the ſwetenes of thyn oyntmentes.

Mat.xi. Beſydes that thou ſaydeſt: Come unto me all ye that labour, & are laden, & I wyll eaſe you. Loo, I come unto the laden with ſynnes, labourynge day & nyght in the ſorowe of myn herte, refreſhe & eaſe me lorde, that thou mayſte be iuſtefied and proued true in thy wordes, and mayſt ouercome whan thou arte iudged. For there are many that ſay, he ſhall haue no ſocour of his god. God hath forſaken hym. Ouercome lord theſe perſones, whan thou art thus iudged of them, and forſake me not at any tyme. Gyue me thy mercy & holſome ſocour, and than are they vanqueſhed.

¶ They ſay that thou wylt haue no mercy on me, and that thou wylte caſte me clene out of thy fauour, and no more receyue me. Thus arte thou iudged of men, and thus men ſpeake of the, and theſe are theyr determinaciõs. But thou, whiche arte meke and mercyful, haue mercy on me, and ouercome theyr iudgementes, ſhewe thy mercy on me, and let thy godly pitie be prayſed in me. Make me a veſſell of thy mercy, that thou mayſt be iuſtified in thy wordes, and haue the victorie whan men iudge the, for men iudge yͭ to be fierce and inflexible. Ouercome theyr iudgemẽt with mekenes and beneuolence, ſo that men may lerne to haue compaſſion on ſynners, & that malefactours may be enflamed vnto repentaũce, ſeinge in me; thy pitie & mercy.

Loo, I was faſhoned in Wyckednes / and my mother cõceyued me / polluted With ſyn.

¶ Beholde not lorde the greuouſnes of my ſynnes, conſydre not the multitude, but loke mercyfully vpon me, whiche am thy creature. Remẽbre yͭ I am duſte, and that all fleſhe is as wythred hay. For lo, I am faſhoned in wyckednes, & in ſynne hath my mother conceyued me. My naturall mother (I ſay) hath conceyued me of cõcupiſcẽce, and in her am I polluted with originall ſynne. What is originall ſynne; but yͤ lacke of originall iuſtice, and of the ryght & pure innocẽcy, whiche man had at his creation? Therfore a man cõceyued & borne in ſuche ſynne, is hole croked & out of frame. The fleſhe coueteth agaynſt the ſpirite, reaſon is ſklendre, the wyll is weyke, man is frayle & lyke vanite, his ſenſes deceyue hym, his imagination fayleth hym, his ignorance leadeth hym out of the ryght way, & he hath infinite impedimentes, whiche plucke hym from goodnes, and dryue hym in to euyll. Therfore originall ſynne is the roote of all ſynnes, and the nurſe of all wyckednes. For albeit that in euery man of theyr owne nature it is but one ſynne, yet in power it is all ſynnes. Thou ſeiſt therfore lorde what I am, and of whence I am. For in originall ſynne, whiche cōteyneth all ſynnes and iniquities, in it am I faſhyned, & in it hath my mother conceyued me. Syth than I am hole in ſynnes, and enuironed wt ſnares on euery ſyde, howe ſhall I eſcape? For what I wolde, that do I not, but the euyll yt I wolde not, that do I. For I fynde another lawe in my membres, rebellynge agaynſt the lawe of my mynde, and ſubduing me vnto the lawe of ſynne & dethe. Therfore the more feaple & entāgled thy godly beneuolēce ſeith me, ſo moche the more let it lyft vp & conforte me. Who wolde not pitie one yt is ſycke? Who wold not haue cōpaſſion on hym that is diſeaſed? Come come thou ſwete Samaritan, and take vp the wōded & halfe deed, cure my wōdes, poure in wyne & oyle, ſet me vpon thy beaſte, bringe me in to the hoſtry, cōmyt me vnto the hooſte, take out twopence, & ſay vnto hym: what ſoeuer thou ſpendeſt aboue this, whā I come agayn, I wyll recōpence the.

Loo thou haſt loued truthe. the vnknowen and ſecrete thynges of thy wyſedome, haſte thou vttered vnto me.

¶Come mooſte ſwete Samaritane, for beholde thou haſte loued truthe, the truthe (I ſay) of thy promyſes, whiche thou haſte made vnto mankynde, them haſte thou truely loued, for thou haſt made and kepte them: ſo that thy loue is nothynge els, but euyn to do good, for in thy ſelfe thou arte inuariable and immutable, thou vſeſt not nowe to loue, and anone not to loue (as men do) neyther dothe thy loue ſo come & go. But thou arte ſuche a louer as doth neuer chaunge, for thy loue is very good. Thy loue therfore, wherwith yu loueſt a creature, is to wit good. And whom thou moſt loueſt, to them arte thou mooſte beneficiall. ¶Therfore what meaneth, that thou loueſt truthe, but that of thy gracious mercy thou makeſt vs promyſes, and fulfylleſt them for thy truthes ſake? ¶Thou dydeſt promyſe vnto Abraham a ſonne, whan he was aged. ¶Thou fulfyledſt thy ꝓmyſe in olde and baren Sara, bicauſe thou loueſt truthe. ¶Thou promyſedſt vnto the chyldren of Iſrael a lande that flowed with mylke and hony, and at laſt dydeſt gyue it them, for thy truthes ſake.

¶ ¶Thou madeſt a promyſe to Dauid, ſayenge: I ſhall ſet vpon thy ſeate regall, one of the fruite of thy body, and it came euyn ſo to paſſe, bicauſe thou woldeſt be founde true. ¶There are other innumerable promyſes, in whiche thou haſte euer ben faythfull, bicauſe thou louedſt truthe. ¶Thou haſt promiſed ſynners, whiche wyll come vnto the, forgyuenes, and fauour, and thou haſt neuer defrauded man, for thou haſt loued truth.

Luce .xv. ¶That vnthryfty ſon, that toke his iourney in to a farre countrey, and waſted all his goodes with ryotous lyuynge, whan he came to hym ſelfe, he retourned vnto the, ſayenge: Father, I haue ſynned agaynſt heuen, and before the, nowe am I not worthy to be called thy ſonne, make me as one of thy hyred ſeruantes. Whan he was yet a great way of, thou ſaweſt hym, & hadeſt compaſſion on hym, and ranneſt vnto hym, fallynge vpon his necke, & kyſſyng hym, thou broughteſt forthe the beſte garment, and putteſt a rynge on his fynger, and ſhowes on his fete, thou kylledſt that fatted calfe, and madeſt all the houſe merye, ſayenge: Let vs eate and be mery, for this my ſonne was deade, & is alyue agayne, he was loſt, and is nowe founde.

¶ Why dydeſt thou all this lorde god? ſurely bicauſe thou loueſt truthe. Loue therfore (o father of mercies) this truthe in me, whiche returne vnto yͤ from a farre countrey, runne towardes me, and gyue me a kyſſe of thy mouthe, gyue me thoſe chefe garmentes, drawe me in to thy houſe, kylle that fatted calfe, that all whiche truſt in the may reioyſe in me, and eate together in ſpirituall feaſtes. Oh lorde wylt thou exclude me alone? and wylt thou not kepe this truthe vnto me? Yf thou ſhuldeſt loke narowly on our wickednes (oh lord) lorde, who myghte abyde the? But lorde thou wylte not be ſo ſtrayte vnto vs, for thou loueſt truthe, yea and that with a feruent and incomprehenſible loue.

Io.xiiii. ¶ Whiche is the truthe that thou ſo loueſt? Is it not thy ſonne, that ſayd: I am the way, truthe, and lyfe? He is the very truthe, of whom all truthe is named in heuen, and in erthe. This is it that thou haſte loued, and in it onely haſte thou delyted, for thou dydeſt fynde it pure and without ſpotte, and woldeſt that it ſhulde dye for ſynners. Kepe therfore (oh god) this truthe. Beholde, I am a great ſynner, in whom yͧ mayſt kepe it, to whom thou mayſt forgyue many ſynnes, whom thou mayſt purifie in the bloude of thy Chriſte, and whom thou mayſt redeme thrughe his paſſion. Why (oh lorde) haſt yͧ gyuen me this knowlege of thy ſonne and this faythe of hym? Bicauſe I ſhulde ſe my redempcion, and not to attayne it, that I myght by that meanes be the more vexed with ſorowe? God forbyd. But rather that I may perceyue the remiſſion of my ſynnes, purchaſed by Chriſtes bloude, and ſo by his grace may obteyne it. Purge me therfore and redeme me (oh lorde) for yͧ haſt vttered vnto me the vnknowen and ſecrete poyntes of thy wyſedome, that this knoweledge may helpe me, and brynge me vnto helthe. For truely the philoſophers neuer knewe theſe thynges, they were vnknowen vnto them, yea and vtterly hyd from them. And no man knewe theſe thynges, excepte a fewe, whom thou louedſt entierly before thy ſonnes incarnation. ¶ The moſte curious ſerchers of the worlde, I meane ẏ wyſe men of this world, lyfted vp theyr yies aboue heuen, & yet coulde not fynde this thy wyſedome. For thou haſt hyd theſe thynges from the wyſe & prudēt, and haſt opened them vnto babes, that is, to humble fyſhers, & thy holy ꝓphetes, whiche alſo haue vttered them vnto vs. And ſo haſte thou vttered the vnknowen and ſecrete thynges of thy wyſedome, & of thy ſcriptures vnto me. Why do I knowe them in vayne? I know them ſurely in vayne, yf they profite me not vnto my helthe and ſaluation. For the philoſophers, whã they knewe god by his meruelous creatures, they glorified hym not as god, neither were thankefull, but wered full of vanities in theyr imaginations, and theyr folyſhe hertꝭ were blynded. Whan they counted them ſelues wyſe, they became fooles. Wylte thou ſuffre me lorde to be of theyr nombre? God forbyd. For thou arte euyn mercy it ſelfe, whiche doth neuer vtterly forſake any man. Fauour therfore lorde, fauour and ſpare thy ſeruaunt, and cõmaunde hym to be of the nombre of thy babes, that the vnknowen ſecretes of the wyſedome, whiche thou haſte opened to hym, may leade hym vnto the fountayn of wyſedome, whiche is an hye, that thou mayſt be prayſed in the worke of thy mercy, whiche ỹ doſte exerciſe towardes thy ſeruaunt (lorde) whiche neuer forſakeſt them that truſte in the.

Spryncle me lorde with hyſope / ⁊ ſo ſhall I be clene / thou ſhalte waſhe me / and than ſhall I be whytter than ſnowe.

¶ Bicauſe lorde that thou haſte loued the truthe, and haſt opened vnto me þe vnknowen ſecretꝭ of thy wyſedome, I am well conforted, and I truſte that þu wylte not caſte me out of thy fauour, but thou ſhalte ſprincle me with hyſope, and ſo ſhall I be clenſed. Hyſope is a lowe herbe, it is hote, and of a good ſauour. Whiche ſignifieth nothynge els, but thy onely ſonne, our lorde Jeſu Chriſte, whiche humbled hym ſelfe vnto dethe, euyn vnto the dethe of the croſſe, whiche with þe heate of his feruent charite loued vs, and waſhed vs from our ſynnes in his bloude, whiche with the redolent ſauour of his beneuolence ⁊ ryghtwyſenes, replenyſhed the hole worlde. Therfore wᵗ this hyſope ſhalte thou ſpryncle me, whan thou poureſt vpon me the vertue of his bloude, whan Chriſte thrugh faythe ſhall dwell in me, whan thrugh loue I am ioyned with him, whan I ſhall counterfayte his humilite ⁊ paſſion, than ſhall I be clenſed from all myn vnclennes, than ſhalte thou waſhe me with myn owne teares, whiche flowe out of the loue of Chriſte: than ſhall I ſyghe vntyll I be wery, I ſhall water my bedde euery nyghte with my teares, ſo that it ſhall ſwym in them: and than ſhalte thou waſhe me, and I ſhall be whytter than ſnowe.

¶ Snowe is whyte ⁊ colde, but lorde yf þu ſpryncle me with hyſope, I ſhall be more whyte than ſnowe, for I ſhal be thrughly endued wᵗ thy ſplẽdent lyght, whiche paſſeth all bodely whytnes. And whan I am enflamed with þe light, I ſhal forſake al my carnal cõcupiſcẽces, colde vnto worldly thyngꝭ, ⁊ enflamed vnto heuenly.

Unto my hearyng ſhalte thou gyue ioye and gladnes / and my broſed bones ſhall be refreſhed.

¶ Than lorde ſhall I pray vnto the erly, that is in the begynnyng of thy lyghte, thou ſhalte here my voyce, and I ſhall here what the lorde god ſhal ſpeake in me. For he ſhall ſpeake peace for his people, and ſhal gyue me peace. Lorde thou ſhalt gyue me peace, for I haue truſted in the. Unto my hearyng ſhalte thou gyue ioye and gladnes, whan I ſhall here yͤ confortable wordes that Mary herde. And what herde Mary? I ſpeake of that Mary, which ſate at the feete of Ieſus. What herde ſhe? Thy faythe hath ſaued the, go thy wayes in peace. Let me alſo here that the theſe herde: This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe. Than ſhall I haue ioye for the remiſſion of my ſynnes, and gladnes for thy bounteous and liberall ꝓmyſes. Shall I not reioyce and be gladde, whan thou ſhalte gyue me two folde for all my ſynnes? Than ſhall I begyn to taſte howe ſwete the lorde is, than ſhall I lerne to be cõuerſaunt in heuenly thynges, and ſhall ſay with the prophete: how great and copious is that ſwetnes lorde, whiche yͧ haſte layde vp for them that feare the: than ſhall I reioyce & be gladde, and my broſed bones ſhall be refreſhed. What are the bones, whiche ſuſteyn the fleſhe, but the powers of our ſoule, and reaſon yͭ beare vp the fraylte of our fleſhe, that he runne not hedlonge in to all vices, that a man fal not hole in to vanite, and ſo conſume a way? Theſe bones, I ſay, are ſore broſed, for the reaſon, is prone & redy to all myſchefs. For euyn nowe the fleſhe obeyeth not reaſon, but reaſon muſte obeye the fleſhe, ſo yͭ I can not reſiſt vice, for my bones

Mat.xxvi.

wyckednes, that none offende the, whiche ſhuld brynge me to condemnation.

A pure herte create in me (oh god) and an vpryghte ſpirite make a newe within me.

¶ For my herte hath forſaken me, and goth aſtray vtterly forgettynge his owne helthe, it is wandred in to ſtraunge coūtreys, and enſueth vanities, and his iyes are in the vttermoſte cooſtes of yͤ worlde. I called it agayne, but it anſwered me not. It is gone, loſte, and ſolde vnder ſyn. What nowe lorde? what ſhall I ſay? A pure herte create in me god, an humble herte, a courteous herte, a peaceable herte, a gentle herte, a deuout herte, ſuche an herte as neither wyll do a nother man hurte, nor yet auenge hym ſelfe, whan he is offended, but rather do good agaīſt euyll. And ſuche an herte as wyll loue the aboue all thynge, which wyll thinke of the, ſpeake of the, and thāke the, which wyll delyte in hymnes & ſpirituall ſonges, & be hole cōuerſaūt in heuenly thynges. Create this herte in me (oh god) create it of nothyng, that it may be of ſuche efficacite thrugh grace, as nature is neuer able to make it. ¶This grace cōmeth onely from the in to the ſoule thrugh thy creation, it is the beautie of a pure herte, it draweth vnto hym all vertue, and expelleth all vice. ¶Therfore create in me (oh god) a pure herte, thrughe thy grace, & make a newe and vpryght ſpirite in my bowels. For thy ſpirite ſhall leade me in to a ryghte waye, whiche ſhall purge me from all erthy affectes, and ſhal lyfte me vp vnto heuēly thynges. ¶The louer, and the thynge that is loued, are both of one nature. He that loueth bodily thynges, is worldly, but he yͭ loueth ſpirituall thynges is ſpirituall. Gyue me a ſpirite that may loue the, and worſhyp the, the moſt hygh ſprite. For god is a ſprite, and they whiche worſhyp hym, muſte worſhyp hym in the ſprite and verite. Gyue me an vpryghte ſprite, not ſekynge his owne profite and glorye, but the wyll and glorye of god. Renewe an vpryghte ſprite within me, renewe it, for my ſynnes haue quenched the ſpryte that thou gaueſt me. Gyue me now a new ſprite, that it may redreſſe that thyng, whiche is inueterate. My ſoule is alſo a ſprite, and ſo made of the, that of her ſelfe ſhe is right. For of her owne nature ſhe loueth yͤ aboue her ſelfe, and deſyreth al thyngꝭ for thy glory. So that her owne naturall loue is ryght, for it cõmeth of the. But of her owne frowarde wyl is it inueterate & polluted, cauſyng her naturall loue to decay. Make newe therfore this ſprite & this loue thrugh thy grace, that it may walke in the ryght way, accordynge to his nature. Renue it (I ſay) yͭ it may euer enflame me with heuenly loue, that it may euer cauſe me to ſyghe vnto the, to embrace the cõtinually, and neuer to forſake the.

Caſt me not a way from thy face / and thy holy ſpirite take not from me.

¶ Beholde lorde I ſtande before thy face, that I may fynde mercy. I ſtande before thy benigne goodnes, lokynge for thy fauourable anſwere. Caſte me not confuſed from thy face. Who came euer lord vnto the, and wente away confuſed? Who euer deſyred thy fauour, and wente without it? Surely thou paſſeſt in thy abũdant pitie, bothe the deſeruynges, and alſo the deſyres of them that pray vnto the. For thou gyueſt more than men can deſyre, yea or vnderſtãde whan they haue it. It was neuer herde that thou dydeſt caſt away from thy face any man that euer came vnto the. Shall I (oh lorde) be the fyrſt that ſhall be caſt away from thy face and vtterly confounded? Wylte thou begyn at me to confounde them that come vnto the? wylte yͧ neuer more haue mercy and compaſſion? God forbyd.

Mat.xv.

¶The woman of Canane folowed the, ſhe cryed & made a pituous noyſe, ſhe moued thy diſciples vnto compaſſion, and yͧ hyldeſt thy peace, ſhe cõtinued knockynge, ſhe worſhypped the, & ſayd: Lorde helpe me. Neyther yet woldeſt thou anſwere. ¶Thy diſciples entreated for her, ſayenge: Let her go, for ſhe cryeth after vs. But what was thyne anſwere? Forſoth that ſhe wepte in vayne, and laboured for nought. For thou ſaydeſt that thou waſte not ſente, but vnto the ſhepe that were peryſhed, of the houſe of Iſraell.

¶What ſhulde this woman do, whan ſhe herde theſe wordes? Verely euyn deſpayre, as concernynge the grace that ſhe required: And yet deſpayred ſhe not, but truſtyng in thy mercy, prayd agayne, ſayeng: Lorde helpe me. Unto whoſe importunitie (lorde) thou anſwerdſt: It is not good to take yͤ chyldrens bread and caſt it to houndes. As though thou ſhuldeſt haue ſayd: Departe from me, ye Cananities are dogges, ye are idolaters. The precious gyftes of heuẽly fauour perteyne not vnto you. I oughte not to take them away from the Iewes, whiche worſhyp the true and lyuyng god, and to gyue them to ſuche doggꝭ as ye are, which worſhyp ydols, & deuyls. What ſhalte thou nowe do, thou woman of Canane? Thou mayſt nowe be aſhamed, & get the awaye. For the lorde is angry not with the alone, but alſo with thy hole nacion. O lord god, who wolde not haue ben confounded, and haue pyked hym away at theſe thy wordes? Who wolde not haue mumbled and grudged agaynſt the? Who wolde not haue iudged the to be cruel? And yet dyd this woman cõtinue ſtyl in prayer, ſhe caſt not a way her confidẽce, ſhe toke not theſe harde wordes heuely, ſhe was not angry, but ſhe hũbled her ſelfe the more, and abode ſtyl in her petition, and ſayd wᵗ good fiaunce: It is truthe lorde that ỹ ſayeſt, but I axe no bread, I axe not ỹ fauour ỹ thy children ſhulde haue, I am a lytle whelpe, and deſyre the crũmes, whiche fall from thy chyldrens table. Let them floryſhe and aboũde wᵗ myracles, and other gracious fauours, but let not me be deſtitute of this crũme of grace, ỹ my doughter may be deliuered from the fendes poſſeſſion. For the whelpes do eate of the crummes, whiche fall from theyr mayſters tables. Beholde, what faythe, what truſte, and what humilite was in this woman. ¶Therfore thou, beinge not diſpleaſed with her importunate inſtaũce, but reioyſyng in her excellent conſtauncye, dydeſt ſaye: O woman, great is thy faythe, be it vnto the as thou wylte.

¶ Why are theſe thyngꝭ wryten lorde god? ¶That we may lerne to truſte in the, that we may humbly and deuoutely continue in prayer. For thou wylte gyue it, yf men be gredy. But the kyngdome of heuen ſuffreth violẽce. And they that make violẽce vnto it, catche it. For what thynges ſoeuer are wryten, are wryten for our lernyng, that thrugh pacience and conforte of the ſcripture, we may haue hope.

¶ Caſte me not therfore lorde from thy face, whiche ſtande weppynge and waylynge day and nyghte before thy face. Not that thou ſhuldeſt delyuer me from the bodely oppreſſion of deuyls, but that ỹ wylte delyuer my ſoule from his ſpirituall power and dominion.

¶ Let me not be ſhamed (oh ſwete Ieſu) for in yͤ onlye haue I truſted. I haue no helthe or cōforte but in the, (oh lorde) for all haue forſaken me, euyn my brotherne and chyldren haue caſt me of, & myn owne bowelles abhorre me. I haue no nother helper, but onely the. Caſt me not therfore away from thy face, and take not the holy ſprite from me. ¶ There is no man, whiche can ſay, that Ieſus is the lorde, but by the holy ghoſte. ¶ Therfore yf I call vpon the lorde Ieſu, that do I in the holy ghoſte. If I be ſorye for my ſynnes, whiche are paſſed. If I axe forgyuenes. ¶ This do I verely by the holy ghoſte. ¶ Therfore I beſeche the take not from me thy holy ghoſte, but yͭ it may be with me, & labour wͭ me. For we wote not what to deſyre, as we oughte to do. But the ſprite helpeth our infirmities, and maketh interceſſion for vs, that is, maketh vs pray with ſuche ſorowful gronyngꝭ, as can not be expreſſed with tonge. ¶ Therfore take not away this holy ſprite fro me, that he may teache me to praye, and helpe me in my labour, and may cauſe me to continue in prayers and teares: that at the length I may fynde fauour before thy face, and may ſerue the all dayes of my lyfe.

Make me agayne to reioyſe in thy ſauynge helthe / and ſtrengthen me with a principall ſpirite.

¶ It is a great thynge that I deſyre (oh lorde) howe be it ſythe thou arte god a great lorde, and kynge ouer all goddꝭ, he doth the iniurie, whiche aſketh ſmal thyngꝭ of the. All tranſitorie and corruptible thynges are but ſmall in thy ſyghte: but ſpirituall and euerlaſtynge thynges are great and precious. ¶ Take away yͤ ſpirite and ſoule from the bodye, and what remayneth, but moſte vyle dounge, duſt, and a vayne ſhadowe? Therfore euyn ſo moche differẽce is betwene the ſpirite and the body, as is betwene ẏ body and his ſhadowe. So may I cõclude, that he, whiche aſketh bodely thynges, aſketh but vayn tryfles, but he that deſyreth ſpiritual thynges, dothe ſurely deſyre great thynges, but specially he that deſyreth thy ſauynge helthe. What is thy ſauynge helthe, but Ieſus thy ſonne? which is very god, and euerlaſtynge lyfe. Why ſhal I not than aſke of the this thy ſauiour, ſyth thou arte a myghtie and moſte liberall father, whiche gaueſt hym vnto ẏ dethe of ẏ croſſe for me? Nowe ſyth ẏ haſt ſo offered hym for me, why ſhulde I be aſhamed to aſke hym of the? It is a great and noble preſent, neyther am I worthy to haue ſuche a gyfte, howe be it it becõmeth thy worthy liberalite to gyue ſuche noble gyftes. For this therfore thyn ineffable gẽtlenes, I dare preſume to come boldly vnto the, and to deſyre thy ſauynge helthe, in whom I myghte fully reioyce.

¶. For yf of his carnall father any ſon aſke fyſhe, wyll he reache hym a ſerpente? And yf he aſke an egge, wyl he gyue hym a ſcorpion? Or yf he aſke breadde, wyll he gyue hym a ſtone? Nowe yf carnall fathers, beinge euyl and ſynners, wyl gyue vnto theyr chyldren good gyftes, whiche they haue receyued of the: Nowe moch more thou heuenly father, whiche of thyn owne ſubſtãce arte good, wylte gyue a good ſpirite to them that deſyre it of the? Beholde thy ſonne, whiche is retourned from a farre cõtrey, ſorowyng, & repentyng, aſketh of the, the fyſhe of fayth. For as the fyſhe lyeth ſecrete vnder ẏ water: euyn ſo is fayth of ſuche thyngꝭ as are not ſene. He aſketh (I ſay) a true faythe, that he may reioyce in thy ſauynge helthe. Wylte ȳ reache hym a ſerpent? wylte thou gyue hym ȳ venome of vnfaythfulnes, whiche procedeth from that olde ⁊ croked ſerpente the deuyll? I deſyre of the (oh lorde) the egge of hope, that euyn as out of an egge we hope for a chyken: ſo thrugh hope ȳ thou wylte graunte me to come vnto the ſyghte of thy ſauynge helthe, that out of my hope may come this holſome ſight, as the chycke doth out of the egge. I deſyre the egge of hope, that my ſoule thrugh hope may be ſuſtayned in this vale of teares, and may reioyce in thy ſauynge helthe, wylt thou gyue me the ſcorpion of deſperation? that as a ſcorpion hath poyſon in the ende of her tayle: ſo I in the laſte ende of my lyfe ſhulde reſerue ſynne, delytyng my ſelfe, and takyng my pleaſure wᵗ the enticemētes of this world, whiche ſeme beautiful ⁊ flatteryng, euyn as a ſcorpion doth in the face? I deſyre of ȳ alſo (oh lorde) the bread of Chriſtes charite, whiche he dothe cōmunicate hym ſelfe, euyn as bread vnto al men, ȳ I may euer reioyce in thy ſauyng helthe, wylte ȳ gyue me a ſtone, ȳ is to ſay, hardnes of herte? God forbyd. Why ſhall I than myſtruſt for to deſyre ⁊ obteyne great thinges of the (oh lorde) ſeing ȳ ſtyrreſt me vp ⁊ bydſt me aſke, ⁊ knocke, euyn tyll I ſeme importunate? And what thynge can I aſke, whiche ȳ ſhalte be better content wᵗall? Or els what ſhulde be more holſome for me, than that thou ſhuldeſt make me reioyſe in thy ſon, our ſauyng helth?

¶ Nowe haue I taſted howe ſwete the lorde is, howe eaſy ⁊ pleaſaūt his burthen is, I remēbre what peace ⁊ trāquilite of mynde I was in, whan I ioyed in god, ⁊ reioyſed in Chriſt, my lorde ⁊ ſauiour. Therfore am I now inmore ſorow, for I know what goodnes ⁊ cō-

moditie

modicie I haue loſt. Therfore wyll I cry more importunately: Make me agayne to reioyce in thy ſauynge helthe. Reſtore me agayn yͤ thyng, whiche my ſynnes haue loſt. Reſtore me that, whiche thrugh my faute is peryſhed in me. Reſtore me, I beſeche the, for his ſake that euer is on thy ryght hande, & maketh interceſſion for vs, thy gracious fauour, that I may perceyue that thrugh hym thou art pacefied towardes me, that it may be a ſeale vpō my herte, and yͭ I may ſay wͭ the apoſtle Paule: I am crucefied with Chriſte, I lyue verely, yet nowe not I, but Chriſt lyueth in me. (Gala. ii.) But bicauſe my frayltie is great, ſtrength me with a principal ſpirite, that no troubles or afflictions may ſeperate me from Chriſt, that no feare may cauſe me to deny the, that no paynes may make me ſlyde from the. My ſtrength is not ſufficient to reſiſt and fight wͭ that olde ſerpēt, and to preuaile agaiſt hym. Peter hath taught me, howe great our infirmite is. He ſawe the wͭ his bodely yies, (lorde Jeſu) and was moſt familiarly cōuerſant with the. He taſted of thy glory in the moūtayn, whan thou waſt tranſfigured, he harde the fathers voyce, he ſawe thy manyfolde & wondrous workes, yea & thrugh thy power dyd hym ſelfe many myracles. He walked on his feete vpon the waters, and harde dayly thy myghty and ſwete wordes. He thought hym ſelfe moſt feruēt and hote in the fayth, and ſayd that he was redy to go with the bothe in to pryſon, and vnto very dethe. And whan yͧ toldiſt hym yͭ he ſhuld deny the, he beleued the not. He truſted in his owne ſtrēgth, and truſted more vnto hym ſelfe, beinge but a man, than vnto the, being very god. But whan yͤ hāde mayden ſayd vnto hym: Thou art of yͤ ſame cōpany, he was afrayd by & by, &

denyed it. There came a nother mayde, & ſayd: Surely ŷ arte of the ſame flocke. And he denyed the agayne. He coulde not ſtande befoꝛe women, how ſhulde he than haue ſtande befoꝛe kynges, and tyrauntes? And whan he was yet once moꝛe enquired of ŷ byſtãders, and was accuſed to be one of thy diſciples, he began to curſe, & to ſweare, that he knewe the not. What thynke you he ſayde? I ſuppoſe that he ſware by god and by the lawe of Moſes, ŷ he knewe ŷ not, Addynge ſuche woꝛdes: Thynke you that I am the diſciple of this Samaritane, whiche deceyueth the people, whiche is inſpired with the deuyll, and deſtroyeth our lawe? I am ŷ diſcyple of Moſes, & knowe not from whence this felowe is. Bleſſed be god that they ſeaſed enquiryng any further, foꝛ els wolde he neuer haue ceaſed denyenge the. So ŷ a thouſande interrogatiõs wolde haue made a thouſande flatte negations: yea & thouſande curſes and periuries. Yet were theſe interrogations but woꝛdes. What wolde he haue done (I pray the) yf they hadde ſcourged hym, and boffeted hym well? Truely he wolde haue ſoughte and pꝛoued all meanes, denyenge, foꝛſweryng, curſyng, and blaſphemynge, vntyll that he had eſcaped theyꝛ handes.

But thou moſte meke loꝛde, lokedſt backe vpon hym, and by and by he knowledged his offẽce. Neither yet durſte he leape in to the myddes of them and confeſſe the to be the ſon of god. Foꝛ he was not yet ſtrẽgthed with power from aboue. So that without doubte, he wolde haue denyed the agayne, yf he had ſene any ieopardye at hande. Therfoꝛe as it was moſte mete foꝛ hym, he wente foꝛthe and wepte bytterly. But thou, after thy reſurrection apperedſt vnto hym, and comfoꝛtedſt hym, tedſt hym, and yet hydde he hym ſelfe for feare of the Iewes? He ſawe yͤ ſo gloriouſly aſcẽdyng vnto heuen, and was ſtrengthed by the ſyght & comforte of angels: and yet durſt he not go abrode, for he had lerned by experience to knowe his owne fragilite, and had proued his weykenes. ¶ Therfore dyd he tarye and wayte for the holy ghoſte, whiche was promyſed. When he was come & had filled Peters herte with grace, than ſtepte he forth, than began he to ſpeake, and than with great power and ſignes, bare he witnes of thy reſurrection, than feared he neither yͤ hye preeſtꝭ, neither yet kyngꝭ but reioyſed in tribulaciõs, & receyued the croſſe with all myrthe, and gladnes. ¶ Therfore ſtrẽgthen me lorde with a principal ſpirite, that I may cõtinually reioyce in thy ſauynge helthe, or els can I not beare ſo many aſſautes agaynſt me. ¶ The fleſhe couetith contrary to the ſpirite. ¶ The worlde aſſayleth me on euery ſyde.

¶ The deuyll ſlepeth not. Gyue me the ſtrengthe of thy ſpirite, that there may fall a thouſãde by the ſyde, and tenne thouſande by my ryght hande, that I may be a ſure and ſtronge witnes of thy faythe. For yf Peter, whom thou enduedſt with ſo many fauourable gyftꝭ, dyd fall ſo wretchedly, what ſhuld I do lorde, whiche haue neuer ſene thy naturall preſence, neyther haue taſted of thy glorye in the mountayne, neyther haue ſene thy gracious myracles, yea and haue ſcarcely perceyued thy merueilous workes, and haue neuer harde thy voyce, but haue ben euyn ſubdued vnder ſynne.

¶ Therfore ſtrẽgthe me with a principal ſpirite, that I may ꝑſeuer in thy ſeruice, & gyue my lyfe for thy ſake.

I Will enſtructe the wicked / that they may knowe thy wayes: and the vngodly ſhall be conuerted vnto the

¶ Aſcribe not this (oh lorde) vnto preſumption, yt I go aboute to teache the vngodly thy wayes. For I deſyre not, as I nowe am, vngodly, in infamie, and in pryſone, to teache the vngodly thy wayes: but yf thou make me agayne to reioyce in thy ſauynge helthe, yf thou ſtrenghten me wt a principal ſpirite, and yf alſo thou ſet me free, than ſhall I teache the vngodly thy wayes. Neither is this harde vnto the, whiche of very ſtones canſte rayſe vp chyldren vnto Abraham.

Neyther can my ſynnes be impedimẽt vnto ye, yt thou wylte do this, but rather where ſynne is ſo abundant, there aboūdeth grace. Paule yet breathyng out threatnynges and ſlaughter agaynſt ye diſciples of the lorde, receyued cōmiſſion, that if he foūde any, whether they were men, or women, whiche folowed the, & profeſſed thy faythe, he ſhulde brynge them priſoners to Hieruſalem. And forthe was he goynge lyke a madde hare brayne, and as a rauenynge wolfe, for to ſtray abrode, rauyſhe, and kyll thy ſhepe. But whyles he was yet in his iourney, euyn in the heate of his perſecution, and in actuall doinge his ſynne, whyles yt he was perſecutynge the, & wolde haue ſlayne thy choſen, hauynge no maner of preparatyue vnto grace, neither yet knowledge of his ſynne, whan with herte and wyll he was thyn aduerſary, blaſphemed, and curſed the.

Beholde the voyce of thy mercyable pitie vnto hym, ſayenge: Saul Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me? By the whiche voyce he was immediately bothe layde alonge, and rayſed vp. He was layde alonge and ouerthrowne, as concernyng his body, but he was rayſed vp with the mynde. ¶ Thou rayſedſt hym vp that was in the ſlepe of darke ignoraunce, and pourest in thy glorious lygthe in to thoſe iyes, whiche were oppreſſed with this blynde ſlepe. ¶Thou ſhewedſt hym thy fauorable face, & enduedſt hym with thy gracious mercy. ¶Than was he rayſed, as it had ben from dethe, he opened his iyes, he ſawe the, & ſayde: Lorde what wylte thou that I do? And after dydeſt thou ſende a ſhepe to this wolfe. For thou cōmaūdedſt Ananias to go vnto hym: And than was he baptiſed, and anone was he replenyſhed with the holy ghoſte, and was made a choſen veſſell, to beare thy name before kynges, nacyons, and the chyldren of Iſraell. And without delay he entred in the ſynagoges, and preached thy name ſtoutely, affirmyng that thou arte Chriſt. He diſputed, preuayled, and confounded the Iewes, Beholde lorde, euyn ſtreyght of a ꝑſecutour, thou madeſt hym a preacher, and ſuche a preacher, that laboured more than all the other apoſtles. Oh, howe great is thy power, yͭ thou wylte of a wycked man make a ryghtwyſe, or of a perſecutour a preacher? Who ſhall forbyd the? Who ſhall reſiſt the? Who may ſay vnto the, why doſte thou ſo? All thyngꝭ that thou woldeſt haue, thou madeſt in heuen and in erthe, in the ſee, and in al bottomles depth. ¶Therfore impute it not to arrogācy, yͭ I couet thrugh thy power, and not thrughe myne owne, to teache the wycked thy wayes, for I knowe that I can offre nothyng, whiche can be ſo acceptable in thy godly ſyght. ¶This is the mooſte pleaſaunt ſacrifice, and alſo for my ſingulare profite. Nowe yͭ thou chaunge me in to a nother man, than wyll I teache yͤ wycked thy ways, not the wayes of Plato, and Ariſtotle, not yͤ intricate and ſotle propoſicions of mānes witte, not the inſtructions of ctions of philoſophy, not the paynted wordes & vayne colours of rethoricians, not worldy maters & policies, not vnſhamefull wayes of vanitie, not wayes ye leade men in tho deth: but thy ways, & thy preceptes, which leade vnto lyfe. Neyther wyll I teache them only one way, but many wayes, for many are thy cōmaundemētes. Howe be it all theſe wayes ende in one, that is, in loue, and charite, whiche doth ſo cōbynde the faythfull hertes, that they haue one mynd, and one wyll in god. Or els may we vnderſtande by thy many wayes, the diuerſe maner of lyuyng, wherin euery man walketh, accordynge to his vocation, ſome maryed, ſome lyuyng chaſte in wydowhod, ſome virgins, & ſo forth. ¶ Theſe walke after diuerſe wayes vnto theyr heuenly incheritaūce, euery man choſynge one, in the whiche he may beſte ſubdue his rebellious membres. ¶ Thus wyll I teache the wycked thy wayes, accordynge to theyr capacite and condition. And the vngodly ſhal be cōuerted vnto the. For I wyll preache vnto them, not my ſelfe, but Chriſt crucefied, and they ſhall be conuerted, not vnto my prayſe, but vnto the, gyuynge the all honour & prayſe. ¶ They ſhal leaue theyr owne wayes, and come vnto thyne, that they may walke in them, and ſo conſequently atteyne vnto the.

Delyuer me from bloudes (oh god) the god of my helthe / and my tonge ſhall triumphe vpon thy ryght wyſenes.

¶ I am ſtyfled in moche bloude, and from the depthe of it ſhall I cry vnto the lorde: Lorde herken vnto my voyce. ¶ Tary not lorde, for I am euyn at the poynte of dethe. ¶ Theſe bloudes that I ſpeake of, are my ſynnes.

For as the bodely lyfe conſiſteth in bloude, euyn ſo is the lyfe of a ſynner in his ſynne. Poure out ẏ bloude, and the beaſte dyeth. Poure out the ſyn, knowlegyng it vnto god, and the ſynner dyeth, and is made ryghtwyſe. Neyther am I wrapped in bloude, but ouerwhelmed and drowned in bloudes. Full ſtreames of bloudes do dryue me vnto hell. Helpe me lorde, leſt I peryſhe. Oh god, whiche gouerneſt all thyngꝭ, which onely canſt delyuer me, in whoſe handes is the ſpirite of lyfe, ryd, & purge me from theſe bloudes. Delyuer me from bloudes (oh god) the auctor of my helth, God in whom onely conſiſteth my ſaluacion. Delyuer me lorde, as thou delyueredſt Noe from the waters of the floude. Delyuer me, as thou delyueredſt Loth from the fyre of Sodom. Delyuer me, as thou delyueredſt the chyldren of Iſraell from the depthe of the red ſee. Delyuer me, as thou delyueredſt Ionas from ẏ bely of the whale. Delyuer me, as thou delyueredſt ẏ thre chyldren, from the furnace of burnynge fyre. Delyuer me, as thou delyueredſt Peter from the peryl of the ſee. Delyuer me, as thou delyueredſt Paule from the depe of the ſee. Delyuer me, as thou delyuered[illegible]finite ſynners from the power of dethe, and from the gates of helle. And than ſhal my tonge tryūphe vpon thy ryghtwyſenes, that is, for thy rightwiſenes, which I ſhall fele and perceyue in me, thrugh thy gracious fauour. For thy ryghtwyſenes (as the apoſtle ſaythe) cõmeth by the faythe of Ieſus Chriſte, vnto all, and vpon all them ẏ beleue in hym. Than ſhal my tonge tryumphe in prayſynge this thy ryghtwyſenes, cõmendyng thy fauour, magnifienge thy pitie, knowlegyng my ſinnꝭ that thy mercy may be declared in me, whiche wolde

Ro.ii.

vouchſafe to iuſtefie ſuche a great ſinner. And that all men may knowe that thou ſaueſt them, whiche truſte in the, & delyuereſt them from extreme anguyſhe, and aduerſite, oh lorde our god.

LOrde open thou my lyppes: and than my mouthe ſhall ſhewe forth thy prayſe.

¶ Thy prayſe is a great thynge lorde, for it procedeth out of thy fountayn, wherof no ſynner drynketh. It is no gloriouſe prayſe that cōmeth of a ſynners mouthe. Delyuer me therfore from bloudes (oh god) the god of my helthe, & my tonge ſhall magnefie thy ryghwyſenes. And than ſhalte thou lorde open my lyppes, and my mouthe ſhall ſhewe forth thy prayſe. For thou haſt the kaye of Dauid, whiche ſhetteſt, & no man openeth, and openeſt, and no man ſhetteth. ¶ Therfore open thou my lyppes, as thou openedſt the mouthes of infantes and ſuckelynges, out of whoſe mouthes thou haſt ſtablyſhed thy prayſe. ¶ Theſe truely were thy prophetes, apoſtles, and other ſayntes, whiche haue prayſed the with a ſyngle and pure herte, and mouthe, and not the philoſophers, & oratours, whiche haue ſayd, we wyll magnifie our tonge, our lyppꝭ be in our owne power, who is our god? ¶ They opened theyr owne mouthes, and thou openedſt them not, neyther yet ſtablyſhedſt thy prayſe out of theyr mouthes. ¶ Thy infantes lorde prayſed the, & deſpiſed them ſelues, ¶ The philoſophers wente aboute to prayſe them ſelues, & magnifie theyr owne name. ¶ Thy ſuckelynges extolled thy fame and glory, whiche they knewe thrugh heuēly fauour. ¶ The philoſophers knowyng ẏ only by naturall creatures, coulde neuer ꝑfectly expreſſe thy renowne. ¶ Thy ſayntꝭ magnified the wͭ theyr herte, mouthe, & good workes.

¶ The phi-

¶The philoſophers onely ĩ wordes, & theyr owne ſotle imaginations. ¶Thy chyldren haue ſpredde thy glory thrughout all the worlde. ¶The philoſophers haue enſtructe but a fewe of thy owne adherentꝭ. ¶Thy frendes with ſpreadyng thy glory, haue cõuerted innumerable men from ſynne vnto vertue, & vnto true felicite. ¶The philoſophers neyther knewe true vertues, neyther yet true felecite. ¶Thy beloued haue preached openly thy boũteous gentlenes, & mercyable fauour, whiche thou ſhewedſt in thy dere ſonne vnto al yͤ worlde. But the philoſophers coulde neuer attayne to knowe it. ¶Therfore out of the mouthe of infantes & ſuckelynges haſte thou ſtabliſhed thy prayſe. For it hath euer pleaſed the to exalte the humble, & brynge lowe yͤ proude. Nowe ſeing yͧ doſt euer reſiſte yͤ proude, gyue me true humilite, that yͧ mayſt ſtablyſhe thy prayſe by my mouthe. Gyue me a childes herte. For excepte I turne backe, & become as a chylde, I can not entre in to yͤ kyngdome of heuen. Make me as one of thy infantes or ſuckelynges, yͭ I may euer hange on the teates of thy wyſedome. For thy teates are better thã wyne, & thy wyſedome better than all rycheſſe. So yͭ notyng can be cõpared vnto it, for it is to men an infinite treaſure, whiche they yͭ vſe, are made partakers of yͤ frendſhyp of god. ¶Therfore yf yͧ make me a chylde, than ſhalte thou ſtablyſhe thy prayſe in my mouthe. For thã ſhal thou open my lyppes, and my mouthe ſhal ſhewe forth thy prayſe, and ſhall ꝑfectely declare it, euyn as yͧ haſt publyſhed it by yͤ mouthe of thyn infantꝭ & ſuckelynges.

If thou haddeſt deſyred ſacrifices / I had ſurely offered them / but thou delyghteſt not in burnte ſacrifices.

¶ My mouthe lorde ſhall ſhewe forthe thy glorious
fame. For I knowe ẏ this thynge is moſt acceptable
pſal. xlix. vnto the, ſyth thou ſayeſt by the prophete: ¶ The ſacrifice
of prayſe ſhal glorifie me, and by that meanes ſhal
I be entiſed to ſhewe hym my ſauynghe helte. ¶ Therfore
wyll I offre prayſe vnto the. euyn the prayſe of infauntes
& suckelynges for my ſynnes. And why ſhall
I offre for my ſynnes rather prayſe than ſacrifice? For
yf thou haddeſt deſyred ſacrifices, I had ſurely offered
them, but thou delyghteſt not in burnte ſacrifices.
Canſt thou be pacefied wᵗ ẏ bloude of calues, or gotes?
Wylte ẏ eate the fleſhe of bulles? Or drynke the bloude
of gotes? Eyther doſt ẏ deſyre golde, whiche poſſeſſeſt
heuen & erthe? Either wylte thou that I ſacrifice my
body vnto the, whiche deſyreſt not ẏ dethe of a ſynner,
but rather that he were conuerted, and lyue?

¶ Neuertheleſſe I wyll caſtē my fleſhe in a meaſure,
that thrugh thy grace it may be ſubdued vnto reaſon,
and obey it. For in this poynt alſo, yf I paſſe meaſure,
and brynge my body ſo lowe, that it is vnapte to ſerue
my neighbour, and to do that office, office is appoynted
Ro. xii. me of god, it ſhall be imputed me for ſynne. Let your
Ozee. vi. ſeruynge of god be reaſonable, ſaythe the apoſtle. And
thou haſt ſayde alſo by the prophete, I require mercy,
& not ſacrifice. ¶ Therfore ſhal my mouthe ſhewe forth
thy prayſe. for this oblation doth honour the, and ſheweth
vs the way vnto thy ſauynge helthe. My herte
is redy (oh god) my herte is redy, thrughe thy grace to
do all thynges, whiche are pleaſaunt vnto the. ¶ This
one thynge haue I founde mooſte acceptable vnto the
that wyll I offre vnto the, ẏ ſhall euer be in my herte,
on that ſhal my lyppes euer be herpyng. If ẏ hadſt

deſyred a bodely ſacrifice, I wolde ſurely haue gyuen it the, for my herte is redy thrugh thy grace to fulfyll thy wyl. But in ſuche burnte ſacrifice haſt yͧ no delite. Thou madeſt the body for the ſpirite. Therfore ſekeſt thou ſpiritual thynges, & not bodely. For thou ſayeſt in a certein place: My ſon gyue thyn herte vnto me. This is the ſacrifice yͭ pleaſeth the. Let vs offre vnto the an herte repentyng, w̃ ſorowe of our ſynnes, and enflamed wich yͤ loue of heuenly thynges, & than wylte yͧ deſyre no more, for wich ſuche a ſacrifice wylte yͧ be content.

Prouer. xxiiii

A ſacrifice to god is a broken ſpirite: a contrite and humble herte, thou ſhalte not deſpiſe (oh god.)

¶ A broken ſpirite, and not broken fleſhe, pleaſeth the (oh lorde) for the fleſhe is broken and vexed, bicauſe he hath not the carnall thynges, that he deſyreth, or elles feleth in hym ſelfe ſuche thynges as he hateth. But the ſpirite is broken, & vnquieted for his faute, bicauſe he hath offended agaynſt god, whom he loueth. He ſoroweth that he hath ſynned agaynſt his maker, and redemer, that he hath deſpiſed his bloude, that he hath not regarded ſuche a good and louynge father. This broken and ſorowyng ſpirite, is vnto the a ſacrifice of moſte ſwete ſauour, which not withſtādynge hath his cōfection of moſt bytter ſpices, euyn of the remēbrance of our ſynnes. For whyles our ſynnes are gathered together in to the mortour of the herte, and beaten with the peſtle of compunction, and made in to pouder, & watered with teares, therof is made an oyntment, and ſacrifice moſte ſwete. Whiche redolent offeryng yͧ wylte not diſpiſe. For thou wylte not deſpiſe a contrite and humble herte. Therfore he that breaketh his ſtonye herte, which is made with the moſte harde ſtones of ſynne, that he may therof prepare an oyntment of re penaunce in abundaunce of teares, not deſpayrynge of the multitude & greuouſnes of his ſynnes, but humbly offerynge this ſacrifice vnto the, he ſhal in no wyſe be deſpiſed of the. For a broken & humble herte wylte thou not deſpiſe (oh god). Mary Magdalene, whiche was a notable ſynner, made ſuche an oyntement, and put it in the alablaſter boxe of her herte, ſhe feared not to entre in to the Phareſes houſe, ſhe hūbled her ſelfe flatte before thy feete, ſhe was not aſhamed to wepe at thy mele tyme, ſhe could not ſpeake for inwarde ſorowe, but her herte melted in to teares, with the whiche ſhe waſhed thy feete, ſhe wyped them with her heere, and noynted them with oyntment, and ceaſed not kyſſyng them. Who euer ſawe ſuche a nother thynge? yea or who hath euer harde of a thynge lyke vnto thys? Surely her ſacrifice pleaſed the well, and was ſo acceptable, that thou perferredſt it aboue the Phariſe, which in his owne ſight was ryght wyſe. For it may be gathered of thy wordes, that there was ſo moche difference betwene the ryght wyſenes of Mary, and the Phariſe, as there was difference betwene theſe: To waſhe the feete with water, and to waſhe them with teares. To kyſſe one on the face, & not to ceaſe to kyſſe the feete. To annoynte the hed with oyle, and to annoynte the feete with moſte precious oyntement. Yea muche more precelled ſhe the Phariſe, for he neyther gaue the water, kyſſe, nor oyle. O great is thy power lorde, great is thy myght, whiche declareth it ſelfe moſte chefely in ſparynge, and hauynge compaſſion. Nowe ſe I wel that a contrite & meke herte thou ſhalte

Luce.vii.

not deſpiſe (oh lorde). And therfore endeuoure I my ſelfe to offre ſuche an herte vnto the. Neither is it ynoughe, that I ſay ſo outwardely, for thou art a god, whiche ſearcheſt our herte and reynes. Accepte therfore this my ſacrifice, and yf it be vnperfecte, amende thou the defaute, whiche only arte of power that to do, that it may be a burnt ſacrifice, all hole enflamed with the hete of thy boūteous charite, that it may be acceptable vnto the, or at the leaſte, that thou deſpiſe it not. For yf thou deſpiſe it not, I knowe well that I ſhall fynde fauoure before the: and than ſhall none of thy ſayntes, eyther in heuen or erthe deſpiſe me.

Deale gently of thy fauourable beneuolence with Syon: let the walles of Hieruſalem be bylte agayne.

¶ Bicauſe it is wryten by the prophete: Vnto the holy man, thou ſhalte be holy, and with the innocent, ſhalte thou deale innocently, with the pure and choſen, ſhalte thou do purely, and with the wycked, ſhalte thou play ouerthwarte. I am very deſyrous that all men were ſaued, and that they ſhulde come vnto the knowledge of the truthe. Whiche thynge were very neceſſary for them, and alſo for my profite. For by theyr prayers, exhortations, and examples, I myghte ryſe from this fylthy ſinne, & prouoked dayly to procede vnto better. I beſeche the therfore (oh lorde) although I be a synner, that thou of thy fauourable beneuolence woldeſte deale gently with Syon, that the walles of Hieruſalem myghte be bylte agayne. Syon is thy churche. For Syon, by interpretation, ſignifieth a toutehylle or a place where a man may ſe farre aboute hym. And euyn ſo thy churche, thrugh ẏ grace of the holy ghoſt, pſal. xviii.

beholdeth a farre of the glory of god, accordynge to the capacite of this lyfe. And therfore ſayd Paule: All we with an vncouered face, beholdynge, as in a glaſſe, the glory of the lorde, after ẏ ſame ymage are tranſformed from glorye to glorye, as by the ſpirite of ẏ lorde. ij.Cor. iii.

Lorde god howe ſmall is thy churche at this day? almoſte the hole worlde is fallen from the, there are many moo miſcreaũtes, than chriſten. And yet amõge the chriſten, howe many are their, which forſake worldly thyngs, and ſeke the glory of the lorde? Surely ye ſhall fynde fewe, in compariſon of them, whiche are addicte to worldly thyngs, whoſe god is theyr bely, and glory, to theyr ſhame and cõfuſion. Deale gently lorde of thy fauourable beneuolẽce with Syon, that it may be encreaſed bothe in multitude, & in good lyuyng. Beholde from heuen, and deale gently, as ẏ arte wonte to do, that thou wylt ſende amonge vs ẏ fyre of thy charite, whiche may cõſume al our ſynnes. Deale lorde accordyng to thy fauourable beneuolence, and do not with vs after our deſeruyng, neyther yelde thou vs agayne accordyng to our iniquities, but ordre vs accordyng to thy great mercy. Thou arte lorde our father, and redemer. Thou arte our hope, and euerlaſtynge helthe. Iſaie. lxiiij.

Euery man deſireth goodnes of the, yf ẏ gyue it them, than ſhall they gather it, yf ẏ open thy handes, all ſhal be fylled wt plentie. Whan thou turneſt a way thy face than are they aſtonnyed. Whan thou gathereſt in their breathe, than are they deade, and retourne in to erthe. And agayne, whan thou breatheſt on them, than are they created a newe. And thus renueſt thou the face of the erthe. Pſal. c.iiii.

Lorde I pray the what profite is there in the dampnation of ſo many thouſande men? Helle is fylled, & thy churche doth dayly decreaſe. Aryſe lorde, why ſlepeſt thou ſo longe? Ariſe, and differre not vnto the ende. Deale gently of thy fauourable beneuolēce, with Syon, ẏ the walles of Hieruſalem may be buylded agayne. What is Hieruſalem, whiche by interpretation, ſignifieth the viſion of peace, but the holy congregation and citie of ẏ bleſſed, which is our mother? Her walles were decayed whan Lucifer wͭ his angels fel, in to whoſe places are ẏ ryghtwyſe men receyued. Deale therfore gently (oh lorde) with Syon, that the nombre of thy choſen may ſhortly be fulfilled, and that the walles of Hieruſalem may be edified and fynyſhed with newe ſtones, whiche ſhall euer prayſe the, and endure euerlaſtyngly.

Than ſhalte thou accepte the ſacrifice of ryght wyſenes / oblations / and burnte offerynges: than ſhall they laye vpon thyne altare wanton calues.

¶ Whan thou haſt delte gently of thy fauourable wyl and beneuolēce wyth Syon, than ſhalte thou accepte the ſacrifice of ryghtwyſenes. For thou ſhalte cōſume it with burnynge fyre of thy loue and charite. And ſo acceptedſt thou the ſacrifices of Moſes, and Helias. And than accepteſt thou ẏ ſacrifices of ryghtwyſenes, whan thou fatteneſt wͭ thy grace the ſoules, whiche endeuour them ſelues to lyue ryghtuouſly. What profiteth to offre ſacrifices vnto the, whan thou accepteſt them not (oh lorde)? Howe many ſacrifices offre we nowe a dayes, whiche are not pleſaunt vnto the, but rather abhominable? For we offre not the ſacrifices of ryghtwyſenes, but our owne ceremonies, & therfore are they not accepted. Where is nowe the glory of the apoſtles? where is the valiaunt perſeuerance of martyrs? where is yͤ fruite of preachers? where is that holy ſimplicite of them yͭ vſed to lyue ſolytarie? where are the vertues & workes of the chryſten, whiche were in olde tyme? ¶Than ſhalt yͧ accept theyr ſacrifices, whan thou ſhalt decke & garniſhe them wͭ thy grace & ꝟtues.

¶ Alſo yf thou deale gently with Syon of thy fauourable beneuolence, than ſhalte thou delyte in ſacrifices of ryghtwyſenes. For the people ſhal begynne to lyue well, to kepe thy cōmaundemētes and to deale iuſtly: and ſo ſhall thy people be endued with thy benefites and bleſſynge. ¶Than ſhal the oblations of the preeſtꝭ and of the clergy be acceptable vnto the, for they ſhall forſake theyr carnal affections, & endeuour them ſelues vnto a more perfecte lyfe: and ſo ſhall the oyntment of thy bleſſynge deſcende vpon theyr heddes. ¶Than ſhall the burnte offerynges of the religious be pleaſaunte to the. For they ſhal caſt out all drowſye ſluggyſhenes, and falſe confidence, and be hole enflamed & made perfecte with the burnyng fyre of goddꝭ loue. ¶Than ſhal the byſſhops, & preachers, put calues vpon thin altare. For after they are conſummate in all kynde of vertue and replenyſſhed wͭ thy holy ſpirite, they ſhal not feare to gyue theyr lyues for theyr ſhepe. What is thyne altare ſwete Jeſu, but thy croſſe wherupom thou waſte offered? what ſignifieth a wanton calfe, but our body? ¶Therfore than ſhall they put calues on thyne altare, whan they ſhall offre theyr owne bodies vnto yͤ croſſe, that is, vnto all afflictions, & euyn vnto the very deth, for thy names ſake.

¶ Than ſhall the churche floryſhe & delate her coſtes, Than ſhall thy prayſe be noyſed from yͤ laſt ende of the worlde, than ſhal ioye & gladnes fulfyl yͤ hole worlde, thã ſhal thy ſayntes reioyce in glory, & ſhal make myrth in theyr mancions, waytyng for vs in the lande of the lyuynge. Accomplyſhe in me euyn nowe lorde that, than, whiche I ſo ofte name, that thou mayſte haue compaſſion on me, accordyng to thy great mercy, that thou mayſt receyue me for a ſacrifice of ryghtwyſenes, for a holy oblation, for a burnt ſacrifice of good lyuyng, and for a calfe to be offered on thyn altare or croſſe, by yͤ whiche I may paſſe from the vale of miſerie, vnto that ioye, whiche yͭ haſt prepared for them that loue the.

SO BE IT.

¶ O bone Ieſu.

O Bountefull Ieſu, O ſwete Ieſu, O Ieſu the ſonne of the pure virgin Mary, full of mercy and truthe. O ſwete Ieſu, after thy greate mercy haue pitie vpon me.

O benigne Ieſu, I pray the by the ſame precious bloude, whiche for vs miſerable ſynners, thou was contente to ſhedde in the altare of the croſſe, that thou voucheſafe clene to auoyde all my wyckednes, and not to deſpiſe me, humbly this requirynge, & vpon thy moſte holy name Ieſus callyng. This name Ieſus, is the the name of helthe. What is Ieſus, but a ſauiour? O good Ieſus, that haſte me created, and with thy precious bloude redemed, ſuffre me not to be dampned, whom of nought yͭ haſt made. O good Ieſu, let not my wyckednes deſtroy me, that thy almighty goodnes made & fourmed. O good Ieſu

reknowlege

acknowlege that is thyne in me, & wype clene away that eloyneth me from the. O good Jeſu, whan tyme of mercy is, haue mercy vpon me. Nor confounde me not in tyme of thy terrible iudgement. O good Jeſu, yet I wretched ſynner, for my moſte greuous offences, haue by thy very iuſtice deſerued eternal peyne: yet I appelle from thy very ryghtuouſnes, & ſtedfaſtly truſte in thyn ineffable mercy: ſo as a mylde father, and mercyful lord ought, take pitie on me. O good Jeſu, what profite is in my bloude, ſyns that I muſt deſcẽde in to eternal corruption? Certeynly they that be deade ſhall not magnifie the, nor lyke wyſe all they ẏ go to hell. O moſt mercyfull Jeſu, haue mercy vpon me. O moſt ſwete Jeſu, delyuer me. O moſte meke Jeſu, be vnto me confortable. O Jeſu, accepte me a wretched ſynner, in to the nombre of them ẏ ſhalbe ſaued. O Jeſu, the helth of them that beleue in the, haue mercy vpon me. O Jeſu, the ſwete forgyuenes of all my ſynnes. O Jeſu, the ſonne of the pure virgyn mary, endue me with thy grace, wyſedome, charite, chaſtite, and humilite, yea, & in all myn aduerſities, ſtedfaſt pacience: ſo that I may perfectly loue the, and in the to be glorified, and haue my onely delyghte in the, worlde without ende. So be it.

O Glorious kynge, whiche amongſt thy ſayntꝭ art laudable, and neuertheles incomparable. Thou arte in vs lorde. And thy name hath ben called vpon by vs. Therfore do not forſake vs lorde god, and in the daye of iudgement, vouchſafe to beſtowe vs amōge thy ſayntes, and electe. O bleſſed kynge.

OUR ſauiour Chriſte, at his laſte ſupper wͭ his diſciples, vpon the thurſdaye before he ſuffred, ſpoke a very longe and ſwete ſermon vnto them, no leſſe fructefull than full of godlye affectes: ſo that no tongue is able to expreſſe the goodnes and the affectes of it, ſpoken ſo lytle before his dethe. Whiche heuenly wordes, onely ſaynt Iohn̄ dyd wryte, ſhewyng that he dyd not ſlepe and lay his heed vpon his mayſter Chriſtis breſte in vayne. ¶ This ſermon begynneth at the .xiiii. chapiter of Iohn̄, & contynueth vnto the .xviii. chapiter, where begynneth the hiſtorie of his paſſion, whiche here foloweth orderly as it was done, ſo nyghe as we can gather by the proceſſe of the goſpelles, euery euangeliſtes name, ſet vnto theyr owne ſayenges.

¶ The fyrſt parte of the paſſion of our ſauiour Chriſt, contaynynge the cōmunication of Chriſte with his diſciples, nowe goynge forthe to the mounte Oliuete.

WHan Ieſus had made an ende of his ſermone, he wente forthe with his diſciples, ouer a brouke called Cedron .(Iohn̄). in to the mounte Oliuete, vnto the whiche place he was wonte ofte before to go praye. But nowe his paſſion drawynge nyghe, he wente to pray more feruetly, and more effectuouſly, and that in

Math.
Marke.
Luke.

the nyghte. And as he was goynge,for that his diſciples had herde theyr mayſter ofte before,ſayenge,that he ſhulde departe from them, they beganne to diſpute amõge them ſelues, whiche of them ſhulde be hygheſt to ſuccede theyr mayſter in lyke auctoritie. For as yet they knewe not to what office they were called. And whã theyr ambition began to breake forth in to ſuche maner of cõtẽtious reaſonyng, theyr mayſter,Chriſt, as he dyd ſomtymes before,cõmaũded them to ſilence, ſayenge: ¶ The heathen kynges beare a rule,and play the lordes amonge them ſelues, and ſuche as ſo rule, are called great men of auctoritie and power. But ye ſhall not be ſo,for he that is greateſt amonge you,ſhal be as the loweſt,& he ỳ is chiefe,ſhall be as a ſeruant. For whether is he greatter ỳ ſytteth downe to be ſerued,or he that ſerueth hym? Is not he that ſytteth? I my ſelfe am here amonge you,as one that miniſtreth, ye are they whiche haue abyden by me in my temptations. And I laye out for you the ſame kyngdome, whiche my father layde out for me,that ye ſhulde eate & drynke at my table in my kyngdome,& ſyt in iudgemẽt,iudgyng the twelue trybes of Iſrael. For ye are thoſe chyldren, of whom it is propheſied in the .xlv. pſalme, to come in the ſteade of the fathers , to teache the people, whom they ſhal take as prynces in all the earthe,But notwithſtandyng I haue thus promoted you to ſuche an hygh dignitie, of the whiche I haue ſo ofte ſpoken vnto you:yet this ſame nyght ſhall ye all be ſore offended,and hurted by occaſion of me. Of the whiche hurte,I haue ſo ofte warned you before. For verely ye ſhall flee awaye from me, as though ye had neuer ſene any touche or token of god in me,but thus

pleaſeth

¶ Here he ſelfe howe ernestly he ſhuld haue loued his pleaſeth it my father to hãdle you. ¶Thus ſhal ye haue experiẽce how lytle power ye haue to goodnes, except ye haue it of me. Alſo it behoueth me to ſuffre ſuche affliction of all maner of men, euyn of my frendꝭ and familiare, whiche haue appointed my ſelfe to be offred in ſacrifice vnto my father, for the helthe of as many as ſhall be ſaued. ¶This is the ſame thynge, that the prophete zachary ꝓphecied on me, ſayeng: ¶The hearde man ſhall be ſmyten, and the ſheepe ſkatered abrode. But yet for this your fal, ſe that ye ſhrynke not away, nor deſpayre not, for I wyll lyfte you vp agayne. And whan I ſhall be vpryſen, I ſhall gather you agayne togyther in Galile, and I ſhall go before you, as it becõmeth the hearde man to go before his ſhepe, offryng my ſelfe agayne vnto you, as a gyde, a leader, and defender. Mathewe. Marke. Luke.

¶But in the meane tyme Satan our aduerſarie ſhal trye you ſore, and exerciſe your faythe, he ſhall tempte you ſtrõgely, but Simon Simon take hede, for verely Satan hath deſyred you to ſyfte you, as one ſhulde ſyfte wheate. But I my ſelfe haue prayed for you all, as ye well knowe, but eſpecially for ȳ Simon, whiche ſhalte falle more perylouſly, and more greuouſly than other, leſt thy fayth fayle, whiche thou ons dydeſt confeſſe for all thy felowes. Wherfore thou cõuerted, and brought agayne in to the ryght way, conforte and ſtablyſhe thy bretherne, conſiderynge thyn owne falle. Unto whiche thynges Peter anſwered, I am redye ſayde he (mayſter) to goin to priſone with the, yea to go in to deathe with the. Luke. Wherfore yf all other beinge hurte by the reaſon of thy peryll, fayle the, yet ſhal I abyde ſtyl by the.

¶ Here he felte howe erneſtly he ſhuld haue loued his maiſter, but he knewe it not to be the gyfte of yͤ father ſo to loue hym, and not to come of fleſhe and bloude. Whiche thynge his maiſter ons teſtified vnto hym, after his ſolempne and heuenly confeſſion. And vpon this his mayſter ſayde eſpeciallye vnto hym, that he ſhulde denye hym thryſe, ſayenge: Peter, verely I ſay vnto the, this ſame nyght, euyn thou ſhalte denye me thryſe, before the kocke ſhall haue crowen twyſe. And Peter than truſtynge ouermoche to hym ſelfe, ſpoke with a bolder affirmation, ſayenge: If I ſhulde dye with the, yet ſhal I not denye the. Whiche thyng alſo ſayde the other. Mathewe. Marke. Luke. For as yet they were without any peryll.

¶ Wherfore theyr mayſter, notwithſtandynge he had tolde them theſe thynges ſo ofte before, yet he made mention therof nowe agayne, ſayenge: Whan I ſente you without walet, ſcryp, and ſhowes, wanted ye any thynge? They anſwered: we wanted nothyng at all. Than ſayde he, nowe ſhall it be otherwyſe with you, for nowe not I my ſelfe ſhal be ſure, whiche than miniſtred vnto you all thynges, & put you out of perylL. For ye ſhal ſe the vngodly ſo furiouſly take on w̄ me, that than a ſwerde ſhall ſeme vnto you ſo neceſſarye, that if any of you hath walet & ſcryp, he ſhall thynke it more expedient to caſt them away, as vnſeate for our cauſe, & rather to bye hym a ſwerde. There is verely ſuche a violēt ſtorme nowe at hande, yͭ ye ſhal thynke it nedefull, not onely to chaūge purſe, & money, ſcryp, and lyuyng therin, for a ſwerde, but coote alſo, yea and that your nethermoſt cootes, whiche ye can not well wante. For verely theſe thynges, whiche are wryten of me, muſt be fulfylled at the laſt. ¶ Thus is it wryten I ſhall be reputed amõge the wycked, and ſhal be haryed and tugged to dethe, lyke an aduerſary to god. But at laſt this buſynes that the father hath appoynted me, to dye in ſo poore a carefull & ſhamefull ſtate, ſhall haue an ende. But his diſciples, as yet nothyng myſtruſtyng their owne ſtrẽgthes, ſuppoſing to haue auoyded yͤ peryl by ſwerde, ſpoke both loude & boldly, Syr, lo, here are two ſwerdſ, thynke ye not theſe two be ſufficient for this ſcyrme? Yea ſayde theyr mayſter, ſcornyng them, they are ynough, thynkyng it no nede to brynge them in to any further daunger, whom he knewe to fyght with theyr feete, rather thã wt ſwerde. For if theyr enemyes had eſpied them armed wt any weapon to reſiſt, they wolde haue ben more fearſe vpon them. Alſo the tyme was come, yt he wolde gyue hym ſelfe wyllyngly to dye. Notwithſtandynge yet Peter kepte one of the ſwerdes for the glorye of god, but vnwares. Luke.

¶ The ſeconde parte conteynynge the prayer of Chriſte in the garden.

AS he was thus cõmynge with his diſciples, they came to a village called Gethſemane. Mathewe. Marke. where was a garden, in to whiche Chriſte entred wt his diſciples. John. and (ſome of his diſciples cõmaũded to ſyt downe at a certeyne place, whyles he wente in a lytle farther to praye) he toke vp with hym Peter, and the two ſonnes of zebedei, whom alſo he had before admytted to other ſecretes, and had ꝓmyſed them in the hylle to ſe his glorye.

¶ Before theſe thre men, began he now to be in a greuous anguyſſhe and great heuynes of mynde, ſayeng: Full heuy is my mynde euyn in to dethe. So wolde he ſhewe hym ſelfe to be very man, and to be lyke vs his bretherne in al poyntes, as cõcernyng tẽptatiõs. He wolde verely caſt out a great and greuous multitude of ſynnes from his choſen. Wherfore it behoued hym to be ſo greuouſly turmented, not onely in body, but in mynde. For what is the turmẽtyng of ỹ body, if the mynde fele it not? Whan he was in this paynfull affliction of mynde, ſo that he was nyghe deade, for he was heuye euyn in to dethe, he fled vnto his father, as it was his maner, and is the maner alſo of al ſayntes, whom bicauſe he wolde call to his helpe more erneſtly & wͭ more free ſpirite at his pleaſure, he wẽt forth a litle farther from theſe thre diſciples, although he loued them derely, he went from them, as ye wolde ſay, a ſtones caſt, and there he fell downe flatte vpon the earth, and prayed, ſayenge: Father, if it be poſſible, beare ouer this paſſion from me, neuertheles not my wyll, but thyn be done. For he made rather his complaynt here before his father, than deſyred his paſſion to be turned from hym, for he came to this houre well wyllyng. But with howe heuy & tremblyng mynde, for that his dethe was nowe at hande, no man may expreſſe. Here he ſhewed his father his feruent deſyre to dethe, and howe preſently his nature felte it. Wherfore it was ſhewed hym thus to be his fathers pleaſure, and ſo was he well conforted.

¶ Whan he thus preached, that is to ſay, [whã he had thus poured forthe the feruent deſyres of his herte, thus wounded with horrour & feare, euyn in to death, in to his fathers boſome, and that doubtleſſe wͭ many a depe ſyghe, with ſore ſobbyng, & feruent thoughtes. And thus, he ſtedfaſtly conſyderyng his fathers wyll on this maner, to require of hym yͤ helthe of yͤ worlde, he toke courage and herte vnto hym ſelfe, and turned to his diſciples, lyke as that man, whoſe mynde is greuouſly vexed and troubled, can not abyde long in one place. And whan he came, he founde them all a ſlepe, where bicauſe Peter had anſwered hym more boldely than other, he chalenged hym fyrſte by name, ſayeng: Simon, not one houre mayſte thou not watche with me? where is now I pray the, that bolde ſpirited herte of thyn, that was ſo redy to go wͭ me euyn in to death? Awake, awake, and fall to prayer, leſt ye fall in to that greuous temptation, which hangeth nowe ouer your heedes, as your ſpirites were than all to bolde, ſo is your fleſhe now al to weyke to endure long, ye ſhulde haue rather prayed than ſlepte, yf ye had ben wyſe. But ſo it behoued them to be taught by theyr owne folye, not onely how feble is theyr fleſhe, but alſo how vnable it is all together to any goodnes, and that all ſtrength cõmeth of god. Notwͭſtandyng at this tyme toke they full lytle hede to theyr mayſters rebuke and chalenge. Than turned he agayne to prayer, whan he ſe that in his moſte dere choſen, and truſty, there was no conforte. Whiche thyng verely moche more encreaſed his heuynes, for ſo it behoued hym to ſuffre affliction on euery ſyde.

¶ He prayed agayne the ſame prayer yͭ he dyd before, that is to ſay, he layde the trouble of his mynde in the wyll of his father, deſyryng his cõſolation. And from thenſe agayne he wente vnto his diſciples, whom he founde lykewyſe aſlepe, as before, for they coulde not holde vp theyr iyes, neyther they thus blamed, myght anſwere theyr mayſter any thyng at all. ¶Thus agayn receyued he affliction and heuynes of them, of whom he ſhulde haue had conſolation and conforte.

¶The thyrd tyme likewyſe he gaue hym ſelfe to prayer, and prayed ſomwhat lenger, for he was al to turmented, and in ſuche an agony, that his ſwette ran downe with bloudy droppes in to the erthe. And thus whan his agony and heuynes of mynde were greatter than he myghte any lenger ſuffer, there appered an angell vnto hym, and cõforted hym, ſettyng doubteleſſe before his mynde effectuouſly, that merueilous ryche ſauyng helthe, whiche he ſhulde perfourme and finiſhe by his paſſion, and alſo the glory of his father, whiche therof ſhulde be greately ſet forthe and ſpred abrode: ſo that this cõſolation receyued, he roſe vp and returned hym vnto his diſciples. And whã they were yet a ſlepe, he ſayde vnto them, after a ſcornefull maner thus: Slepe nowe, and take your reſte, as who ſhulde ſay, is there ſuche tranquilite and peace towardes vs, that ye may ſlepe ſo ſurely, without feare? Oh howe inſenſible are ye, and lyke ſtones, nothyng felyng or perceyuyng all theſe thynges, whiche I tolde you before, as concernynge this ſtormye tempeſte, euyn nowe at hande? Aryſe, aryſe, ons, for ye haue ſlepte ynoughe, beholde, the houre draweth nyghe, of the whiche I tolde you. Nowe the ſonne of man ſhal be betrayde, and betaken in to the handes of ſynners. Aryſe and let vs go mete them, he is very nygh ẏ betrayeth me. Math. Marke.

¶ This thyrde parte conteyneth his takynge, and what betyd in his takynge.

Iohñ.

Iudas verely knewe this place of prayer, & howe often tymes Chriſt with his diſciples went thyther to pray. wherfore he gotte hym a company with the ſeruauntes of the byſhops, ſcribes, phariſais, and preeſtes, and they came thyther with lanterns, fyrebrandes, and weapens.

Math. Marke. Luke.

And he beinge amonge them (Chriſte yet cōmynge on with his diſciples) gaue them, whom he broughte with hym, this token, that whom he ſhulde kyſſe, that man to be Chriſte, and warned them, that as ſone as they had taken hym, they ſhulde leade hym wyſely and warely, fearynge leſt (as he had ſene hym do ſomtymes before) he ſhuld ſlyppe away from them by his godly power, and he hym ſelfe ſhulde not haue ſatiſfied his promyſe, and ſo to haue loſte his money.

¶ Here may ye ſe howe depe falleth the blynde vngodlynes, howe bolde ſhe is to do that thynge, whiche ſhe knoweth not to lye in her power. Whan he was nowe come (for he wente formoſte in the company) anone he ſtepte forth vnto his mayſter, ſayeng: Hayle mayſter, and kyſſed hym. To whom Chriſte ſayde: Frende, for what entente cāmeſt thou? O Iudas, betrayeſt thou the ſonne of man with a kyſſe?

Iohñ.

¶ Than Ieſus knowyng al thynges yͭ were to come vpon hym, & now the houre to be come to ſuffre them, wente forthe to mete theſe men, whiche came to take him, ſayenge to them: whom ſeke ye? They anſwered, Ieſus of Nazareth. And he ſayde, I am he. whiche worde whan they herde, anone bothe Iudas the betrayer, than ſtandynge by, and all his company, were borne backewarde, and fell downe to the grounde. By the whiche thynge the godhed of Chriſte was ſufficiently declared to Iudas, to his company, to the miniſters of the Iewes, & to his diſciples, if theyr hertꝭ coulde haue perceyued that thynge, whiche they both felte and ſawe. ¶This bryght lyghtnyng of his godhed caſte forthe amonges them. By whiche, he declared ryght clearely hym ſelfe to put his lyfe wyllyngly in theyr handes, And that no man myght haue taken it from hym agaynſt his wyll. ¶Than he aſked them agayne whom they ſoughte, and to them, ſayenge, we ſeke Ieſus of Nazareth, He anſwered agayne lykewyſe, ſayenge: I tolde you that I am he. Wherfore if ye ſeeke me, let theſe my diſciples go theyr wayes. Whiche thynge he obteyned of his enemyes, but more through his power, than by theyr good wylles. And thus he verefied his ſayenge, whiche he before to his father ſayde: I haue not loſt one of them, whom thou gaueſt me. For he wolde kepe them bodely alſo.

Math.
Marke.
Luke.
Iohñ.

¶Than they that were come thyther wᵗ theyr mayſter, conſideryng what was lyke to fall, ſayde to hym: Mayſter ſhall we ſmyte them with the ſwerde? For that, that theyr mayſter had ſayd before, as cõcernyng the ſwerde to be ſo neceſſary, ẏ all theyr money, theyr meate, yea theyr very cootes ought to be chaunged for ſwerdꝭ, ſignifienge the greate power & violent handꝭ of theyr enemyes to come: ¶They lyke, as yet, carnall men, gatherde of theſe his ſayenges, that they myght ſley, or vſe the ſwerde. Wherfore euyn than ſayd they, Mayſter, loo, here are two ſwerdꝭ. But theyr mayſter neyther wolde nor mente any ſuche defence. Notwithſtandynge yet here at this tyme, before he coulde anſwere and ſhewe them his mynde, as touchynge this coreſynge of ſwerdes for theyr other neceſſaries, Peter Simon, whiche pretẽded to loue his mayſter more feruently than other, hauynge than one of theſe two ſwerdes, had drawne it, and ſmote of the ryghte eare of one called Malchus, the byſſhops ſeruaunt. And anone theyr mayſter ſayde, Holde your handes, & thou Peter, put vp thy ſwerde, knoweſt not thou the prouerbe taken of the lawe, that whoſoeuer vſeth the ſwerde, without the cõmaundement of god, muſte peryſhe by the ſwerde? If I luſted not to offre my ſelfe wyllyngly vnto my paſſion, doubteſt thou to be in my power to obteyn of my father for my helpe twelue legyons of aungelles? Wylte not thou that I drynke this cuppe, whiche my father hath fylled, and myngled for me, to ſuffre thoſe thynges, whiche he had decreed to be ſufferde of me? Howe ſhulde els the ſcripture be fulfylled, propheſienge of me to ſuffre theſe thynges. ¶ And anone he toke the eare of this Luke. maymed man, and reſtored it to hym, declarynge agayne playnly by this myghty myracle, his godheed, and alſo gyuynge an excellent example to do good, euyn to our enemyes.

¶ Than turned he hym ſelfe to the company of his ad- Math.
uerſaries, amonge whom was there the ouermoſt of Marke.
the preeſtes, as the rulers, and the chiefe heedes of the Luke.
temple, with many other preeſtes, ſayeng vnto them: Ye are come forthe hyther with ſwerdes, and battes to take me, as thoughe ye came to take a thefe, ye neded not thus ſtrongly to haue come to take me, I ſate

and taughte daylye in the temple openly, ye ſeinge, and hearynge me, wherfore layde ye not handes vpon me than? Verely ye wolde haue done it often tymes before this, but who than helde you? wherfore ſe that ye knowlage, & that ye cõfeſſe me nowe to haue come wyllyngly in to your hãdes, that the ſcripture myght be fulfylled, or els I coulde nowe be as ſure from you, as I was in the temple. But this is that ſame your houre, & yͤ power of darkenes. Nowe pleaſeth it my father to betake me to the prynce of darkenes, whiche leadeth you, & to you, whiche are his ſouldiers to fyght on his ſyde. My fathers cõmaundement I obey wyllyngly & gladly, that the worlde myght ſe howe truely I loue hym, and that yͤ ſcriptures ſhulde be fulfylled. ¶Than all his diſciples forſoke hym and fledde.

Iohñ. ¶Than the ſergeaũtes, the officiers and ſeruaũtes of the Iewes toke Ieſus and bounde hym, and led hym fyrſte vnto Annas, for he was father in lawe to Cayphas, which was byſhop for that yere, and Cayphas was he that counſelled the Iewes, ſayenge: It is expedient that one man dye for the people.

Iohñ. ¶Alſo there was than a certeyn yõge ſpringolde that folowed Chriſt, decked vpõ his bare with fyne clothe of raynes, whiche yonge ſpryngolde the other yonge men that came with them, beganne to ſet holde vpon, but he fled away naked from thẽ, his cloth of raynes lefte behynde hym. For thus all alone wolde theyr mayſter ſuffre for his choſen: ſo yͭ he wolde not ſuffer not onely any of his diſciples to be takẽ, but brought ſo to paſſe alſo, that this yonge man, what ſoeuer he was (ſeinge that he folowed hym) ſhulde not come in to theyr handes.

This

¶ This fourthe parte conteyneth what was ſayde and done before the byſhoppe Cayphas, and Peters denyenge.

FOrthermore, whā it was ſo that Cayphas was byſhop, Annas ſente Ieſus thus bounde vnto hym.

Mat. Marke. Luke. Iohñ.

¶ In the meane ſeaſon, Peter takynge herte to hym ſelfe, with a nother of his diſciples, folowed theyr mayſter all a farre. ¶ This other diſciple was well beknowen with the byſhop, wherfore he was ſo bolde, as to entre in to the byſhops courte with Ieſus, Peter abydynge ſtyll without the dore. ¶ Than this other diſciple wente and deſyred the woman that kepte the dore, that Peter myght come in, and ſheſeynge Peter ſyttyng agaynſt the lyght (for the vylayns had made a greate fyre, beneath in the myddes of the halle, where they ſate together with them, and ſome ſtode aboute it warmynge them, for it was ſomwhat colde, and Peter was with them warmynge hym, for he deſyred moche to ſe the ende). ¶ This woman that kepe the dore, beholdynge hym earneſtly, ſayd vnto hym: Arte not thou alſo one of this mānes diſciples? ¶ Thou were with Ieſus of Galile. And he anſwered by and by, ſayenge: I am not, I knowe not this man, I wote not what thou ſayeſt.

Marke.

¶ After this he wente forth in to the entre, ⁊ the cocke crewe. But this as yet moued hym nothynge at all.

Math. Marke.

¶ Alſo there hadſpyed hym agayn a nother mayden, whiche ſayde vnto hym amonge them all. And this man was wͭ Jeſus of Nazareth. He denyed it agayn, yea & that with an othe. So farre was his herte gone, that was ſo redy to dye with his mayſter. For ſo muſt men ſlyde and falle, that truſte more to theyr owne ſtrẽgth and power, than to Chriſtes wordes, and yet was he bolder than any of the other. In the meane ſeaſon, the byſhop aſked Jeſus of his diſciples, and of his doctrine, and wherfore he was ſo bolde to gather diſciples to hym, what newe doctrine he taught them, and what thynge he wente aboute. To whom Chriſt anſwered. I haue ſpoken openly in the worlde, tho thynges, whiche I taughte in the ſynagoges, and I taughte in the temple, where all the Jewes came to gether. Wherfore as for the doctrine, ye may it well know, not to be ſeditious, nor derogatiue vnto goddꝭ lawe, as ye couet it to be ſo ſide. Call hyther any witnes, not one or other, but as many as herde me, & aſke them, whiche herde me, what I ſpoke to them. Loo, they knowe both what I ſayde & taught, for I knowe well ye wolde not beleue me, if I ſhulde teſtifie of my ſelfe. Whan Chriſte had ſpoken theſe wordes, with ſo ſofte ſobrenes, and greate grauitie: notwithſtãdyng yet one of the byſhops ſeruauntes, thynkynge to do his mayſter a pleaſure, gaue Jeſus a blowe of the eare, ſayinge: Thus anſwereſt thou the byſhop? whom Chriſt anſwered agayn mekely: If I haue ſpoken any hurte by hym, teſtifie therof, and if I ſpeake well, wherfore do ye ſmyte me?

John.

¶ But nowe bicauſe thoure was come, wherin Chriſt ſhulde ſanctifie his choſen by his paſſion, and with payns, whiche can not be expreſſed, neyther the ſayeng of the trouth, nor his innocẽce, nor yet his meke modeſtie, were it neuer ſo greate, coulde helpe hym. For Satan his aduerſarye had ſo ſet them a fyre, and in ſuche a furye, that euyn lyke wod dogges they ranne all vpon hym, and the more cruelly & ſhamfully that any man coulde tormente hym, & ſpytefully entreate hym, the better he was there alowed, & commended of the byſhop. And for that he behaued hym ſelfe ſo mekely, ſo modeſtly, and ſo gẽtly, the more they ſcorned hym, ſpyttyng in his amyable face, and buffetyng hym, ſome of them in the necke, and ſome on his cheke. ¶Than muffeled they hym, & bobbed hym, in the face, aſkynge hym, who ſmote the laſte? who ſhall ſmyte the nexte? For thou makeſt thy ſelfe a prophete, with other greuous and ignominious blaſphemies, they aſſayled hym. ¶Than was he verely amõge the very madde dogges, & amõge the boyſtous bulles of Baſhan. ¶Than was he amõge yͤ roryng lunatike lyons, & vnmercyful vnicorns. Of whom it is wryten in the .xxii. pſalme. ¶Than herde he the reuylynges, and rebukes of many men, as ſyngeth Dauid in the .xxxi. pſalme. ¶Than felte he his enemyes, exceding in nombre, the heares of his heed, as ſingeth the .lxix. pſalme.

¶But Peter whan he was gone forthe into thentre, Luke.
after his fyrſt denyenge, and there in thentre had de- Iohn̄.
nyed hym agayne, nothyng remẽbryng the crowyng
of the kocke, cõmeth me backe agayne vnto the fyre,
and there he ſtode warmynge hym with other men,
which ſayd vnto hym. Art yͧ not one of his diſciples?
And one of them ſayde ſtyfly vnto hym, euyn thou art
one of them, and Peter denyed it, ſayenge: I tell the
man, I am not. ¶And within an houre after, they Math.
that ſtode by hym, came nere, ſayenge: Surelye thou Marke.
arte one of them, euyn thy very tonge bewrayeth the, Luke.
for thou Iohn̄.

for thou art a Galilen. And one of ẏ byſhops ſeruãtes, kynſeman vnto hym, whoſe ryghte eare he ſmote of, ſayd vnto hym, Dyd not I ſe the in the gardeyn with hym? Than beganne he to banne, to wary, and to forſwere hym ſelfe ſtyflye, that he neuer knewe the man. And by and by, whyles he was ſpekynge, the kocke crewe the ſeconde tyme.

Luke. ¶ And his mayſter, whiche than was holden of the vyleyns, and vexed with continuall rebukes, & ſcourgynges, turned hym, and behelde Peter.

Math. Marke. Luke. ¶ Upon this he remembred his mayſters wordꝭ, tellyng hym before, ẏ before the kocke ſhal crowe twyſe, thou ſhalte denye me thryſe. Wherfore (as he myghte well be)he beinge ſore aſhamed of hym ſelfe, and ſmytten with repentaunce, vnable to be expreſſed, that he had nowe ſo ofte denyed hys mayſter, and ſauiour, he bothe hearynge and ſeinge hym, with whom he promyſed ſo manfully, ſwore ſo ſtoutely, to go with hym euyn in to deathe, wente forthe, & wepte full bytterly.

¶ Than knewe he howe folyſhe hardely, and wͭ howe ouer bolde a confidence he promyſed hym, ſo arrogãtly to do that, that his mayſter denyed hym to do.

¶ Of this his owne falle without doubte, he had a great experience of hym ſelfe, euer after to know hym ſelfe more modeſtly and ſoberly, and to beare his brothers ſlydynges, & tender theyr falles more mercyfully.

¶ In this fyfte parte are conteyned what were concluded in the counſell of the Jewes and the wretched ende of Judas.

Math.
Marke.
Luke.
Johñ.

The daye nowe ſpronge, there cāme together the elders of yͤ folke, the chiefe preeſtes, and the ſcribes, in to the byſhops palace, and brought Chriſte in amonge them. ¶ Theſe ouermoſte of the preeſtes, with the elders, & whole counſell, ſought for ſome falſe teſtimony and wytnes agaynſt Jeſus, that they myght put hym to dethe: but they coulde not fynde any thyng amyſſe, done or ſayd of hym, his doctrine was ſo true, and his lyfe ſo pure. At laſt after moche inquiſition, there ſtepte forth two falſe witneſſes, affirmynge, that they herde hym ſaye theſe wordes: I may deſtroy the temple of god, and in thre dayes buylde it vp agayne. And whan theſe teſtimonies, lyke as of other thyngꝭ, coulde not be fou͂de laufull to put hym to dethe, if caſe ben he had ſo ſayd. ¶ Than ſterte vp in the myddes of them, one of yͤ chiefe preeſtes, couetyng to haue trapped hym in his owne anſwere, ſayenge: Anſwereſt thou nothynge vnto thy accuſation, and thingꝭ layde to thy charge? Thynkeſt thou theſe witneſſes to be layde agaynſt the in vayne? Jeſus than helde his peace, for what ſhulde he haue ſayde to ſuche teſtimonies, whiche euyn his enemyes coulde not receyue, as laufully. Wherfore the byſhoppe than beganne to ſpeake to hym thus: I adiure the by the lyuynge god, that thou telle vs whether thou be that holy anoynted, the ſonne of the

prayſed god. ¶ Than Chriſte, leſt it ſhulde be ſene, hym
ſelfe to beare but ſmall reuerēce to his father, in whoſe
name he was thus ſtraytly coniured, or to feare them,
ſo that nowe bounde, he durſte not confeſſe ẏ thynge,
whiche before he beinge at libertie, profeſſed & knowledged
Luke. ſo openly and ſo ofte, anſwered them. If I
ſhulde tell you the trouthe, yet ſhall ye not beleue me,
and if I ſhulde aſke you any thynge, yet wyll ye not
Math. anſwere me ryghtly, nor yet let me go. Wherfore I
Marke. thynke it beſte to holde my tonge, as I haue begonne
Luke. to do. But bicauſe ye ſhall knowe that I honour the
father, by whoſe name ye adiure me, & that I ſo feare
you not, but I dare tell you the truthe, I anſwere and
knowledge vnto you, that thou byſhop haſt hytte the
nayle on the heed, and ſayde that, that true is. But yet
nowe for all this, ſhall ye neuer the more beleue it,
but ye ſhall ſe me, whom ye deſpiſe, as but one of the
ſonnes of Adam, and ſo entende ye to put me to death,
ſyttynge on the ryghte hande of god, that is to ſaye,
equall with hym in power, to cōmaunde and to gouerne
all men. Ye ſhall ſe me at laſt cōmynge agayne
in the cloudꝭ from aboue, to iudge both men lyuyng,
and them that are nowe deade. ¶ This glory ſhall I
receyue of my father in ſhorte ſpace, ſone after ye haue
put me to dethe. From this day ſhal ye not ſe me other
wyſe, than ſyttyng on the ryght hande of god, tryumphyng
in a glorious eſtate and power, almighty ouer
all men. Whiche thynge I haue tolde you before this.
¶ Than cōcluded they all, Ergo, thou arte euyn the ſon
of god. Ieſus anſwered, Ye ſay ſo, and ſo I am.
Math. ¶ Than beganne the byſhop to rage, and to rente his
clothes, ſayenge: Lo, he hath ſpoken blaſphemy. Wherfore

fore than

foꝛe than nede ye any farther witnes? So, your ſelues
haue herde now a greuous blaſphemie, what thynke
ye? They all anſwered, ſayenge, he is woꝛthy to dye.
¶ Theſe thynges were done in the coũſel, whiche all Math.
the chiefe of the pꝛeeſtes, thelders, & ſcribes, helde erly Marke.
in the moꝛnynge, to condempne Chꝛiſt to dethe. And
of this they armed theyꝛ ſelues, and toke courage to
accuſe hym befoꝛe the chiefe gouernour, and iudge, called
Pilate. ¶ Beſydes this, ſeinge that it perteyneth
to thiſtoꝛie, to ſe what ende Iudas made, the betrayer,
I ſhall here put to his departynge.

¶ Whan Iudas ſe his mayſter was lykely to be condempned Math.
to deathe, than beganne he to repente hym,
than heuynes touched his herte, and conſtrained hym
to beare agayne to the pꝛeeſtes & thelders, theſe thyꝛty
peſes of ſyluer, foꝛ the whiche he ſolde hym, ſayenge:
I haue ſynned, in betrayenge this innocente bloude.
Whiche anſwered hym, ſayenge: what is that to vs?
care thou therfoꝛe, foꝛ we care not. So lyght regarded
they, that they had bought that innocent bloude, and
delyuered hym to dethe. Suche is the pope holynes,
and fayned ryght wyſenes of hipocrites. And Iudas
thꝛewe downe the money, & went his way, & hanged
hym ſelfe with an halter, and he bꝛaſt in the myddes,
and all his bowelles felle out. Whiche thynge was
ſpꝛed ouer all Ieruſalem. ¶ Than toke the chiefe Math.
pꝛeeſtes that money, ſayenge: It is not lauful to put
this money in to our offerynge boxe, foꝛ bloude was
boughte and ſolde ther with.

¶ Here was a merueylous religion, they ſhamed not
ne feared to ſhede thinnocẽt bloude, but yͤ pꝛice therof
durſte they not myngle with theyꝛ other money, that

was offred to them. ¶ Thus do hipocrites ſtrayne out a gnatte, and ſwalowe ouer a camell. Wherfore theſe vntowarde, & ouertwharte religious men, call theyr frowarde heddes together, and boughte a felde of a Potter with the money, to burye in ſtraungers. And for this cauſe the felde was called in theyr mother tongue, Cakaldema, which is to ſay, the bloudy felde. ¶ Than was fulfylled the ꝓpheſie of zacharie in the .xi. chapiter, and the ſame in the .xxvii. of Math. is called Hieremie, whiche propheſied, that theſe men ſhulde gyue thyrtye pence. ¶ The whiche money ſhulde be the pryce of a man, bought & ſolde amonge them, boughte of one of ỹ Iſraelities, which was had in reputacion. ¶ They ſhulde gyue this money for the potters felde, as the lorde had ordeyned it. A merueylous thyng, that Chriſte wolde be ſolde of ſo dere beloued a diſciple? Alſo it was not without a great miſterie, that for the ſame pryce, and for the ſame money that Chriſte was ſolde, this felde was bought to bury in the ſtrāgers, or wayfaryng men. For the very true reſte and tranquilite of our conſciences, is bought and procured, as through Chriſtes deathe, whiche are here ſtraungers, goynge to the very heuenly citie of Ieruſalem, that is to ſay, to a perpetuall place and reſte. Wherfore it was well worthy, that this texte of the prophete by name, ſhulde be here remembred. Nowe let vs proſecute the hiſtorie of the paſſion.

¶ In this ſyxte parte are conteyned what was
done in the fyrſte inquiſition before
Pilate, and afterwarde
before Herode.

After this, whan the Iewes thoughte them ſelues well and ſufficiently inſtructe to accuſe Chriſt, the multitude roſe vp from the counſell, and preſented hym vnto Pilate. For they wolde not entre in to theyr owne houſe, or iudgement halle, leſte they ſhulde haue polluted theyr ſelues. For theſe holy hipocrites, and falſe phariſeis, ſhulde celebrate and kepe holy theyr paſſe ouer daye on the morowe. Luke.

¶ Here may ye ſe howe ſcrupulous was their vngodly holynes. Wherfore Pilate wente forth vnto them, aſkynge them wherfore they accuſed this man, And they anſwered, If he were not a malefactor, we had not in any wyſe delyuered hym vnto the. With the whiche anſwere, ſo proudely ſpoken, Pilate was ſom what offended, and badde them procede with hym, as they had begonne, and to iudge hym after theyr owne lawes. And they denyed that it was laufull for them to ſlaye any man. And thus was it ordeyned of god, that Chriſte ſhulde be crucified of the Gentiles, as he ofte tymes before tolde it vnto his diſciples. Iohn̄.

¶ Than beganne they to accuſe Chriſte agayne, that he had made ſeditions amonge the people through his doctrine, whiche they were aboute to make appere dampnable, and ſeditiouſe, ſayenge, that he forbod tribute to be gyuen to themperour. And at laſt they ſayd Luke.

that Chriſte made hym ſelfe a kynge. By whiche ſayinges, they truſted to condempne hym of treaſon.

Math. Marke. Luke. ¶ Wherfore Pilate the iudge aſked hym, nowe ſtandyng before hym, whether he were yͤ kyng of Iewes? For this mater he thought ꝑteyned vnto his charge, which was thã ther deputed to gouerne vnder themperour. But as touchynge his doctrine (as a thynge nothyng derogatyng Thẽperours power) he toke no great hede therof, neyther was he moche inquiſitiue.

Iohñ. ¶ Than Ieſus aſked hym, howe come it in to your mynde to demaunde of me this queſtion? Come it of your ſelfe, or haue ye herde it of any other man? For Chriſt wolde be ſene (as he was in very dede) ſo farre and ſo pure from all affection or deſyre of any earthly kyngdome, that no man ſhulde it ſuſpecte in hym. Wherupon euyn Pilate his ſelfe, as ſhewyng hym to haue not ſuſpected any ſuche thynge in hym, ſayd: As for me, I am a Romane, nothĩg lerned in your lawes and prophetes, I knowe not howe, & in what maner your kyng Meſſias ſhulde come, and as for me, I can not perceiue any token of a kynges eſtate in the, thyn owne nacion, and the byſſhops delyuerd the vnto me, and they are the men yͭ accuſe the of this thyng, what haſt yͧ done? Thã anſwered Ieſus, My kyngdome is not of this worlde, or els I myght haue my ſeruaũtes to defende me. And thus he confeſſed hym ſelfe to be kynge of heuen, puttynge alſo Pilate out of doubte, that he neded nothynge to feare hym, for his kyngedome, whiche he gouerned. Of the which kyngdome the Iewes accuſed hym.

Math. Marke. ¶ Of this notwithſtandynge, Pilate yet gatheryng hym to be a kynge, concluded, ſayeng, Ergo, thou arte a kynge.

Luke. John. a kynge. Whom Jeſus anſwered ſayenge: Thou haſt ſayde the trouthe.

John. ¶ And Jeſus ſhewyng ỹ cauſe why he confeſſed this thynge, ſayde, that he was borne vnto it, and for this cauſe was he come in to the worlde to teſtifie ỹ truthe. So that here he declared hym ſelfe to be all only both kyng, and ſauiour of all the choſen. And bicauſe that the choſen onely beleue this verely, he added, ſayeng: Euery man that is of the trouthe, heareth my voyce.

Luke. John. ¶ Than Pilate pceyuyng hym to be vngyltie of any treaſon, as cõcernyng Themperours maieſtie, whoſe depute he was there, wente forth affirmyng agayne, that he coulde fynde no maner a cauſe, worthy deathe in the man.

Luke. ¶ Upon this the chiefe of the preeſtes ſtepte in, layeng ſore agaynſt hym, accuſyng hym that he ſhulde make a ſedition amõge the people, teachyng and preachyng thrughout al Galile. And Pilate hearynge them ſpeake of Galile, anone aſked hym, if he were of Galile, and as ſone as he herde ỹ he pteyned to Herodes iuriſdiction, he ſent hym to Herode, which was than at Jeruſalem, wherof Herode was not a lytle gladde, for he was ofte before greately deſyrous to ſe hym, & whan he came before hym, he aſked hym many thynges, but Jeſus anſwered hym nothynge, although yet the ouermoſt of the preeſtes, and ſcribes, ſtode there agaĩſt hym, accuſyng hym ſtyfly & ſharply. Whã Jeſus reputyng Herode as a dogge, or a ſwyne, vnworthy his wordes, wold nothyng anſwere hym, (parauenture he aſked hym nothyng concernyng the glorie of god) Herode deſpiſed hym, and the company alſo with hym. Wherfore they ſcorned hym, & brought hym backe agayn in a whyte coote to Pilate. And for this cauſe, Herode, and Pilate, were made frendes agayne, whiche before were at oddes. And thus came the kynges of thearthe together, agreynge to conſpire agaynſt the lorde, & his anoynted, pſalme the ſeconde.

¶ This ſeuenth parte conteyneth the other inquiſition of the iudge, his counſell to let hym go, and howe he was ſcourged.

Luke.

WHan Ieſus was broughte agayne to Pilate, than he called agayne together to hym the chiefe of the preeſtes, and the ſeculer heades of the people, ſayinge, neyther I, nor Herode can fynde any cauſe of death in this man, and ſo he wolde haue corrected hym a lytle, to ſatiſfie theyr myndes, and let hym haue gone.

Math.
Marke.

¶ But than began the hyghe preeſtes to accuſe Ieſus of many thinges, & he wolde anſwere them nothyng, nor yet Pilate, whã he bad hym anſwere to theyr accuſations, in ſo moche that Pilate meruayled greatly at hym.

Math.
Marke.
Luke.
Iohñ.

¶ Than were they wonte in the feaſte of Paſſage, whiche we nowe call Eaſter, to gyue one of the priſoners to yͤ people to be delyuered, and Pilate had in his cuſtodie an erante thefe, called Barrabas, taken with the authors of ſedition, and makers of a great fray, whiche alſo cõmitted murther in the fraye. This man as one that was odious vnto the people, he coupled, & matched with Ieſus. And whã the folke after the vſe & yearely cuſtome, aſked one of the priſoners to be gyuen them, he aſked them whether they

wolde haue Barrabas let go and delyuerde them, or
Ieſus the kynge of the Iewes, whiche is called the
anoynted. For he knewe it full well, ỹ they betrayde Math.
and betoke hym to hym of enuye and malyce. Than Marke.
the chiefe of the preeſtes and the ſeigniors, perſwaded
the folke to aſke Barrabas. Than the cōmune Math.
people (Pilate aſkyng them whether of theſe twayne Marke.
they wolde haue) cryenge all with one voyce, let vs Luke.
haue Barrabas. ¶ After this, Pilate aſkynge them Iohn̄.
what ſhall be done with this man Ieſus, whiche is
called the kynge of Iewes? They cryed out agayne, Math.
crucifie hym. To whom Pilate anſwered, what hurt Marke.
hath he done? And thā they cryed out more vehemētly,
crucifie hym. ¶ Than he, ſeinge that by this wayes
he could not haue his purpoſe, turned hym to a nother
way, whiche he had conceyued with hym ſelfe before,
ſayeng: I fynde nothyng worthy deathe in this man,
wherfore I wyll chaſten hym, and ſo let hym go.

¶ And than cauſed he Ieſus to be whypped & ſcourged. Math.
Than the vilens of the Iewes toke and led hym Marke.
in to the courte houſe, and gathered all the companye Iohn̄.
aboute hym, they put of his clothes, and clothed hym
with a redde roobe, and wrothe a garlande of thornes
aboute his heade, they gaue hym a reede in his ryghte
hande, and than made they curteſye before hym, mockynge
hym and ſalutynge hym, ſayenge: All hayle ye
kyng of the Iewes, & they buffetted hym on the cheke.
And whan they hadde ſpytte in his face, they toke the
reede and ſmote hym vpon the heade.

¶ Thus Pilate brought forthe Chriſt to the Iewes, Iohn̄.
all to whypped, crowned w̄ thornes, beſpytted, beaten,
and ſcourged, ſuppoſynge thrugh ſuche a carefull,

and petuous ſtate & condicion of hym, to haue ſwaged and mitigated theyr malicious hatred agaynſt hym, ſayeng: Lo, I haue brought hym here forth vnto you, that ye ſhuld know ŷ I fynde no cauſe gyltie in hym.

Johñ. ¶ Than came Ieſus forthe amonge them, bearynge a crowne of thorne, and had a redde paule or mantell vpon hym. And Pilate ſayde vnto them, beholde this is the man. Than the byſhops and theyr myniſters beholdyng hym, cryed out, crucifie hym, crucifie hym. To whom the iudge ſayde: Take hym your ſelfe and crucifie hym, for as for me I fynde no cauſe of deathe in hym. Than ſayde the Iewes agayne, we haue a lawe, and after our lawe he ought to dye, for he made hym ſelfe the ſonne of god. Whan Pilate herde that, he began to be more afrayde for Ieſus ſake, leſt parauenture he ſhulde haue pretented any ſuche thynge, wherby it ſhulde not haue layne in his power to haue delyuerde hym. Wherfore he returned in to the iudgement halle, ſayenge vnto Chriſt: Of whēſe art thou? And Ieſus wolde nothynge anſwere hym, for he had teſtified the trouthe often ynoughe before, confeſſynge hym ſelfe to be Chriſt, and kynge alſo, but ſo that his kyngdome was not of this worlde. Wherfore Pilate nedd not to haue feared, as cōcernig any mynyſhyng or hurte towardes Themperours power, & ſo to haue any cauſe to gyue ſentēce againſt hym. Wherfore Pilate, diſcōtent that he wolde not anſwere hym, ſayde, Wherfore ſpeakeſt thou not to me? Knoweſt thou not that it lyeth in my power to crucifie the, or to delyuer the? Than bicauſe Pilate toke ſo moche vpon hym, vſurpyng that, whiche turned in to ŷ contēpt of god. Of whom it was defined of his godly ſecrete cōſel, vnable to be vndone, that Chriſte at this tyme ſhulde be betrayde, and lefte vnto the power of darkenes (or els no man myght haue done any thyng agaiſt hym) corrected yͤ iudge, ſayenge on this maner: Thou ſhuldeſt haue no power agaynſt or vpõ me, onleſſe it were gyuen the from aboue. Nowe for aſmoche as thou art here iudge, & ruler (the power of iudgement ouer me, gyuen the of god) thy ſynne is not ſo great as theyrs, whiche delyuerde me vnto the, moued only of hatred, without any laufull authorite. Nowe of this Pilate ſoughte wayes to delyuer hym: but the Iewes cryed, ſayenge: If thou delyuer this man, than art thou not Themperours frende. For who ſoeuer maketh hym kynge, ſayth agaynſt Themperour.

Than inſtaunted they more vehemently with great noyſe, aſkyng to obteyne hym to be crucified. And the importune aſkyng, outcryenges of them, and myſcheuous perſwations of the byſhoppes, at laſte obteyned theyr deuylyſhe purpoſe.

¶ This eyght parte conteyneth the cõdempnation of
Jeſus, and his leadynge forthe to the croſſe.

¶ Here Pilate was ouercome with the wycked importunite of the byſhops, whiche perſwaded all to theyr deadely purpoſe.

Iohn.

When Pilate herde these wordes, he brought forthe Jeſus, and ſate downe in iudgement, in a place called Lythoſtrotes, and in Ebrewe it is called Gabbatha, bycauſe it ſygnyfyeth an hygher place. It was than frydaye, the day nexte before Eaſter, or theyr paſſe ouer day, in the whiche day they prepared thyngꝭ required for the day, and it was almoſte the ſyxte houre, that is to ſay, aboute the ende of the ſeconde parte of the day, whiche ſecond parte begynneth wͭ them at nyne of the clocke in the mornyng, contynuyng to twelue, and is called with them the thyrde houre, and the ſpace from noone to thre, they call the ſyxte houre, from thre to ſyxe after noone, they call the nynth houre. ¶ Thus deuyded they our twelue houres of the day, in to their foure houres, begynnyng at ſyxe of the clocke in the mornyng, contynuynge to ſyxe at nyght, and theyr naturall day begynneth at ſyxe of the clocke at nyght, and cōtynueth vnto the ſame houre agayn, as it is wryten in ẏ fyrſt chapiter of Geneſis. And ſo of the euenyng and mornynge was made one day. ¶ The euenyng begynnyng at ſyxe at nyght, contynuyng to ſyxe in the mornyng, deuided in to foure watches, euery watche cōtaynyng thre of our houres, the mornynge begynnyng at ſyxe, cōtinuing to ſyxe at nyght, deuided into foure porciōs, euery porcion or parte cōtaynyng thre of our houres, as. vii. viii. ix. before noone they call ẏ fyrſte houre, & fyrſt porcion of the mornyng. &c. And Marke writeth that Jeſus was crucified in the ſyxte houre, that is to ſay, in the later ende of this ſeconde ꝑte, aboute twelue they nayled hym to the croſſe, & ſo lyfted hym vp there to hange all the ſyxte, & nynth houres folowyng, that is to ſay, from twelue tyll ſyxe of the clocke at nyght.

Math. ¶ Than Pilate ſyttyng as iudge, his wyfe ſent vnto hym, ſayenge: Meddle not with this man, for I haue this day ſuffred many thyngꝭ in my ſlepe for hym (for ſo wolde god put Pilate in mynde of his office.)

Than ſayde he to the Iewes: Beholde, here is your Iohn̄.
kynge, as who ſhulde ſay, ye ſay that this man ſhulde
haue made hym ſelfe your kynge. Nowe may ye well
ſe howe farre vnlyke he is your ſayenges. And than
they cryed, take hym, take hym, and crucifie hym.
Than ſayd Pilate, as mockyng them, ſhall I crucifie
your kynge? But they ſtode ſtyfly agaynſt hym, ſayinge:
we haue no kynge, but Themperour. ¶ To this
poynte theyꝛ furye caryed them, that they vtterly denyed
all together Chꝛiſtis kyngdome, whiche all the
nacyon loked and taryed foꝛ ſo feruently.

¶ Than Pilate ſeing he coulde not pꝛeuayle, but that Math.
it wolde turne hym to moꝛe buſynes to haue let hym
go, wente and waſhed his handes befoꝛe the people,
ſayenge: I am innocent from the bloude of this ryght
wyſe man, take ye hede to your charge. ¶ Than anſwered
all the people, ſayenge: His bloude be vpon vs,
and vpon our chyldꝛen. ¶ Than dyd Pilate gyue Math.
ſentence accoꝛdynge to theyꝛ aſkynge, and let them Marke.
haue Barrabas, and delyuered them Ieſus at theyꝛ Luke.
pleaſure, to crucifie hym, whom they ſtrypte out of his Iohn̄.
redde roobe, and dyd agayne vpon hym his owne clothes,
and led hym away to be crucified.

¶ Than Ieſus thus iudged to death wente his way, Iohn̄.
bearyng his croſſe towarde the place, whiche was called
Caluaria. But in yͤ Ebꝛewe tonge, whiche they
ſpoke at that tyme, which ſpeche ſauoꝛde moche of the
Chalday tonge, it was called Golgatha.

¶ And as he wente, they ouertoke one Simon of Ciren, Math.
father to Alexãder, and Rufus, cõmyng from the Marke.
felde, and they layde yͤ croſſe vpon his necke to beare Luke.
it after Ieſus. Whiche thynge (it is to ſuppoſe) they

tyd bycauſe, that Ieſus for feblenes, was not able to beare ſuche a tree.

¶ Here many of the cōmen people folowed hym, with many women, waylyng & lamētyng his heuy chaūce and ſorowful ſtate, for the loue and ſeruice that many men yet bore vnto hym ſelfe, not a way from euery mānes hert. But vnto theſe careful folke he turned hym ſelfe backe, ſayeng: Oh doughters of Ieruſalē wepe not for me, wepe for your owne ſelues, and for your chyldren. For the days ſhall come, in ẏ whiche it ſhal be ſayd, Bleſſed are the baren, & the wombes, whiche haue not conceyued, and the breſtes, whiche haue not gyuen any ſouke. ¶ Than ſhall they begynne to ſay to the mountayns, fall ye downe vpō vs, And to ẏ hylles, couer vs. In theſe wordes he propheſied to them the myſerable calamitie of the beſegyng of Ieruſalem, by the Romans, & murther to come vpon them. In whiche they ſhulde fele & knowe at laſt, what they prayed for them ſelues, whā they ſayde, His bloude fall vpon vs, and vpon our chyldren. And he added therto, For if they thus do to the grene and moyſt tree, what than ſhall become (thynke ye) of the drye baren blocke.

By whiche ſayeng he mente this, If they ſhulde (god ſufferyng it) thus cruelly entreate hym, beinge an innocent, & iuſt man, lyke the moyſt & frutefull tree (as it ſtādeth in ẏ fyrſt pſalme) moche more cruelly ſhal god ſuffre the vnfrutefull nacyon of ẏ Iewes to be hādled, whiche are but drye baren blockꝭ. ¶ There were two
Math. other malefactors led forth wt hym to be crucified alſo
Marke. ¶ And after ẏ they came to the place called Caluaria,
Luke. they gaue Ieſus to drīke, vynaygre myngled wt gall,
Iohñ. but whan he had taſted it, he wolde not drynke therof.

¶ And there they crucified hym with the two theues, Math.
one on his ryghte hande, the other of his lefte hande, Marke.
where this propheſye of Eſaye in the.liii.chap. was Luke.
fulfylled. And he was reputed amonge the myſdoers. Iohn̄.

¶ Than ſayde Ieſus, Father forgyue them, for they Luke.
knowe not what they do.

¶ Here Pilate ſet vp a title vpon the croſſe, in Ebrue, Math.
Greke, and Latine, conteynyng theſe wordes: Ieſus Marke.
of Nazareth, the kynge of Iewes. Luke.

¶ But whan the Iewes had redde this title (for the Iohn̄.
place was nyghe Ieruſalem) the byſhoppes required
Pilate to wryte, that Ieſus ſhulde ſay theſe wordes:
I am kynge of the Iewes, and not ẏ he was the very
kyng of Iewes. But Pilate, gouerned ⁊ led of goddꝭ
ordynaūce coulde not chaūge the tytle. Whiche without
doubte cōteyned the very goſpell of Chriſt, by the
whiche he was preached ⁊ publyſhed vndoubted to
be the very ſelfe ſame kyng, called Meſſias, ſent vnto
the Iewes. And thus in the myddes of his deathe he
beganne to be exalted, and to enioye his kyngdome.

¶ This nynth parte conteyneth what was done, Chriſte hangynge nowe vpon the croſſe.

THan theſe vylens, whan they hadde Math.
crucified Ieſus, foure of them toke Marke.
his clothes, makynge foure partes Luke.
of them, that eche of them might haue Iohn̄.
a peeſe, and as for his knytte coote,
whiche was without ſeame, bicauſe
it coulde not well be cutte, they caſted
dyſe for it, that the two and twenty pſalme myghte be
fulfylled.

fulfylled. ¶They deuyded my clothes to them ſelues, and vpon my other garmente they threwe dyſe. And all this dyd the vyleyne ſouldiers, whiche ſate there and kepte Jeſus.

Iohn. ¶ Than ſtode there by the croſſe of Jeſus, his mother, and his mothers ſyſter, and Mary Magdalen. And whan Jeſus ſe his mother, and his diſciple, whom he loued, ſtandynge by hym, he ſayde vnto his mother: Woman, beholde thy ſonne. And ſo after warde ſayde he vnto his diſciple. Beholde thy mother. And from that houre he toke the charge of her. His maner was at all tymes to cal her woman, bicauſe he was moche more excellent & godly, than was ſhe, the whiche bore hym, but yet wolde he not forget the duetie and office of the ſonne towarde his mother. Of this may the men that lye on theyr deathe beddes lerne to not forget theyr chyldrens wyues. &c.

Math. ¶ There ſtode the people gaſynge vpon hym, and the goers forbye reuyled hym, waggynge theyr heades at hym, ſayeng: Arte thou he ẏ deſtroyeſt the temple, and buyldeſt it vp agayne in thre dayes? Saue thy ſelfe. If thou be ẏ ſonne of god, come downe from ẏ croſſe. Lykewyſe the ouermoſt of ẏ preeſtꝭ, with the ſcribes & ſeigniors ſcornyng hym, ſayde amonge them ſelues, He hath ſaued other mē, but hym ſelfe he can not ſaue. If he be ẏ kyng of Iſrael, let hym nowe come downe from the croſſe, and we wyl beleue in hym. He truſted in god, let hym nowe delyuer hym, if he ſet any thyng by hym. Alſo the ſouldiers mocked hym.

Luke. ¶ Beſydes all this, one of the theues, that hanged by hym, caſt theſe opprobries, and blaſphemies in to his tethe, ſayenge: If thou be Chriſte, ſaue thy ſelfe, and vs alſo.

vs alſo) for ſo behoued it hym to be blaſphemed of all
maner of folke) but the other theſe anſwered, and blamed
his felowe, ſayenge: And feareſt thou not god, beinge
in lyke dãpnation wͭ other. As for vs, we ſuffre
worthely, for we haue deſerued this deathe, but as for
this man is an innocent, & than he ſayd vnto Jeſus:
Lorde remẽbre me, whã thou ſhalt come to thy kyngdome.
And Jeſus anſwered hym, Verely, verely, I ſay
vnto the, this day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe,
partaker of my glory. Whyles all theſe thyngꝭ were
a doinge, the ſyxte houre (whiche is the thyrde portion
of the day) conteynyng theſe our thre houres .i.ii.iii.
drewe faſt to an ende, and great darkenes was ryſen
ouer all thearth, vntyll the nynth houre, that is ẏ laſt
parte of the daye, whiche conteyneth theſe thre of our
houres, foure, fyue, & ſyxe. Jeſus cryed with a loude & Math.
ſtronge voyce, ſayenge: Ely, Ely, Lama, Sabathani, Marke.
whiche is aſmoche to ſay, as, My god, My god, wherfore
haſt thou forſaken me? And than ſome of the ſtanders
by, hearing this, ſayd: This man calleth Helias.
And ſome ſayde, holde your peace, let vs ſe whether
Helias ſhall come and delyuer hym.

¶ After this, Jeſus knowyng that all thynges ſhulde John.
be nowe ended, and ẏ the ſcripture ſhulde be fulfylled
in all thynges, as concernyng the ꝓpheſienges of his
paſſion, ſayd: I am a thyrſt. Than was there a veſſell
broughte hym full of vinaigre. ¶ And they fylled a Math.
ſpõge with this vinaigre, and hiſope, and put it vpon Marke.
a reede, and lyfted it vp to his mouthe. John.

¶ Whan Jeſus than had taken the vinaigre, he ſayd,
It is done. For nowe had he brought all thingꝭ to an
ende, whiche were propheſied of his deathe.

Luke. And whan Jeſus had cryed with ſo myghtye a loude
voyce, he ſayde: Father, I cōmitte my ſpirite in to thy
Math. handes. And whan he hadde ſayde theſe woꝛdes, he
Marke. ſmyte downe his heade, and gaue vp his ghoſte.
Luke. And lo, the veyle of the temple was cut in two ptes
from the rofe to the grounde.
Math. And therth quaked. The ſtones were cut and bꝛoken
in ſundꝛe. Graues were layde wyde open, and many
faythful mēnes bodies, whiche had ſlepte, dyd ryſe.
Whiche goynge foꝛthe of theyꝛ graues after his reſurrection,
came in to yͤ citie, and appered to many men.
Math. ¶ Than whan a certeyn petie captayne, whiche ſto
Marke. ouer againſt hym, and they that were wͭ hym kepyng
Luke. Jeſus, ſe that he with ſo loude and ſo ſtronge a voyce
gaue vp his ghoſte, beholdynge alſo the merueylous
earthe quake, with the other wonderfull tokens that
there nowe chaūſed, were merueylouſly afrayd, ⁊ glorified
god, ſayeng: This man was yͤ very ſon of god.
Luke. ¶ And all yͤ comen pooꝛe ſymple people, that thyther
came to ſe, cōſyderyng theſe vnwonte and wonderful
thynges that thus happened in tyme of his deathe,
knocked them ſelues vpon theyꝛ bꝛeſtes, with greate
feare, and reuerence.

¶ Than ſtode all they that knewe hym a farre, ⁊ the
women of Galile yͤ folowed hym, mynyſtryng vnto
hym, amonge whom there was Marye Magdalene,
and Mary the mother of James the leſſe, and the mother
of one called Joſe, ⁊ a nother woman called
Salome, the mother of the ſonnes of zebedei,
with other many, whiche came
with hym vnto Jeruſalem,
ſtode alſo a farre.

¶This is the tenthe and laſte parte of the paſſion conteynynge the buryenge of our ſauiour Chriſte.

Than the Iewes, bycauſe the greate ſaboth euen, in the which ſaboth day they ſhulde kepe holy theyr paſſeouer, that is theyr Eaſterne, whiche they kepte in remembraunce of theyr paſſynge forthe of Egypte, through the redde See, thynkyng it vnworthy and vnſemely, the bodyes of ſuche hanged men, ſo vncomely to remayn vpon the croſſes, ſpecially in ſo ſolẽpne a ſaboth day: deſyred Pilate, that (theyr thyghes brokẽ) they myght be taken away. Wherfore the ſouldiers went & broke the thyghes of bothe the theues, but whan they came to Ieſus, he was deade, wherfore they broke not his thyghes, but one of ẏ ſouldiers pearſed his ſyde with a ſpeare, and euyn by and by there guſhed out bloude and water. Whiche thynge Iohñ teſtifieth hymſelfe to haue ſeene, affyrmynge it to be trewe, that we alſo ſhulde beleue it. Furthermore he ſaythe theſe thynges to haue ben done, that the ſcripture ſhulde be fulled, ſayenge: Ye ſhall not breake any of his boones. And agayne another ſcripture. They ſhall ſe whom they pearſed.

¶After this the euenynge cõmyng vpon, whiche be- Math.
gynneth with them at ſyxe of the clocke at nyghte (for Marke.
it was nowe theyr nynth houre, & the laſt porcion of Luke.
the day) there came a certein ryche man, and an honeſt Iohñ.
ſenatour, called Ioſephe, a very good man and a iuſt,

whiche cõſented neyther to the counſell, nor to yͤ dede of the Iewes, borne in Arimathia, a citie of Iurye, whiche abode and loked for the kyngdome of god, he was of Chriſtis diſciples, but priuely, yet for feare of the Iewes. ¶ This man nowe toke herte vnto hym, & wente boldely to Pilate, and aſked the body of Ieſus Chriſte, our ſauiour.

Math. ¶ And Pilate doubtyng whether yͭ he ſhulde be now
Marke. deade ſo ſone, called vnto hym yͤ petie captayn, aſkyng
Luke. hym whether he was yet deade, & as ſone as he knew
Iohn̄. it, he gaue Ioſephe his body. And than came Nicodemus, whiche fyrſte came vnto Ieſus our ſauiour by nyght, bryngyng a confection made with myrre, and aloes, aboute an hundred pounde weyghte, and than toke they the body of Ieſus, & wõde it in a fyne clene lynen ſhete, with this ſwete & precious cõfection wel poudred, as was the maner of the Iewes ſo to burye. ¶ Than was there a garden in the place where he was crucified, and in the ſame garden a newe tombe or ſepulcre, whiche tombe Ioſephe had cauſed to be hewen out of ſtoone for hymſelfe, in the whiche as yet was there no man layde. And there bicauſe of the Iewes ſaboth euyn, and for the graue was very nyghe, they layde in Ieſus, and layde a ſtone vpon the mouthe of the graue.

¶ And thus was he buryed gloryouſlye, whiche was put to death ſo ſhamefully, for nowe beganne he to be glorified. And nowe was it theyr ſaboth euen, in the whiche day they prepared agaynſt the feaſte day, that was at hande euyn on the morowe. And this nynthe houre, that is the laſt portion of yͤ day was at an ende, ſo that it was nowe aboute ſyxe of yͤ clocke at nyght.

¶ Than folowed them theſe women that came with hym from Galile, and they ſe the graue, and howe his body was layde therin. Math. Marke. Luke. Iohn̄.

¶ Than after this returned they agayne to theyr harbour, and prepared ſwete cõfections and oyntmẽtes. And on the ſaboth daye folowynge, they reſted, as it was cõmaunded by the lawe of Moſes. Luke.

¶ But on ẏ morowe after this fryday, that is to ſay, vpon this greate ſaboth day, came the ouermoſt of the preeſtes, with ẏ phariſais together, & went to Pilate, remembrynge that Chriſte (whom they nowe called a falſe deceyuer) ſayd, that he ſhulde ryſe agayne ẏ thyrde day, wherupon they deſyred that he wolde cõmaunde the ſepulcre to be kepte vntyll the thyrde day, leſt his diſciples ſhulde parauẽture come & ſteale hym away, and ſo beare the people in hande that he was ryſen from dethe, and than ſhulde they be in worſe caſe than euer they were before. To whom Pilate graũted the cuſtodie, and that they ſhuld kepe the ſepulcre as well as they coulde, whiche than ſealed the ſtone, and beſet armed men aboute it, to kepe hym. Math.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ We worſhyp the, o Chriſte, and we honour the. Adoramꝰ te. &c.

¶ Thanſwere.

¶ For by thy holy croſſe, thou haſt redemed ẏ worlde.

¶ Oremus.

O Lorde Ieſu Chriſte, the ſon of the lyuyng god, put thy paſſion, croſſe, and thy death betwene ẏ iudgemẽt & our ſoules, nowe, and in the houre of death, and graunt vs whyles we lyue, mercye, & grace, to them Dñe Ieſu chriſte.

that

that departe, forgyuenes, and reſte, vnto thy holy Churche, gyue peace, and concorde, and to vs that are ſynners, lyfe and glorye euerlaſtynge, whiche lyueſt and raigneſt with the father, and with the holy ghoſt, euer. So be it.

Glorioſa paſſio. &c. ¶ The glorious paſſion of our lorde Jeſu Chriſt delyuer vs from ſorowfull heuynes, and brynge vs to the ioyes of Paradiſe. So be it.

Roma. v. GOd ſetteth forthe his incomparable loue that he beareth vnto vs. For ſeing that whyles we were yet ſynners, Chriſte dyed for vs: moche more than nowe (ſeinge that we are iuſtified in his bloude) ſhall we be preſerued from dampnation through hym.

* * *

¶ A deuoute, frutefull, and godly remembraunce of the paſſion of our ſauiour Jeſu Chriſt.

There are certeyne, whiche, whan they exerciſe them ſelues in the meditation or remembraunce of the paſſion, which Chriſte ſuffred for mankynde, nothyng elles, but waxe wodde and furyous agaynſt þe blynde Jewes, & Judas theyr guyde, thrugh whom he was betrayed, as an innocente lambe in to theyr bloudy & cruell handes, euyn as it is the comen maner of them, whiche are wonte to lamente and bewayle the miſerie of theyr frendes, to accuſe and crye out on thoſe perſones, whiche do the dede, but they nothynge conſydre them, whiche are the chiefe cauſes of his bytter death, and paſſion. So that ſurely this may better be called a remembraunce of the Jewes wyckednes, than of Chriſtis paſſion.

¶ There are other þt haue gathered together diuerſe cōmodities, whiche ſprynge thrugh the diligēt beholdyng of this paſſion, wherof is the ſayenge of Albert in euery mannes mouthe: That it is better to remembre the paſſion of Chriſt once in our lyfe, although it be but ſclenderly, than to faſt euery day a whole yere together, or to rede ouer the whole pſalter of Dauid. Howe be it with all theyr polytyke meanes, and ſtudyous imagynations, they coulde neuer atteyne the very vſe and profyte of the paſſyon of Chriſte. Neyther ſoughte they any thynge therin, but theyr owne pryuate welth. For ſome caryed about them ymages, paynted papers, carued croſſes, and ſuche other.

Yea and ſomefell to ſuche madde ignorãce, that they thought them ſelues through ſuche thynges to be ſafe from fyre, water, and all other perylous ieopardyes: as though ẏ croſſe of Chriſt ſhulde delyuer them from ſuche outwarde troubles, and not rather the cõtrary.

¶ Theſe do petuouſly ſorowe and mourne for Chriſt, and cõplayne that he was innocent, and gyltles put to death, euyn lyke as ẏ women of Ieruſalem, whom Chriſte hym ſelfe dyd reprehende, aduertiſynge them that they ſhulde lament them ſelues, & theyr chyldren. Neither is it any meruel, for ẏ preachers them ſelues are ſycke of the ſame diſeaſe, whiche for the moſt parte whan they entreate this mater, leape out of the frutefull and holſome ſtorie, into theſe their comen places, How Ieſus toke his leaue of his diſciples. And with what dolorous ſyghes his mother Mary peryed hym, and ſuche other thinges. On theſe they bable at length and diſcante theyr pleaſures, rather to the weryenge, than edifienge of the audience. In this ſorte may we alſo nombre them, whiche haue enſtructe other, what excellent cõmodities are in the maſſe, in ſo moche that the rude and ignorãt people perſwaded them ſelues, that it was ſufficient ſalue for all ſores, yf they had herde a maſſe, and that they ſhulde haue good lucke in what ſoeuer they wente about, good, or euyll.

¶ They cõſydre not ẏ the maſſe was inſtitute of Chriſte to make vs more holy, thrugh ẏ deuoute remẽbrãce of his paſſion, with a pure faythe, and not to preſerue vs from aduerſities, whiche god ſendeth vs for ẏ correction of our euyll lyues. It is therfore to be feared, leſſe if thou be ignoraunt in the true vſe of the maſſe, that the mo thou heareſt, the more thou offendeſt god,

abuſynge

A frutefull remembraunce of Chriſtis paſſion, abuſynge his inſtitution and ordynaunce.

¶ But theſe are the very ryght beholders of Chriſtis paſſion, whiche conſydre & marke in his paſſion theyr owne ſynnes and enormities, whiche were the cauſe and grounde of his paſſion, & dethe, for they are feared, and theyr cōſciences tremble, as ſone as they remembre the paſſion. Whiche feare and tremblynge ryſeth of this, that they may ſe in the paſſion the vehement wrathe, and ryghtuous punyſhement of god yͤ father, againſt ſynners, whiche wolde not for all yͤ abundāt fauour that he had vnto his ſonne, ſuffre theyr ſynne vnpunyſhed, but that his mooſte dere ſonne muſte redeme them wͭ his owne dethe. Whiche thyng Eſaias doth alſo confirme, ſayenge in the ꝑſone of god the father: For yͤ ſynnes of my people haue I woūded hym. What than ſhal become of vs, ſyth his moſte dere and onely ſonne is ſo cruelly entreated? It muſt nedes be a merueilous, and inenarrable wrathe towardes vs, whiche coulde not be pacefied, but through deathe, yea and that thrugh the deathe of Chriſte, his beſt beloued ſonne. And verely if a man do marke diligently, that the very ſonne of god, the ymage & wyſedome of the father, dyd ſuffre for our trāſgreſſions, to reconcile vs vnto his father, there is no doubte but he ſhal tremble and abhorre his greuous iniquities.

¶ Furthermore, imprint this thyng ſurely, and graue it in thy herte, that yͧ thy ſelfe arte one of them, whiche on this maner doeſt tourment & crucifie Chriſte. For thy ſynnes haue caſte hym in to thoſe tourmentes, accordyng to the wordes of Peter, where he amaſed the Iewes, as wͭ a thūder clappe, ſayeng vnto all yͭ were preſente, You haue crucified hym. At whiche voyce

Actes.ii.

thre thouſande men were aſtonyed, and ſayd vnto the apoſtles, what ſhall we now do bretherne? Therfore whan thou ſeiſte the nayles faſtened in the handes of Chriſte, thynke that thoſe ſharpe nayles are thy euyll dedes. Whan thou beholdeſte his brayne perced with the crowne of thornes, thynke that thoſe thornes are thy wycked thoughtes, and ſocle imaginations. And where thou ſeiſte Chriſt prycked with one thorne, remembre that thou haſt deſerued to be prycked a thouſande folde more ofte and greuouſly. Where thou ſeiſt his handes and feete thruſte thrughe with nayles, remembre that thou haſt deſerued without comparyſon, more cruel payne. And ſurely they yͭ deſpiſe yͤ paſſion of Chriſt, ſhal without ende ſuffre moſt greuous tourmentes, for the vehement wrathe, and ryghtuous punyſhement of god (whiche he wel declared in that he wolde his onely ſonne to dye for our trāſgreſſions) is no fayned tryfle, but the wycked and vnfaythfull ſhal proue it in dede.

¶ This ſorowe & tremblyng founde ſaynt Barnarde out of Chriſtis paſſion, ſayenge in the thyrde ſermone of the byrth of our lorde: Brethern, yͤ teares of Chriſte do engēdre in me both ſhame and ſorowe, with feare. I was playenge without in the ſtrete, & in yͤ kynges ſecrete chambre, there paſſed agaynſt me a ſentence of deathe. The kynges dere & onely ſonne herde of this, and wente forth, layenge a ſyde his coſtly roobes, and precious diademes, & clothed hymſelfe in ſacke cloth, ſprynklynge aſſhes on his heed, goinge barefote, wepynge & ſobbyng, that his ſeruaūt was condempned vnto deathe. I behelde hym as he haſted out, & wondred what newe thynge that myghte be. I enquired the cauſe, and he ſhewed it me. What ſhall I now do? ſhall I playe ſtyll, and nothynge regarde his teares? Truely excepte I be mad, or out of my witte, I ought to folowe hym, and mourne wich hym, ſyth he mourneth for me. Beholde the cauſe of ſhame, from whence ſpryngeth the ſorowe and feare. Verely whan I conſydre yͤ medecine & remedy, than of that may I eſteme the quantitie & depthe of my ſynne. I was clene ignoraunt, and thought my ſelfe whole. And beholde, the tender chylde of a virgin, and ſonne of god almyghty was delyuered in to the handꝭ of the vngodly, & commaunded to be ſlayne, that he myght cure with yͤ precious baume of his bloude, my feſtred woundes, and corrupte nature. We muſt nedes knowledge & graũt that thoſe were greuous wõdes, for the whiche our lorde Chriſte muſt ſuffre, and be wounded, if they had not ben to deathe, yea & that euerlaſtyng, the ſonne of god ſhuld neuer haue ſuffred to haue healed them. &c. Euyn ſo dyd Chriſte monyſhe the women of Hieruſalem, wepe not for me, but for your owne ſelues & chyldren. He added a cauſe, for (quod he) If this be done in moyſt wodde, what ſhall be done in drye: As though he ſhulde ſaye, If this be done in me, whiche am pure and innocente, what ſhall be done in you, whiche are wholy corrupte, and viciate? Ye may lerne by this my paſſion, what ye haue deſerued. Whiche payn excepte ye beleue, ye can not eſcape. Hereto may we wel apply the prouerbe, Men ſmyte the whelpe, to feare yͤ greate bandogge. Chriſt was ſmyten innocente, to gyue vs warnyng of our outragious vices, & enormities. To this well agreeth the prophete, whiche ſayth, yͭ al the naciõs of yͤ erth ſhall bewayle them ſelues vpõ hym.

Actes.ii.

He ſaythe not, that they ſhall bewayle hym, but that they ſhall bewayle them ſelues vpon hym. Euyn ſo were they diſmayde, as is before reherſed. And the Churche ſyngeth, I ſhall ſurely remembre it, and my ſoule ſhall melte within me.

¶ And in this ſorowful bewaylynge of them ſelues, ought the faythfull diligently to exerciſe them ſelues, for on this hangeth the whole profite ⁊ vſe of Chriſtꝭ paſſion, that a man may know hym ſelfe, ꝧ he myght tremble, and repẽte in beholdynge his greuous enormities. For truely excepte he come to this poynte, the paſſion of Chriſte dothe nothynge auayle hym. This is the pure and ꝑfecte operacion, that yͤ paſſion of Chriſte worketh in vs, that we may be made lyke vnto hym, that as Chriſte was greuouſly vexed both in body and ſoule, for our ſynnes, euyn ſo that our conſcience may ſcourge and tourment vs, for our owne wyckedneſſes, whiche are ſo many and ſo greate, that they are ſone called to memorie, excepte we wyll be wylfull blynde, and not ſe that, whiche is moſte preſence and familiar with vs. Let vs vſe an enſample to make the thynge more euident.

¶ Be it in caſe that a certein kyngꝭ ſon were ſlayne, and yͤ murtherar taken ⁊ brought to the ceſſions, and accuſed before the iudge of this capitall cryme, which confeſſeth openly that he hath done the dede, addynge that he dyd it at thy requeſte, and that thou waſte the chiefe author and ſetter a worke, if thou in the meane ſeaſon were takynge thy paſtyme and recreacion, and ſodeinly were areſted, and caſt in priſone, as acceſſary of this murther, yea or rather as principall, the other beinge but thy miniſter, ⁊ inſtrumẽt of thy myſchife, wolde not euyn ſhortely thy myrthe abate, thy colour apale, thy fleſhe faynt and tremble: Nowe if thy conſciēce dyd alſo accuſe the, and teſtifie agaynſt the, that thou were iuſtly impriſoned, what ragynge helle, and vnquietnes ſhuldeſt thou than fele within thy herte? Euyn ſo, or moche more ſhal he be altred, whiche duely remembreth the paſſion of Chriſte. For the Iewes although execution be done on them, as malefactours, and they abiecte from yͤ face of god, yet were they but the miniſters of thy ſynne, for in very dede thy ſynnes nayled hym to the croſſe, and were the whole cauſe of his payne and deathe, as we haue ſhewed before.

¶ Nowe if there be any ſo harde & inſenſible that they can nother trēble, nor yet begyn to know them ſelues in the remembraunce of this bytter paſſion, they ſtāde ſurely in ſhrode caſe. For it is neceſſary yͭ we be made conformable vnto the ſonne of god, that is to ſay, that we fele the depth and burthen of ſynne, eyther in this world, or in tyme to come, yea and yͭ we quake, trēble and taſte of the deadely panges, whiche Chriſt ſuffred on yͤ croſſe. But ſurely it is a myſerable and petuous thyng to begyn than to fele them, whan we are in the extremitie & poynt of deathe. Therfore let euery man pray vnto god, that he wold vouchſafe to gyue vs his ſpirite, and grace, whiche may mollifie our indurate hertes, that we may with ſome frute call vnto remembrāūce the paſſion of Chriſt. For I thynke no man is ſo mad to ſuppoſe, yͭ we of our owne power, wͭout the ſpirite of god, can do either this, or any other thīg acceptable to god. For al goodnes is of god, & not of vs.

¶ Neyther do we teache the this, or any other thyng, to thentente that thou ſhuldeſt thynke that, thou were

able to

able to accomplyſhe it of thyn owne power, but onely to monyſhe the of thy duety, that whã thou feleſt thyn owne imbecilite, thou mayſt deſyre this grace of god, and through his helpe fulfyll that, whiche is required of the. For the cauſe why theſe men aforſayd dyd vnprofitably hãdle this paſſion, was this: They ſtucke wholy vnto their owne power, and natural imaginations, neither ons deſyred yͤ grace of god, and ſo could they atteyne to no profite. But he yͭ remembreth the paſſion of Chriſte on this maner, as we haue ſhewed, (although it be but one houres ſpace) may well haue the ſayeng of Albart verefied vpon hym, that he hath ben better occupyed, than if he had faſted euery day a whole yere together, or els had redde ouer the whole pſalter of Dauid. Yea and I dare boldly adde, that he hath better beſtowed his tyme, than if he had herde a hundreth maſſes. For this godly remembrãce dothe euyn renue a man, that is to ſay, indueth hym with a newe ſpirite, and cauſeth hym to abhorre his ſynnes, whiche were the cauſe of Chriſtis dethe, and erneſtly to begyn a newe lyfe, with an effectuall purpoſe to go forwarde in the ſame to his lyues ende. So that this is the pure and natural worke of Chriſtis paſſion, to mortefie the olde man of ſynne, yͭ raigneth in our mẽbres, to caſt out all hope and conforte that we haue in creatures, & ſo depe to brynge a man into yͤ knowlage of his ſynne, that he ſhall come euyn to the brynke of deſperation, and thynke that he is forſakẽ of god. Yet it leaueth hym not there, but it bryngeth hym agayne with all cõſolation & conforte, and ſheweth hym that al his outragious enormities are crucified wͭ Chriſt, and thrugh his deathe put out of yͤ way, that they can neuer accuſe hym more, and that the fathers wrathe is pacefied by his ſonnes death: And we all as many as beleue that Chriſtes deathe hath payde yͤ raũſome of our ſynne, are ſet at one with god, & are become his childrē: ſo yͭ he is no more our iudge, whiche ſhulde punyſhe vs for our iniq̄tes, but wyl be called our mercyful father, which forgyueth his childrēs trāſgreſſiōs. ¶ Nowe ſythe we can not thus frutefully remembre Chriſtꝭ paſſion, excepte we be enſpired wͭ grace from aboue. For our weyke and corrupte nature can do no good without the ſpirite of god. ¶ The nexte remedy to to obteyne this frutefull gyfte, is to pray, & deſyre it of god our father. And albeit he gyue it vs not in yͤ ſame tyme & moment that we wolde haue it, yet let vs not diſpayre and ceaſſe from prayer. Parauenture he holdeth it from the to make the more deſyrous of it, and to ſet the more by it whā it cōmeth, and that thou mayſt knowe that it is not in thy power and wyl to haue it at thy pleaſure. But this is a cleare caſe, that he wyll ſurely gyue it the, whan it ſhal be moſte expedient for his glory, & thy welth. Which tyme no man knoweth but he alone. ¶ Therfore let vs preſcribe hym no tyme, but euer ſubmyt our wylles to his, & pray yͭ his wyll be fulfylled. And cōtrary wyſe ſomtyme he gyueth vs this gyfte before we praye, or aſke it, neyther gyueth he vs at all tymes the ſpirite to praye, but diſtributeth that gyft alſo euyn at his own godly pleſure, neither wyl he yͭ it be boūd either to tyme, place or any ꝑſone. ¶ Whan he hath ons receiued the ſpirite, which mollifieth the herte, & bryngeth hym in to the remēbrāce of yͤ paſſion, by & by his herte trēbleth, he lotheth hym ſelfe, & knowlegeth his infirmite, ſo yͭ the effecte of the paſſiō is fulfilled ī hym, in a maner before he be ware.

But they that fall to theyꝛ meditatiõs, thinkyng therby to get, I can not tell how moche merites, & behold this paſſion either in paynted tables, oꝛ in pꝛinted papers, beinge voyde of this ſpirite, whiche openeth the herte, take greate labours, and are diligẽtly occupied, but all aboute nought: foꝛ they can nother repent, noꝛ yet ꝑceyue theyꝛ owne infirmitie, whiche is the very ende and effecte of Chriſtis paſſion. So mayſt thou ſe that the fyꝛſte without labour atteyne the frute & profite of Chriſtꝭ paſſion, although it appere not outwardly. And the other foꝛ all theyꝛ diligent ſtudy haue nothynge pꝛofited, althoughe they ſeeme outwardely to haue god by the foote. And thus doth god turne topſe turuea, that they, whiche are all daye occupyed in hearynge maſſes, and in remembꝛynge Chriſtis paſſion, not in due foꝛme as they ſhulde do, get none aduauntage. And the other, whiche ſeme to do none of bothe, do bothe in dede, and obteyne the whole pꝛofite.

¶ Hetherto haue we entreated the croſſe, and paſſion of Chriſt, by the remẽbꝛaũce wherof we know our infirmities, abhoꝛre our vices, & are clene ouerthꝛowen redye to falle in to the pytte of deſperation. And nowe wyll we touche howe our conſciences thus wõded, and caſte downe, muſte be lyfte vp agayne.

¶ Whan a man begynneth after this maner to know and fele his ſynnes, & trembleth at the hydeous ſyght of them, let hym take good hede, that theſe tremblyng motiõs ſticke not to longe in his cõſciẽce, foꝛ ſo ſhulde he fall in to vtter deſperation. But euyn as that feare and knowlage of ſynne dyd ſpꝛynge out of Chriſtes paſſion, ſo muſt our cõſciẽce vnlade her ſelfe againe, & laye all on Chriſtes backe. But beware yͭ thou do not as the vnfaythefull do, for they whan they feele theyr ſynne, that theyr cõſcience byteth them, they runne to theyr owne good workes, to ſatiſfactions, pylgrymages, and p̄dons, and ſo vexe they merueylouſly theyr vnquiete myndes, to rydde them from theyr burden, but theyr labour is in vayne. And yet hath that falſe confidence and truſte in ſatiſfactions ſo ſpred it ſelfe, that it hath foũded many religious cloyſters in Chriſtendome, to no lytle hurt & enpayryng of true Chriſtianitie. For if I can make ſatiſfaction for my ſynnes, than is Chriſtis bloud ſhed in vayne, as Paule wryteth to the Galathians the ſeconde chapiter. Therfore on this maner ſhalte thou vnlade thy mynde, and caſt thy ſynnes on Chriſte. Fyrſte thou muſte faythfully beleue, that Chriſt ſuffred for thy ſake, euyn to redeme thy ſynnes, and that he toke them on his owne backe, & made full ſatiſfaction for them vnto his father, as Eſaye ſaythe in the .liii. chap. The lorde layde on hym all our iniqties. And .i. Pet. ii. He bare our ſynnes in his owne body vpõ ỹ croſſe. And Paule .ii. Corin. v. God made hym ỹ knewe no ſynne, for vs to become ſynne, that is to ſaye, a ſacrifice for our ſynne, that we through hym myght be that ryghtouſnes, whiche before god is alowed. Nowe the more that thy cõſciẽce boyleth and ryſeth agaynſt the, the more ſhalt yͧ cleue to theſe, and ſuche other confortable ſentences, & put thy whole fyaunce in Chriſte, as they teache the. For if thou go aboute through thy cõtrition & ſatiſfaction to pacefie and aſſwage thy ragyng conſcience, yͧ ſhalte neuer be in ſuretie, but after intollerable labour & toylynge, thou ſhalte fall in to vtter deſperation. For the conſciẽce can not be quiete, whan he feleth his ſynne, but eſteemeth it greater, than yͭ we of our owne power ſhulde be able to quenche it, as without doubte it is. Notwithſtandyng, yf he ſawe that Chriſte, whiche is bothe god and man, had taken them vpon hym, & had veynqueſhed them by his deathe, yea & riſyng agayne had tryumphed vpon deathe, helle, & the deuyll: than ſhulde he ſone perceyue howe weyke yͭ ſtynge & power of ſynne is. For euyn as the paynes of his woundes, and panges of his deathe do nowe no more remayn in his body, but he finiſhed and vanyſhed away: euyn ſo are al our ſynnes vanyſhed away lyke ſmoke. To this well agreeth the ſayeng of Paule, that Chriſt dyed for our ſynnes, & is ryſen agayne to iuſtifie vs. That is, the paſſyon & deathe of Chriſte, dothe open & declare our ſynnes vnto vs, & ſo dothe take them away. But thrugh his ryſyng agayne are we iuſtified and made free from all our ſynnes, yf we beleue.

Howe be it, yf we fele our vnbeleue, yͭ we can not be ſurely perſwaded that theſe thynges are true, than is the next remedie to fall vnto prayer, for this alſo is yͤ hãde of god, neyther is it gyuen to euery mã, but ſome haue it more, and ſome leſſe. For god diſtributeth al at his pleaſure. Notwithſtãdyng there are certeyn meanes, and ſmal pathes, by the whiche a man may haue as it were an entraunce in to this faythe.

¶ Fyrſt turne thyn ies, and beholde the hertye loue, and bountuous kyndnes of Chriſt, which ſo tenderly loued the, yͭ he wolde take on hym ſelfe al thy ſynnes, and louyngly enbrace the, to heale thy wõded conſcience. If thou remembre and thynke on this amitie, thy herte ſhall ſomwhat be refreſhed, and ſo ſhall thy truſte in Chriſt be the more encreaſed and ſtablyſhed.

¶ After that thou haſt perceyued this feruent fauoure that Chriſt had towardꝭ the, than ſhalte yͧ ſone marke what good wyll the father owed the, for than ſhall it appere that Chriſt coulde not endue the wͭ ſuche great benefites, except it had ben before ſo decrede of his heuenly father, for vnto hym dyd Chriſte obey, whan he ſuffred for thy trãſgreſſions. And ſo ſhalte thou ſe the flamynge charite of god the father towardes the, and thrugh Chriſte ſhalte thou be ſo drawne to the father, that thou mayſte perceyue the ſayenge of Chriſte.

God ſo loued the worlde, that he gaue his onely ſonne for thentent that none, whiche beleue in hym ſhall peryſhe, but ſhulde haue euerlaſtynge lyfe. And this is the true knowlege of god, whan we beholde & magnifie not his puiſſaunt maieſtie, or his incomprehenſible prudẽce (for they make a mã afraide of god) but rather his curtous & mercyfull beneuolence, wherin he may put his confidence, & may be wholy in god renewed.

¶ And whan thy herte is ſo confirmed in Chriſt, that thou begynneſt with ful entent to hate thy ſynne, not for feare of payne, but for the loue that thou haſt vnto god, bicauſe thou woldeſt not diſpleaſe hym, which is ſuche a mercyfull, and louyng father vnto the, than is it expedient yͭ thou take this paſſyon for an example, by the whiche thou mayſt ordre thy lyfe. But this remẽbraunce is farre vnlyke the fyrſt, for hytherto haue we recounted it, as a ſecrete miſterie, whiche ſhulde worke in vs, and renue vs thrughe repentaunce. And whan we haue obteyned that profite, than let vs conſydre it, as an enſample or rule to ordre our lyfe, and workes, euer comparyng them vnto Chriſtis paſſion, on this maner as foloweth.

A frutefull remembraunce of Chriſtes paſſion.

¶ Whan thou art diſeaſed with any ſorowe or maladye, than thynke howe ſmalle that payne is, if thou ſhuldeſt compare it with Chriſtis crowne of thorne, and the nayles, whiche perced his tender fleſſhe.

¶ Whan thou arte conſtrayned to do, or leaue vndone any thynge, whiche thou woldeſt not, than remembre that Chriſt was boſitte, and toſſed from poſt to pyller, euyn as it pleaſed his cruell enemyes.

¶ If thou be tempted with pryde and lordlynes, than marke how vnworthely Chriſt was mocked, yea and crucified betwene two theues, that he mought be reputed as one of theyr nombre.

¶ If thou be aſſayled with wantonneſſe, or with the luſt of the fleſſhe, than beholde howe cruelly yͤ tender fleſſhe of Chriſt was ſcourged, torne, and moſte peteouſly wounded.

¶ If thy herte boyle with hate, or enuie, and be ful ſet to take a vengeaunce, than call to thy remembraunce howe Chriſt with a lamentable voyce dyd pray vnto his father for the, and other his ennemyes, whom he myght by good ryght haue punyſſhed perpetually.

¶ If thou be vexed with any other afflictions, what ſoeuer they are, whether ſecrete or open, take them in good worthe, & be not diſquieted, but thynke with thy ſelfe on this maner: It were a great ſhame, if I ſhulde not ſuffre paciently this ſmall trouble, ſyth yͤ Chriſte my lorde & ſauiour ſuffred in yͤ garden ſuche panges, that he ſwette droppes of bloude. For what is more ſhame, than that the ſeruaūt ſhulde take his eaſe, and lye ſluggyſhely in his bedde, what tyme his mayſter ſtandeth in ieopardie of his lyfe.

¶ Beholde, on this maner mayſt thou cōforte and ſta blyſhe thy herte with the paſſion of Chriſt, agaynſt al vexations. And this is the true meditation & remembraunce of Chriſtis paſſion. Out of the whiche the aforſayde cōmodities ſprynge.

¶ Therfore they yͭ exerciſe them ſelues diligētly in it, are moche better occupyed, than if they herde a thouſande tymes the ſtory of the paſſion, or ſayde as many maſſes without it. And theſe only are yͤ true chriſten, whiche on this wyſe do expreſſe in theyr lyfe or maners the name & lyfe of Chriſt, as ſaynt Paule ſaythe: They that belōge to Chriſt, haue crucified theyr fleſhe and cōcupiſcēces with Chriſte. Neyther is it ynough that we coūtrefayte hym in our outward behaueour, and wordes, but we muſt do our endeuerāce ꝑfectly to expreſſe his paſſion in all our cōuerſation, from the botome of our hertes. Whiche thyng Paule exhorteth vs vnto. Hebre. xii. Loke vnto Jeſus the captayne of our fayth, which for the ioye that was ſet before hym, abode the croſſe, & deſpiſed the ſhame, and is ſet downe on the ryghte hande of god. Conſydre therfore, howe that he endured ſuche ſpeakīg agaīſt hym of ſynners, leſt ye ſhulde be weryed or faynt in your myndꝭ. And ſ. Peter. i. Pet. iiii. ſayth: For aſmoche as Chriſt hath ſuffred in the fleſhe, arme your ſelues lykewyſe with the ſame mynde. How be it the maner of this remembrāce is very rare, and out of vſe, although ſ. Paule and ſ. Peter make often mention of it. And we haue chāged it all together in to an outwarde apperāce, and haue thoughte it ſufficient to beholde the ſtorye of the paſſion, paynted vpon the walles. But there are very fewe (yea almoſt none) that call it to theyr remēbrāce, for thentent to knowe theyr ſynnes by it, or to quiete theyr tremblyng conſciences, or to ordre & compare theyr lyfe to this enſample.

¶ Thus endeth the meditation and frutefull remembraunce of Chriſtis paſſion, whiche paſſeth all other contemplations.

¶ A frutefull and a very chriſten instruction for chyldren.

¶ In the mornynge at thyn vpryſynge yͧ ſhalte make the ſygne of the croſſe ouer the, ſayeng thus.

¶ In to this day do I entre, all thynges to do: In the name of the father, and of yͤ ſonne, & of the holy ghoſte.

¶ Thã knele downe vpon thy knees, or els ſtãdyng, ſay this prayer folowynge.

With an humble and a cõtrite herte, with a ſorowfull and a repẽtyng ſpirite, I ſue vnto yͤ moſt mercyful father, beſechyng the of mercy and forgyuenes of all myn offences, that I haue this nyght cõmitted agaynſt thy goodnes, ſlepyng, or wakyng, dremyng, or drechyng, by any maner of vnclennes of body, or of ſoule, that I haue fallen in to, by illuſion of the deuyll, or els by any other occaſion. And I thanke the by thy dere ſonne Ieſus Chriſte, that thou haſte preſerued me this nyghte from ſodeyne deathe, and all other myſchiefe, that any perſone, man, or woman, hath ben ſtryken withall, by thy permiſſion and ſufferaunce, knowynge of ſuretie, that the ſelfe ſame had lyght on my heed alſo, hadeſt not thou defẽded me and preſerued me. And nowe I beſeche the bleſſed father, that thee. that thou wylte vouchesaue to haue an iye vnto me this daye, supporte me, and ſuſtayne me, beare me vp, and ſaue me, that I fall not in to the dāger of thy diſpleaſure, thrugh breakyng of thy cōmaundementꝭ. Gyue me grace to walke warely amongeſt yͤ innumerable ſnares of thy ghoſtly ennemye, the deuyl, and to be circūſpecte and prudent, & diligently to conſydre before hāde, what I ſhall ſpeake, & what I go aboute to do, that all my whole lyfe, thoughtes, wordes, and workes may ſo be ordred, that in al myne interpriſes, thyn honour, laude, & glorie, yͤ edefieng of myn owne ſoule in vertue, and the profite of my chriſten brother be onely ſought for, and intended, thrugh the helpe of Jeſu Chriſt our lorde, whiche lyueth & raygneth with the his father, & your bothes holy ſpirite, world without ende. So be it.

¶ The Pater noſter.

OUR father, whiche art in heuen' halowed be thy name. Let thy kyngedome come. Thy wyll be fulfylled as well in earthe, as it is in heuen. Gyue vs this day, our dayly bread. And forgyue vs our treſpaces, as we forgyue them yͤ treſpace agaynſt vs. And leade vs not in to tēptation, but delyuer vs from euyl. So be it.

¶ The Aue maria.

HAyle Marie, greatly in goddes fauour, the lorde is with the, bleſſed arte thou amonge women, and bleſſed be the frute of thy wombe, Jeſu Chriſte. So be it.

¶ The Crede.

I Beleue in god yͤ father almyghtie, maker of heuen, and earthe. And in Jeſu Chriſte his onely ſonne, our lorde, whiche was conceyued by the holy ghoſte, and borne of Marye the virgin. He ſuffred vnder pontius der pontius Pilate, he was crucified, deade, and buryed. He deſcended to the helles, and roſe the thyrde daye from deathe. He aſcended to the heuens, and ſytteth on the ryghte hande of god the father almyghtie. And from thenſe ſhal he come to iudge the quicke, and deade. I beleue in the holy ghoſte. I beleue the holy churche euery where to be the company, or the congregation of holy and faythfull men. I beleue to haue forgyuenes of my ſynnes. And that euery man ſhall ryſe agayn. And I beleue to haue lyfe euerlaſtīg. So be it.

¶ The grace or bleſſynge of the table, to be ſayde of chyldren, ſtandyng before it, theyr handes eleuated ⁊ ioyned together, ſayenge thus, deuoutly, and ſadly.

THe iyes of all thynges loke vp, and wayte vpō the (o lorde) and thou gyueſt them meate in due tyme. Whan thou gyueſt it them, than they gather it. Whan thou openeſt thy hande, than are they wel ſatiſfied. Thou openeſt thy hande ⁊ replenyſhed all thynges lyuynge with thy bleſſynge. Our father. ⁊c.

O Lorde god our heuēly father, bleſſe thou vs, and theſe thy gyftes, whiche we here receyue of thy bleſſynge and bountuous goodnes, through thy ſonne Jeſus Chriſte. So be it.

¶ After dyner.

LEt vs gyue thākꝫ vnto yͤ lorde, for he is ryght good, his mercye is layde forthe for vs at all tymes. It is he that gyueth meate vnto euery thyng lyuynge. He gyueth catell theyr foode, and fedeth the rauens byrdes that call vpon hym. He delyteth nat in ſtronge ſtedes, neyther ſtandeth his pleaſure in ỹ legges of men. But he is well pleaſed with thē ỹ feare hym, and truſte in his mercy. Our father &c.

¶ We thanke the, o lorde god, our father, by thy ſonne Jeſus Chriſte our lorde, for all thy benefites, whiche lyueſt and raigneſt from age to age, worlde without ende. So be it. Our father whiche art in heuen. &c.

¶ Here foloweth the grace to be ſayde before ſupper.

Chriſt, whiche at his laſt ſupper, gaue hym ſelfe vnto vs, promyſynge his bodye to be crucified, and his bloude to be ſhed for our ſynnes, bleſſe vs, and our ſupper. So be it. Our father whiche art. &c.

¶ Here foloweth the grace to be ſayde after ſupper.

Honour and prayſe be vnto god, the kynge euer laſtynge, immortall, inuiſible, & wyſe only, for euer and euer. So be it. Our father. &c.

God almyghtie, father of all mercye, and god of all cōſolation, gyue vs grace to cōſent together, in to the knowlege of his truthe, thrugh Jeſu Chriſt, that we may with one mynde, & one mouth glorifie god the father of our lorde Jeſu Chriſte. So be it.

¶ Grace to be ſayde before dyner or ſupper indifferently.

He, whiche of his ineſtimable goodnes fedeth euery creature, him we beſeche to make holſome and holy, whatſoeuer is, or ſhall be ſet vpō the table. So be it.

¶ Grace to be ſayde after dyner or ſupper indifferently.

We thanke the, o heuenly father, whiche of thyne infinite power haſt created all thynges, whiche by thy vnſearcheable wyſedome gouerneſt all thynges, whiche of thy infinite goodnes fedeſt & gyueſt ſtregth to all thynges. Beſechynge the to graunt to thy chyldren, that they may ones drynke with the in thy kyngdome, yͤ ſwete wyne of immortalite, the whiche to all them yͭ truely & vnfainedly loue the, thou haſt ꝓmiſed and prepared in the merites of Jeſu Chriſt. So be it.

¶ Grace to be ſayde before dyner or ſupper indifferently.

Bleſſed be thou, oh god, whiche fedeſte vs from our youthe, whiche gyueſt meate to euery creature. Replenyſhe our hertes we beſeche yͤ with quiete conſcience and heuenly felicitie, that we therwith endued may abounde in all workes of mercy, by the ayde of our lorde Chriſt Jeſu, to whom and to the with the holy ghoſte, be glorie, honour, & rule foreuer. So be it.

¶ Grace to be ſayde after dyner or ſupper indifferently.

Glorie be to the, o lorde, glorie be to the, o holy, glorie be to the, o kyng, for thou haſt gyuen vs meate. Replenyſhe vs, we beſeche the, with ioye and gladnes in the holy ghooſte, that we may be founde acceptable in thy ſyghte, and be not aſhamed in the daye, whan thou ſhalte gyue to euery man after his doinges. So be it.

Prayſe ye the lorde all gentyles, magnifie hym all nacyons.

For his mercy is ſpredde ouer vs: and the trouthe of the lorde ſtandeth for euer.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte. As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ When thou ſhalte go to bedde, ſay thus.

I Lay me downe to reſt, in the name of the father, of the ſonne, and of the holy ghoſte. So be it.

¶ Than ſay theſe two prayers folowynge.

I Thanke the (my heuenly father) by thy mooſte dere beloued ſonne Jeſu Chriſt, that this day of thy plentuous ryche mercy, thou haſte thus preſerued me. I praye the forgyue me all my ſynnes, whiche I haue this day vnrightwyſely cõmitted in dede, worde, and thought. And that thou woldeſt vouchſafe of thy gracious goodnes to kepe me this nyght, for I cõmit my ſelfe both body & ſoule, & all myn in to thy handes. Thy holy aungell be with me, leſt my deadely aduerſarye haue entreſe in to me. So be it.

O Aboue all bleſſed, and myghtye lorde god, my god, my father, I thy ſynfull creature, and moſt vnworthye chylde, proſtrate in my herte, before thyn hyghe maieſtie, aſke the mercy, and forgyuenes of all my ſynne, and iniquite, that I haue this day cõmitted agaynſt the, yea and euer ſythe the tyme that I was conceyued in my mothers wombe, vnto this preſente houre, ſpecially in this. &c. (And thã cal to your mynde what offence ye haue cõmitted that day, that chieflyeſt grudgeth your cõſcience.) And I thãke the by thy dere ſonne Jeſus Chriſt, that thou haſt preſerued me from all ſuche offences, as I haue not fallen in, & wherinto any other ꝑſone thrugh his owne faute, and thy ſufferaunce hath fallen. In to the whiche I alſo without doubte ſhulde haue fallen, haddeſt not thou with thy grace preuẽted me, ſaued me, ſupported me, and ſuſtayned me. That I haue fallen many wayes, my greate faulte and blame it is, wherof in moſte humble wyſe, I aſke mercy and forgyuenes of the. ¶ That thou haſte preſerued me, thyn exceedynge goodnes, mercy, & grace it is, wherof wͭ all my herte I thanke the. And nowe I beſeche the moſte mercyfull father, that thou wylte no more be angry with me, neyther henſforth forſake me, but that thou wylte continually aſſiſte me, fortifie me, and ſtrengthe me, be my ſuccour and defence this nyghte, & alwayes to my lyues ende, agaynſt all ſyn and iniquitie. And that thou wylte alſo of thy abundaunt boūtifulnes, refreſhe my brytle body with conueniēt reſt this nyght, yf it be thy wyll, ſo that I may the more redely, freſhely, & promptly with al diligence ſerue the to morowe, accordynge to the ſtate that thou haſt ſet me in, & called me vnto, ſo that al my lyfe may pleaſe the, and thrugh thyn aſſiſtēce be ſo ordred, and gouerned, that after this vayne & trāſitorie lyfe be ended, I may finally come to the lyfe that ſhall laſte forever, where thou moſte bleſſed father lyueſt & raigneſt with thy ſonne, and the holy ghoſte, in to the worlde of worldes.

So be it.

¶ Than as thou dydeſt in the mornynge, ſaye the Pater noſter, the Aue maria, and the Crede.

⁂

¶ A dialogue betwene the father and the ſonne/aſkyng certayne queſtions/ and the father anſwerynge.

The chylde. The father.

SPeake my dere father, what arte thou? Father. As concernyng my fyꝛſt byꝛthe I am a creature of god, endued wͭ witte and reaſon, the ſonne of Adam: And as touchynge my newe and ſeconde byꝛth, I knowlage my ſelfe to be a chꝛiſtiane. Chylde. wherfoꝛe ſayeſt thou, yͭ thou arte a chꝛiſtian? Father. Bicauſe I am baptiſed in the name of the father, of the ſonne, and of the holy ghoſt. Chylde. what is baptiſme? Father It is called of Paule, the lauer oꝛ water of regeneration, by the whiche euery one that beleueth, is conſecrated and receyued in to the felyſhyp of Chꝛiſtes churche, to be partaker of lyfe euerlaſtyng. Ch. In whom beleueſt thou? Fa. I beleue in god the father almyghtie, and ſo foꝛthe, as it ſtandeth in my Crede. Ch· what is faythe? Fa. Faythe, as ſaythe Paule, is a ſure confidence of thynges, whiche are hoped foꝛ, and a certẽtie of thynges, whiche are not ſene, that is to ſay, an earneſt ⁊ a faſt cleuynge to the woꝛde of the lyuyng god, with an vndoubtyng truſtynge of his pꝛomiſes, and no leſſe feare of his thꝛeatenynges. Ch. Howe many goddes are there? Fa. ¶There is but one god alone, foꝛ al ſufficient, whiche hath his being of hym ſelfe, ⁊ all creatures haue theyꝛ being of hym. C. Howe many ꝑſones than are there in the godhed? F. ¶There are thꝛe perſones, whiche are, god yͤ father, god the ſonne, and god the holy ghoſte: thꝛe perſones

A dialogue betwene the father and the ſonne: in trinitie, and one god in eſſence. C. What is god? F. Although no man can ſhewe what he is in his owne nature perfectely, yet ſomwhat to ſay for thyn inſtruction, by the waye of a lytle declaration, and not as a full & ſufficient diffinition, I anſwere, and ſay, that he is the author, and creator of all thynges, viſible, and inuiſible, of whoſe goodnes, and by whoſe power, I am perſwaded & aſſured thrugh my faythe, to receyue all ÿ good is, vnto whom alſo I flee in al aduerſities and parelles, as vnto a preſent & alone ſufficiẽt helpe for me. He patiẽtly abydeth our turnyng from ſynne, full of mercy, gentle, good, & redy alwayes to forgyue, and ſuffreth no ſynne to be vnpunyſhed, and ÿ in the thyrde & fourthe generation, vntyll none of that ſynfull ſtocke be lefte alyue. C. In whom beleueſt thou? I praye the tell me agayne. F. I beleue I ſaye in god the father almyghtye, maker of heuen and earthe, and in Jeſu Chriſt his onely ſonne our lorde. &c. as it ſtandeth in my Crede. C. What meaneſt thou by this fyrſt article? F. I beleue that he is my god, and mercyfull father vnto me, tẽdryng me as his dere beloued chylde and to be euermore vnto me an almyghtye helper. C. What meaneſt thou by ÿ ſeconde, thyrde, fourth, fyfte, ſyxte. &c. artycles? Fa. I beleue that Chriſte was conceyued, borne, and ſuffred for my ſynnes, and that he went downe to hell for my ſake, to delyuer me thẽce, and all them that truely beleue, and ÿ he roſe to make me ryghtwyſe. C. What thynge worketh this faythe in the? Fa. It worketh in me loue to god, and to my neyghbours, as to my ſelfe, and ſo chaungeth me in to a newe man, that now, I beleuyng & knowyng god to haue ſhewed ſo excedĩg loue for me, ſtudie to do his

cõmauncōmaundementes, and am full heuy in my herte, that I can not fulfyll them, as I oughte to do. Ch. Why? what are his cōmaūdementes? Father. These are his cōmaundementes. Fyrſte thus ſaythe god.

☞ I am the lorde, thy god, thou ſhalte haue none other goddes in my ſyght. The ſeconde cōmaūdemēt.

☞ Thou ſhalt make the no grauen or carued ymage neyther any ſimilitude that is in heuen aboue, either in therth beneth, or in ẏ water, that is beneth therth. Se that thou neyther bowe thy ſelfe vnto them, nor yet ſerue them. For I the lorde god am a ielowes god, and punyſhe the ſynne of the fathers vpon ẏ children, vnto the thyrde and fourthe generation of them that hate me, and yet ſhewe I mercye vnto thouſandes, amonge them ẏ loue me, & kepe my cōmaundementes. The thyrde cōmaūdement. ☞ Thou ſhalte not take the name of the lorde god in vayne. For the lord wyll not reken hym gyltles, ẏ taketh his name in vayne. The fourth cōmaūdement. ☞ Remembre the ſabath day, that thou ſanctifieſt it. The fyfte cōmaundement.

☞ Honour thy father & thy mother, that thou mayſte lyue longe vpon the lande, whiche the lorde, thy god, gyueth the. The ſyxte cōmaundement.

☞ Thou ſhalt not kylle. The ſeuēth cōmaūdemēt.

☞ Thou ſhalte not breake wedlocke. The eyghte cōmaundement ☞ Thou ſhalte not ſteale.

The nynthe cōmaundement. ☞ Thou ſhalte beare no falſe wytneſſe agaynſt thy neyghbour.

The tenthe cōmaūdement. ☞ Thou ſhalte not couet thy neyghbours houſe, neyther ſhalte thou deſyre thy neyghbours wyfe, his man ſeruaunt, his mayde, his oxe, his aſſe, or any thynge that is his.

Chylde. What meaneſt thou by the fyrſt cōmaundement? Father. I knowe therby that I am commaunded to beleue, to truſte, to cleue to the lorde, whiche promyſeth hym ſelfe to be my god, to worſhyp and to loue hym alone with al my herte, mynde, and power of my ſoule, and that it is he onely, of whom all goodnes is gyuen me, and vnto whom I muſt flee, and call vpon in all my trouble, for he onely delyuereth me. C. What meaneſt thou by the ſeconde cōmaundement? Father. Euyn as the wordes ſhewe playnly. For whā yͤ lorde **Deut.iiii** ſpoke vnto you (ſaythe Moſes) than ſe ye no ymage or ſimilitude of hym, leſte ye deceyued, ſhulde make you ymages. ¶The voyce of his worde ye herde, but as for any ſhappe or ſimilitude of hym, in no maner of wyſe **Exodi.xx.** haue ye ſene. Ye ſhal not make you ſiluer gods, nother goldē goddꝭ ſhall ye make you. Alſo ye ſhall make me an altare of earth, but if ye wyl nedꝭ make it of ſtones yet ſhall ye not hewe thē. For yf ye ſet any inſtrumēt of yerne to them, than ſhall they be defyled. All this (I beleue) was erneſtly ſpoken with ſo many wordꝭ, to auoyde all karuyng, ⁊ curioſite in ſettynge forthe of ymages, to be worſhypped as goddes, whan Chriſt declaryng the ſame, ſayde, that the very true worſhyppers are they yͭ worſhyp the father in ſpirite, ⁊ truthe. **Iohn.iiii** For god is a ſpirite. Ch. For aſmoche than as god is a ſpirite, ⁊ may not be imagined of our wyttes, howe ſhall we knowe hym? F. Faythe ⁊ truſt fyndeth hym whan we are in peryl, and ſheweth hym vnto vs, and yet this fayth to fynde hym muſte he gyue vs. For yf we get vs a fayth of our owne faſhonyng, wherby we beleue and truſte in any other thynge than god, than make we vs an ydole. For it is yͤ faythe ⁊ truſt onely in our hertes, that maketh eyther god, or ydole. For if our faythe and truſt be ryght and pure, than haue we the very true god. But if it be falſe and fayned, than muſt we nedes fayne vs a falſe and a lyeng god. For true faythe & god are ioyned together with one knot. So that in what ſoeuer thynge yͧ truſteſt & beleueſt, that ſame is thy god. Here nowe mayſte thou well ſe, that in theſe two fyrſt cōmaūdementes, god requireth and aſketh all our whole hertes. And in the thyrde, he aſketh our mouthes and tongues to be vſed for his prayſe & holynes of his name. Ch. Why? what meaneſt thou by the thyrde cōmaūdement? Father. ¶ Than take I the name of god in vayne, whan I vſe to confirme a lye, or to hurte my neyghbour, yea and whan neyther by it god is glorified, nor yet my neyghbour by it profited. Alſo if I flee not to hym for helpe in my trouble, nor thanke hym for his benefites in my proſperitie and welthe, than take I his name in vayne. Alſo if I entende not, neyther do all thynges for his names glory, than take I his name in vayne. Chyld. What meaneſt thou by the fourthe cōmaundement? Father. I ſanctifie the ſaboth daye, whan I gyue my ſelfe whole to here the holy ſcripture taught me, or to rede it, and ſo occupie my mynde in it, or whā I gyue my ſelfe to any other holy workes, or) as Eſaie ſayth) whā I ceaſſe to do myn owne wyll, or to folow myn owne wayes, hurtig nor harmyng my neighbour in worde or dede. For thus me thynketh the prophete expoūdeth this poynt of the lawe, in the. lviii. chapiter. And for the fulfyllynge of theſe two laſte named preceptes, we praye, ſayenge: ¶ Thy name be halowed. And thy wyll be fulfylled, and not ours.

¶Thus mayſt thou ſe theſe fyrſt foure preceptes to pertayne to the glorie of god, and to the halowyng of his name. Chylde. Wherfore than cōmaundeth he the other ſyxe? Father. For our neyghbours helth and profite to ſerue them, and eſpeciallye our father and mother, whom next god we ought to honour, to reuerēce, to obey, to conforte, to helpe, and to folowe theyr godly monitions & inſtructions. Chylde. What meaneſt thou by the other? Father. ¶That in no maner of wyſe I ſhulde hurte my neyghbour. But to do to hym, as I wolde be done vnto: no not to deſyre or couette any thynge of his. Chylde. Why, is thoughte than ſynne? Father. Yea verely. For ſo expoundeth our ſauiour the lawe in the fyfte chapiter of Mathewe, ſayenge: that who ſoeuer caſteth his iye wantonly vpon a nother mannes wyfe, deſyryng her, hath cōmytted aduoutry with her alredy in his herte. Chylde. ¶Than are we all ſynners, & haue all broken goddes cōmaundemētes. Father. We are all ſynners ſurelye, and haue nede of the mercy of god. If we were not all ſynners, the mercye of god ſhulde take none effecte in vs. Wherfore the ſcripture concludeth, that all men are ſynners: that as many as ſhall be ſaued, ſhulde be ſaued by Goddes mercy onely.

⁂

¶ A prayer for the molyfyenge and ſupplyeng of our harde hertes, the lyghtenynge of our blynde hertes, and the true conuertynge of our impenitent hertes.

O Moſt mercyful father, which by yͤ mouth
of our ſwete ſauyour Jeſu Chriſte ſaydeſt
vnto vs, Aſke, and it ſhall be gyuen you, Mat. vii.
ſeke, and ye ſhall fynde, knocke, and it ſhal
be opened vnto you. Heare J beſeche the my prayer,
receyue my ſupplication in to thyne eares, for thy tru- pſal. c.xlii
thes ſake heare me in thy ryghtewyſenes. For not in
our ryghtwyſenes do we lay forth our prayers before pſal. ix.
the, our moſte bleſſed father, but in thy manyfolde mer-
cyes. Here therfore our prayers, oh father of mercyes, ii. Cor. i.
and god of all conſolation. Haue mercy vpon vs thy
moſte wretched children, and vpon me moſt wretched
of all, lorde, father, J aſke the mercye. Molifye and
make ſofte our harde hertes (bleſſed father) whiche be
indured and hardened with the curſed cuſtome of ſyn
and wretchednes, and myn mooſte harde of all, lorde,
father, J aſke the mercye. Molyfye them bleſſed fa-
ther, with that ſwete water, wherof he that drynketh
ſhall not thyrſte without ende, but it ſhall be made in
hym a fountayne of water, ſpryngynge vp in to euer
laſtynge lyfe. Fulfyll thy promyſe made vnto vs by
thy prophete. ¶ Take a waye from vs moſte bleſſed fa-
ther, this ſtonyſhe herte, and gyue vs a fleſhen herte, Hie. xxxvi
a ſofte herte and a meke herte, and a newe ſpirite put
thou in to vs, & make vs walke in thy cōmaūdemētꝭ, Jacob. i.
hate and flee that thou forbyddeſt vs, loue, and folowe
that thou cōmaundeſt vs. Lyghten, oh father of lyght, Ephe. iiii.
from whō all goodnes doth deſcēde, our blynde hertꝭ,

A prayer foꝛ the mollifienge of our herde hertes,
blynded with errour, & ignoꝛaũce, wꝛonge iudgemẽt
and euyll affections, and myn the moſte blynde of all
blynde, loꝛde, father, I aſke the mercy. Lyghten them
I beſeche the, with the trew lyghte of thy woꝛde, that
pſ.c.xviii. we may knowe thy wyll, loue it, and lyue therafter.
Foꝛ thy woꝛde, ſayth the ꝓphete Dauid, is a lanterne
Luce.i. to my feete, and lyght vnto my pathes. Gyue vs this
lãterne bleſſed father, gyue vs this lyght. Shyne vnto
pſal.xii. vs that ſyt in darkenes, and in ỹ ſhadowe of death.
Foꝛ thou art he that lyghteneth our lanternes, oh loꝛde
pſal.xlii. lyghten thou our darkenes. Sende out the lyght and
the truthe of thy woꝛde, & they ſhall leade and bꝛynge
Pꝛo.xxi. vs in to thyn holy moũtayn, whiche is alſo thy tabernacle.
¶The kynges herte is in thy handes (oh loꝛde)
that where ỹ wylte, thou mayſt incline it, foꝛ ſo ſaythe
thy ſcripture. Incline his herte to this purpoſe (oh father)
ỹ it wyll pleaſe hym to cõmaũde his pꝛelates of
his realme, no lenger to kepe from his people, his louynge
ſubiectes, the lyghte of thy woꝛde, the lyghte of
holy ſcripture, the lyghte of the teſtament of thy dere
ſonne, our ſauiour Ieſu Chꝛiſte, the lyght wherin he
that walketh erreth not, neither ſtũbleth at any ſtone.
Put in his mynde loꝛde to cõmaũde, ỹ lyke as thꝛugh
thy ſecrete inſpiration, other nacyons alredye haue: ſo
his people alſo by his cõmaundement may haue in to
their tongue truely trãſlated thy holy ſcripture, wherin
they may lerne and ꝑfectly knowe thy godly wyll
and pleaſure, obediẽtly ſubmitte themſelues vnto the
ſame, folowe it, and expꝛeſſe it in theyꝛ lyuynge.
Dauid.ix Oh loꝛde god, heare theſe thy ſeruauntes prayers and
depe deſyꝛes, bowe downe thyn eares, & heare. Open
thyne iyes and beholde the thycke darkenes that we
wandꝛe in.

wander in. Lyghten thy ſhynynge face vpon thy ſer- pſal. xxx.
uauntes that truſt in the, that flee vnto the, that cleue
faſt vnto thy promyſes. We are ſynners lorde, & haue
lyued vngodly, & haue iuſtly deſerued to be depryued
of thy lyght, and to be throwen forthe in to this palpa
ble darkenes. And bycauſe we dyd not knowe what
daunger we were in, we ſought not vnto the to helpe
vs out of it. But nowe lorde god, ſeinge ȳ thrugh thy
goodnes we are broughte to fele & ꝑceyue our darke-
nes, with depe ſyghes we ſue vnto the, for to be wͭ thy
lyght illumined. Lorde for thy mercyes ſake here vs,
lorde for thy truthe ſake graunt vs, lorde for thy benig
nitie ſake come agayn in grace with vs. Lorde for thy
ryght wyſenes ſake attēde vnto our petition, & bryng
this thyng to paſſe. But nowe me thynke I here ſoū-
dynge in myn eares, that fearefull & ouertrue worde,
that thou longe ago ſpakeſt by thy holy prophete. Eſa. xxix.
¶These people draweth vnto me with theyr mouthes,
and with theyr lyppes they glorifie me, but their hertꝭ
is farre from me. For they ſynne dayly without repen
taunce, deſpyſyng the ryche plentifulnes of my good- Roma. ii.
nes, pacience, and longe ſufferyng, not conſyderynge
that my benignitie ſtyrreth and calleth them to repen
taunce, but for theyr hardnes, & impenitent hertꝭ, they
lay vp, as it were in ſtore & treaſure myn ire, wrathe,
and vengeaūce, agaynſt the day of wrathe and ryght-
full iudgement. ¶Truthe it is (oh lorde) and ouer true,
we confeſſe it to the, whiche knoweſt all our noughty
nes. But nowe cōuerte thou our impenitent hertes, Hie. xxxi.
bleſſed father, whiche can not repente of them ſelues,
and myn moſt impenitent of all impenitentes, lorde,
father, I aſke the mercy. Conuerte them bleſſed father

vnto repentaunce, through thyne almyghtye power,
Ephe.i. whiche thou ſhewedſte in Chriſte Jeſu thy ſonne, in
rayſynge hym from deathe. For it is no leſſe power
to cōuert a ſynner, than to rayſe vp a man from death,
no not a whyt leſſe, than to make the whole worlde of
noughte. Conuerte thou vs therfore, o moſte bleſſed
father, whiche arte of habilitie, myghte, and power to
Hier.xxxi. do it. Conuerte thou vs, and than ſhall we be truely
conuerted, for thou arte our lorde god, whiche onely
wylte and canſt do it. And if thou conuerteſt vs, than
ſhall we earneſtly repente, and do true penaūce. And
if thou ons ſheweſt vs our ſynnes, we ſhal ſmyte our
ſelues vpon the thyes, and euer be confuſed and aſhamed
in our ſelues of it, & els all is but very hipocriſie,
what ſoeuer without thy ſprite we enforce our ſelues
ps. lxxxiiii to do. Conuerte thou vs therfore we beſeche the, oh
almyghtye father, & turne away thy wrathe from vs,
Gyue vs grace bleſſed father to haue a ſpirituall taſt,
and a ghoſtly felyng in our hertꝭ of thy infinite goodnes,
mercy, and exceding kyndnes, that thou haſte ſo
many ways declared and ſet forth vnto vs, in, and by
our ſwete ſauiour Jeſu Chriſte, whom thou haſte gyuen
vp to moſt paynfull, and after the worldꝭ eſtimation,
moſt ſhamefull deathe, for to redeme vs thy moſt
wretched ſeruauntes, from euerlaſtynge deathe, and
dānation, that we had deſerued in our father Adam,
and innumerable ways alſo by our owne abhominable
ſynne and wretchednes, and I moſt wretchedly of
all wretches, lorde, father, I aſke the mercy, and for to
make vs thy chyldren and heyres, bretherne, and inheritours
together with thyn onely naturall ſonne our
ſauyour Jeſu Chriſte. Graunte bleſſed father, tha

we, be

A prayer for the molifienge of our harde hertes.

We, beinge myndfull of this thyn excedyng kyndnes, may ſo condempne our vnkyndnes, and our abhominable ſynne & wretchednes, hate it, & euyn abhorre it in our hertꝭ, as we ſhuld do. Graunt yͭ we may ceaſſe from it and leaue it, reſiſte agaynſt it, & withſtande in tyme of temptation, as we ſhulde do. Graunt yͭ with vnfayned faythe, and wᵗ ſure beleue in thy promeſſes, we may aſke and obteine of the forgyuenes of it, with grace to amēde our vngracious lyues, as we ſhuld do. Graunt yͭ we may be kynde & thākefull for thy great benefites yͭ we haue receyued, and dayly do receyue of the, & laude the, & loue them as we ſhulde do. Graunt that for loue of the, we may alſo loue thy holy cōmandemētꝭ as we ſhulde do, graunt vs ghoſtly iyes to ſe the beautie of vertue that is cōtayned in them, and ſo cōſequētly an inwarde delectation & ghoſtly luſt and pleaſure to muſe & thynke of hym, yea a ſyghynge deſyre, wᵗ a feruent prepenſed purpoſe, & an erneſt wyll to obſerue and kepe them as we ſhuld do. Graunt vs thy cōtynuall aſſiſtence & ayde, wᵗ a conſtant determination of our mynde, not wātyng abilite, power, nor ſtrēgth to ꝑſeuer in them, forgettyng yͤ good, whiche thrugh thy grace we haue done, neuer thynkyng yͭ we haue done ynough, neuer wery of well doinge, but euer lokyng forwarde, cōtinually walkyng & goinge forth in our iournay, & encreaſyng in ꝟtue euyn vnto our lyues ende, as we ſhulde do. And thā lorde father, that yͧ wylte vouchſaue for thy mercy & truthe ſake, to take vs out of this wretched worlde, & gyue vs poſſeſſion of that kyngdome that thou haſt prepared for vs, from the begynnyng of yͤ worlde, there to be ſure and out of doubte, neuer to offende thy goodnes agayne, but to reioyce in the laude and prayſe thy mercy, together with thyn holy aungelles and ſayntes, in, and by our ſwete ſauiour Ieſu Chriſt, worlde without ende, as ỹ haſt ordeyned vs to do. Wherfore laude, honour, and glory, power, imperie, & iubilation, be vnto the, our aboue all bleſſed, and almyghtye god, father, ſon, and holy ghoſte, thre perſones, & one god, in, & by our ſwete ſauiour Ieſu Chriſte, for euer & euer. So be it.

Here foloweth an effectuous prayer, very nedefull in theſe laſt & perplous dayes, to be ſayde with teares & depe ſyghes, from the botome of our hertes, the prayer of the ꝓphete Eſaie in the .lxiii. & .lxiiii. chapiters of his propheſies, for the reſtoryng of Chriſtes poore Churche, ſcatered abrode with perſecution, & as it were, forſaken.

LOrde looke out from heuen, and beholde from thy holy habitacion, and from the ſeate of thy glorie, where is thy ſtrength? where is thy ſofte plenteous pitie, and the ryche multytude of thy mercyes? are all theſe hardened agaynſt me? Verely thou arte our father, Abraham nowe knoweth not vs, neyther Iſrael knoweth vs, but thou lorde, thou arte our father, thou arte our redemer, thy name is from the begynnyng. Wherfore haſt thou made thou made vs, o lorde, to erre from thy wayes? Haſte thou hardened our hertes, leſte we ſhulde feare the? Turne the for thy ꝓmeſſe ſake, made to thy ſeruaūtʒ, and for yͤ trybes of thy heritage, for fewe of thy people enioyed the poſſeſſion of theyr lande, & that but a lytle whyle. Our enemyes haue ſpoyled thy holy place, & troden it vnder theyr feete. And we were regarded ſo vyle, as though thou haddeſt neuer ben lorde ouer vs, and as though thy gloryous name had neuer ben called vpon, and ſhewed ouer vs. I wolde thou woldeſt all to breake heuens & come downe ons that yͤ hylles myght melte a way at thy preſence, as in the brēnynge of a conſumynge fyre, where euyn water boyleth out fyre, yͭ thy name myght be knowen to thyn enemies, and theſe vngodly might be ſhamed & troubled at thy preſens. Whan yͧ wroughteſt merueylous thyngʒ for vs, than we loked not for them. Thou cameſt downe, and the hylles waſted a way wͭ tremblyng, before thy face. And from the begynnyng herde they not, nor ꝑceyued wͭ theyr eares, neither with any iye was there ſene any god beſydes the, to haue wrought ſuche meruayles, & yͭ to men, whiche wayted not for the. Somtyme thou metteſt with men, which gladly dyd ryghtwyſenes, & thought vpon the in thy ways. But now loo, thou arte angry bicauſe we are ſynners, and euer haue ben in ſynne, although we were delyuered from peryls. And all we are wrapped in fylthy vnclēnes, yea all our ryghtwyſenes is ſpotted lyke the clothes of a menſtruous woman. And al we are fallen a way lyke leaues. And our iniq̄ties haue caryed vs a waye lyke a whyrle wynde. And there is none lefte yͭ wyll call for helpe in thy name, no not one yͭ wyll ryſe vp, and holde the with prayer, for thou haſt hydde thy face from vs, and haſt dryed vs vp in the hande of our iniquitie. But nowe (lorde) thou art our father, we are but claye, and thou arte our potter, and all we are the workꝭ of thy handꝭ. Be not angry (lorde) euer ſo ſore, and remēbre not alwayes our wyckednes. Lo, beholde we beſeche the, al we are thy people. ¶The cities of thy holy place are forſakē. Syon is turned in to a deſerte. Jeruſalem is deſolate, the houſe of our holynes, and prayer, & of our glorie, ĩ ẏ whiche our fathers prayſed the, is turned in to an heape of fyre. And all thynges wherin we delyte, are turned in to wyldernes. wylte thou not (lorde) be auēged of theſe thyngꝭ? wylt thou holde thy peace, & ſcourge vs thus euer ſo greuouſly?

¶The ſonge of Anna, Helcanas wyfe. i. Regum. ii. wherin ſhe prayſed god, for ẏ he gaue her a ſonne, called Samuel, after that ſhe had ben longe bareyn.

MY herte is pleaſaūtly ſet at reſt in ẏ lorde, my ſtrengthe to conceyue, is ſturred vppe thrugh my god. Now may I ſpeake frely to myn enemyes, for I am made glade in my ſauiour. ¶There is none ſo holy, as is the lorde, neither is ther any ſo myghtie, as is our god, for thou art he alone. Boſte not your ſelfe ẇ many wordes, ſoūdyng ſo to your praiſe, Speke no ſtoute neyther vayn wordꝭ. For the lorde is god ẏ knoweth all, preparyng for hym ſelfe what he luſteth. Stronge mens bowes he hath broken, and the weyke are wel ſtrengthened. Men well replenyſſhed are nowe famyſſhed, & the hungrey are they are well ſatiſfied. Whyles the bareyn is made ful of chyldren, & the temyng woman can beare no frute. It is the lorde that ſleeth and reuyueth. He bryngeth men in to theyr graues, & rayſeth them agayne. ¶The lorde empouereth, & he maketh ryche. He maketh men lowe, and lyfteth vp agayne. He rereth vp the nedye from the duſt, and ꝓmoteth the poore from the dunge. ¶To ſet hym vp wt prynces, holdyng his glorious ſeate regall, gyuyng his petitioners theyr deſyres. For the thre ſholdes of the earth are the lordes, and he turneth the worlde vpon them. His ſayntes feete he wyll kepe, and the vngodly ſhall kepe ſcilence in darkenes, for no man ſhal be ſtronge thrugh his owne myght. His owne aduerſaries ſhal feare ye lorde, for he wyl thundre vpō them from heuen. ¶The ryghtwyſe lorde ſhal be iudge, thrughout all therth. He wyl gyue ye impery to his kyng, & wyll lyft vp ye power of his anoynted.

¶ ¶The prayer of the ꝓphete Daniel, for the reſtoryng of Chriſtis churche, vnder the fygure of Jeruſalem, and the chyldren of Iſrael beinge in captiuitie at the Babylonities. Daniel. ix.

HAſte the lorde god, whiche art greate, & reuerently to be feared, keppynge couenaunt and mercy with them yt loue the, & kepe thy commaūdementes. We are ſynners, yea we haue cōmytted vngodlynes, and are rebell agaynſt the, declynynge from thy cōmaundementes and pleaſures, for we haue not herde thy ſeruauntes the prophetes, which ſpoke in thy name to our kynges, to our prīces, to our father,and to all the people of the lande. Ryghtwyſenes(lorde)is with the,but cõfuſion couereth our faces,as this day well declareth. Confuſion is fallen vpon the man of Juda,vpon thinhabiters of Jeruſalem,and vpon al Iſrael bothe farre and nyghe, in all the lãdes,in to the whiche thou calledſt them for theyr offences cõmitted agaynſt yͤ lorde. We dare not loke vpon the for ſhame,neyther our kynges,nor our princes,nor yet our fathers,bicauſe they haue ſo ſynned agaynſt the. But with yͤ lorde our god are there plentuous mercyes & forgyueneſſes, for we haue rebelled agaynſt hym,and haue not herde yͤ voyce of our lorde god to walke in his lawe, whiche he gaue before vs, by yͤ handes of his ſeruaũtes the ꝓphetes,but all Iſrael hath trãſgreſſed thy lawes,and haue gone backe, bicauſe they wolde not heare thy voyce. Wherfore the curſe & othe are fallen vpon vs,as it is wryten in the lawe of Moyſes,the ſeruaũt of god, bycauſe we haue offended hym,he hath fulfylled his ſayengꝭ vpon vs, and vpon our iudges,whiche iudged vs,to brynge vpon vs this great plage,whiche haue ben done in no place vnder heuen, as is done vpon Jeruſalem.

All theſe plages, of the whiche it is wryten in yͤ law of Moyſes are fallen vpon vs : and yet we haue not prayed yͤ face of the lorde our god,to be cõuerted from our wyckednes,yͭ we mought vnderſtãde thy truthe. But the lorde haſted hym to punyſhement,& brought it vpon vs. For the lorde,our god,is ryghtwyſe in al his workes, whiche he hath done, & yet we herde not his voyce. But nowe(lorde,our god)whiche ledeſt thy people out of the lande of Egipte, from ſo ſtronge a power,& haſt goten the a name(as it is nowe well knowen)

knowen) we are ſynners & haue done vngodly: lorde for all thy ryghtwyſenes ſake, let thy wrathe (I beſeche the) ceaſſe, and thy hote indignation alſo be turned from Jeruſalem thy cite, the hylle of thy holynes. For bycauſe of our ſynnes, and for the wyckednes of our fathers, Jeruſalem & thy people are brought in to an opprobry to all that dwelle roſide aboute vs. And nowe (our god) here the prayers of thy ſeruaũtes, and depe deſyres, and lyghten thy preſence vpon thy ſayntuary, thus deſolate for Chriſtꝭ ſake. Oh my god, bow downe thyn eare and heare, open thyn iyes & beholde our deſolations, and the deſolation of thy citie, in the whiche thy name was wonte to be called vpon. For we poure not forthe our prayers, & theſe depe deſyres before the in our ryghtwyſenes, but for thy plentuous mercies ſake. Lorde heare, lord be mercyful, lord gyue hede, and brynge this to paſſe, tary not for thyne owne ſake lorde god. For bothe thy citie, and thy people are called after thy name.

☞ Prayer peaſeth goddes wrathe.

Forasmoche as we haue nowe greuouſly offended our lorde god. and the days nowe begynne to appere, of the whiche Chriſte & his apoſtles ꝓpheſied, ſayenge there ſhulde come perylous tymes, ſuche affliction and perſecution as hath not ben ſene from the begynnyng of the worlde. ¶ I can not ſe howe we myghte any other wyſe peaſe goddes wrathe, than by contynuall feruente prayer. What thynge is it, but the importune prayer of faythful men hath obteyned it of god at ẏ laſt? What thyng reſiſteth his wrath and vengeaũce more ſtrõgly than

prayer.

Exo.xxxii. pray[illegible] people [illegible] and Moses was bente to prayer, y he mought withdrawe hym fro vengeaunce takynge, [illegible] he not say, Moses, let me go, that my wrathe myght [illegible] vpon them, suffre me to destroye them? But Moses peased his wrathe with this prayer saynge: wherfore, oh lorde, is thy wrathe thus kendled agaynst thy people, whō thou hast ledde out of Egipte, in so great strength, and so stronge power? I beseche the let not the Egiptiās say, he hath ledde them out craftely to sley them in the mountayns, and to quenche theyr name for euer. Let thy wrathe therfore ceasse, and be thou peased vpō the wyckednes of thy people. Remembre Abraham, Isaac, and Israel thy seruauntes, to whom thou sworest by thyn owne selfe, sayeng: I shall multiplie your sede, & encrease it lyke the nombre of the starres of the heuen, and all this lande, of the which I haue spoken so ofte to you, shall I gyue to your sede, & ye shall possesse it a longe tyme.

¶ After this prayer the lorde was peased, so that he powerde not forthe his wrathe vpō his people, as he sayd that he wolde haue done. Considerynge therfore prayer to be of suche efficacie and vertue, and y Christ hym selfe cōmaūded vs to pray also in these perylous dayes: me thynke it necessarie, y the lay people shulde haue the prayers most cōueniēt for this tyme, whiche prayers are psalmes, and y in englyshe, y theyr faythe might y more encrease, & their deuotiō also. By whose prayers the wrathe of god mought be peased, and we myght be restored in to his fauour and grace. whiche graūt vs our father, by his son Jesu Christ. So be it.

An admo-

¶ An admonicion or warnynge to the reder/ neceſſarie to be hadde and redde/ for the true vnderſtandinge and meanig of the Dirige/ hereafter folowynge.

OUR ſauyour Jeſu Chriſte, good chriſten reader, in the goſpel of Johñ, cõmañdeth vs, whyles we haue lyght, to walke in lyghte. For he that walketh in darkenes, ſeeth not whyther he goothe, nor where he walkethe. Amongeſt all other workes of darkenes, and depe ignorãce, wherin we haue blyndly wãdred, folowyng a ſorte of blynde guydes, many dayes and yeres, I accompte not this one of the leaſte, that we haue ronge, and ſonge, mumbled, murmured, & pituouſly pewled forthe a certayne ſorte of pſalmes, herafter enſuynge, with reſponſe, verſicles, and leſſons to yͤ ſame, for the ſoules of our chriſten brethern and ſyſterne, that ben departed out of this worlde. Whiche pſalmes and leſſons (I beſeche god I dye) and if they make any more for any ſuche vſe and purpoſe, that is to ſay, that they oughte or may be vſed any rather for them that be departed, thã for them that be in lyfe and in good bodely helthe, than may Te deum, or Gloria in excelſis.

¶ For a more manyfeſt & clere lyghte wherof, as touchyng yͤ pſalmes, bicauſe fyrſt thou ſhalt not be ignoraunt of the effecte of the mater conteyned in them, I haue put a lytle ſhort argumẽt before euery pſalme of the ſame. Wherin breuely I haue declared, expouned, and ſet forthe theffecte, entent, & meanyng of yͤ whole pſalme folowyng. ¶The whiche lytle ſhorte argumēt and expoſition, I beſeche the gentle reder, diligētly to apply and compare euer vnto the pſalme therunto annexed, & than tell me whether I be a lyer or no, or els whether they be blynde teachers, that haue broughte the in ſuche a fonde folyſhe trade. And as for the .ix. leſſons in the ſayde Dirige, taken out of the prophete Job, I wonder ſore of what entente they were ordeyned to be ſonge or ſayde for t he ſoules of the deade. What an extreme fondnes or madnes is this, for men to be ſo brutyſhe, & ſo farre ouerſeene, as to referre the complaynt of that holy man Job, whiche he being thā in lyfe, yea & many dayes after, made vnto god, in the myddes of his miſerie, & wretchednes, in the myddes of his pouertie, of his ſcabbes, and fylthynes, to referre it (I ſay) to them that be gone, as thoughe they ſhulde ſpeake any ſuche wordes, as be in any of the ſayde .ix. leſſons included? What maketh this to the poore ſoules, that Job, vpon the greate anguyſhe, ſorowe, and grefe conceyued in his harte, for the manyfolde vnkynde wordes, and iniuſte accuſations of his frendes, that came to viſite hym, in that they layde it to his charge, and diſputed it ryght vehemētly, that god wolde neuer ſo haue punyſhed hym, onles he had abhominablye ſynned, and moche worthely deſerued it? beſydes the intolerable prouocation of his wyfe? that Job (I ſay) was therupon enforſed of greate ſorowe, to braſte out in to this ſodeyne exclamation,

Miſeremini mei/miſeremini mei/ ſaltem vos amici mei, quia manus domini tetigit me.

That is to ſay, Haue compaſſion vpon me, haue compaſſion vpon me, at the leaſte ye that be my frendes. For the hande of god hath touched me, as who ſhulde ſaye, Do ye not ſe howe ſoore the power of god dothe handle me? Do ye not ſe what myſerye that I am in? Suppoſe ye that my paynes be not bygge ynoughe? If they be, I beſeche you than, which heretofore haue taken vpon you to be my frendes, not to augmente them, but for the pitie of god haue compaſſion vpon me, and vexe me no more with your bytter wordes, and vntrue ſuggeſtions. Job ſpake theſe wordes (as I haue ſayd before) than beinge in lyue, & in the great rage of his intollerable affliction, and muſt they now ſerue for the ſoules that be departed, and in the paynes of I can not tell what? Finally, there is nothynge in the Dirige taken out of ſcripture, yͭ maketh any more mention of the ſoules departed, than dothe the tale of Robyn Hoode. But lorde ſuche is yͤ blyndnes of mē. Wherfore to make an ende, what ſoeuer thou art good chriſten reder, if it fortune thy lorde, thy heuēly father of his benigne mercy and goodnes, to thentence that he wyll haue the ſaued, as he wolde haue Job, to chaſtice the of loue, as he dyd hym, & to exercyſe thy fayth, as he dyd Jobs, than mayſt thou with Job, make thy compleynt to god, euyn with theſe forſayde .ix. leſſons. And for that purpoſe they do ſerue exceedyngly well. And nowe I commyt the to god, to whom be al honour, and glorye, worlde wͭout ende.

So be it.

¶ The argument in to the .C.xvi. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a thankeful ſonge for the helpe of the lorde, wherby Dauid eſcaped, whan he was now compaſſed in of Saules hoſte.

¶ Dilexi, quoniam exaudiet dominus.

I Loue the lorde, for he hath herde me, he hath herde yͤ depe deſyres of my herte.

He boweth downe his eares vnto me: wherfore whyles I lyue ſhall I call vpon hym.

The ſorowfull ſnares of death helde me ſtrayte, ſtrayte anguyſhes hāpered me in, anguyſhe and affliction founde me.

But yet the name of yͤ lorde I called vpon, I beſeche the lorde delyuer my ſoule.

The lorde is our ryghtwyſe, god is p̄ne vnto fauour he is redy and bente to mercy.

The lorde kepeth the poore ſimple ones. I was full poore, and full of care, and he ſaued me.

Turne the (oh my ſoule) vnto thy reſt, for yͤ lorde hath rewarded the.

For thou haſt delyuered my ſoule from deathe, myn yies from teares, and my feete from ſlydynge.

I ſhall continue and dwell before yͤ lorde amōge the lyuynge men. ¶ Anteme.

¶ I ſhall walke ryght before the lorde in the region of lyuers.

¶ The argument in to the .C.xx. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a compleynt full of affectes, it is a complaynt of an holy man, banyſhed in to amōge the vngodly, whiche do al thynge with deceyte & violēce.

¶ Ad dominum cum tribularer.

When I was in a ſtrayte anguyſhe, I called vpon the lorde, and he graunted me.

Lorde delyuer my ſoule from lyenge lyps, and from a deceytfull tonge.

What auayleth it the, or what good bryngeth it the, thou lyenge man, thy deceytfull tonge?

Oh ſharpe arowes of the ſtronge archer, and hote conſumynge iemper cooles.

Ahlas, that I am thus longe holden in exile amōge theſe falſe & cruell folke of Meſhec, and muſt yet dwel ſtyll with the churlyſhe nation of Kedar.

All to longe hath my ſoule taryed amonge theſe violent men, whiche hate peace.

I ſtudy for peace, but whā I ſpeke of peace to them, by and by are they ſturred to batayle.

Glorie be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyg, as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ Ahlas that my banyſhement is prolonged.

¶ The argument in to the. C.xx. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme declareth, that of god onely, helpe is loked and taryed for, of the faythfull men: and that he onely bryngeth it preſently.

¶ Anteme.

¶ The lorde kepeth the from all euyll, he kepeth euyn thy ſoule.

¶ Leuaui oculos meos in montes.

I Lyfte vp myn yies in to the hylles, from whēce helpe myght come vnto me.

My helpe cometh from the lorde, the maker of heuens and earthe.

He ſhall not ſuffre thy feete to ſlyde, neither he being thy keper ſhall ſlepe.

Loo, neyther wyll he ſlepe, nor yet ons wynke, that kepeth Iſraell.

The lorde is thy keper, the lorde is thy defence, and is euer at thy ryght hande.

The ſonne ſhall not ſmyte the by day, neither yet the moone by nyght.

For the lorde ſhall kepe yͤ from all euyll, yea he ſhal kepe thy ſoule.

The lorde ſhall kepe bothe thy outgoynge, and thy incōmynge, from this tyme vnto euerlaſtynge.

Glorye be to the father, to the ſonne, and to the holy ghoſte.

¶ Anteme.

¶ The lorde kepeth the from all euyll, he kepeth euyn thy ſoule.

¶ The argument in to the .C.xxx. pſalme.

☞ This pſalme is an erneſte prayer full of affectes, of man here oppreſſed with aduerſitie for his ſynnes, but yet promyſynge hym ſelfe with faſte fayth ⁊ hope from god, to haue bothe forgyuenes of his ſynnes, ⁊ delyueraunce from his afflictions.

¶ Anteme.

¶ If thou lorde imputeſt mennes ſynnes vnto them, lorde, who ſhall not fall?

¶ De profundis clamavi.

FRom my moſte depeſt paynfull troubles, called I upon the lorde.

Lorde, heare thou me, let thyn eares be attente unto my depe deſyre.

If thou ſhuldeſt loke narowly upon our wyckednes o lorde, o lorde, who myght abyde the?

But there is mercye with the, and therfore arte thou worſhypped.

I abyde the lorde, my ſoule abydeth hym, and I tary lokynge up alway for thy promeſſes.

My ſoule wayteth for the lorde, as deſyrouſly as the watche men in the mornynge watche, deſyre the day ſprynge.

Let Iſraell wayte for the lorde, for with the lorde is there mercy, and plentuous redemption.

And it is he that ſhall redeme Iſraell from all his wyckedneſſes. Glory be to the father. &c.

¶ Anteme. For if thou lorde imputeſt mẽnes ſinnes unto them, lorde, who ſhall not fall?

¶ The argument in to the. C. xxxviii. pſalme.

In this pſalme David prayſeth the mercy of god, whiche delyverynge hym from all peryls, had exalted hym luckely unto his regall dignitie. ¶ Anteme. ¶ Lorde deſpiſe not the worke of thy hande.

¶ Confitebor tibi domine.

I Shall magnifie the with all my herte, & before the prynces of the worlde I ſhall prayſe the.

I ſhall fall downe upon my knees at thy holy temple, and ſhall magnifie thy name, for thy mercye and trouthes ſake.

For thou haſte extolled thy name, and thy worde above all thynges.

Confitebor tibi domine.

In what tyme ſoeuer I called vpon the, thou graciouſly grauntedſt me, thou encreaſedſt great ſtrengthe in my ſoule.

All the kyngꝭ of ẏ erthe ſhal magnifie the, o lorde, for they haue herde the decrees & pleaſures of thy mouth.

And theyr ſonges ſhal be of the ordinaũce of ẏ lorde, for excellent is the glorie of the lorde.

For the high lorde beholdeth humble & lowly thingꝭ, and a proude man he knoweth a farre.

If it chaunce me to be in the myddes of affliction, yet thou wylte reſtore me, thou wylte ſtretche forthe thy hande agaynſt the wrathe of myn enemies, and ſhalte preſerue me with thy ryght hande.

The lorde wyll brynge all thynges to paſſe for me, o lorde thy mercy ſtandeth forthe for euer, thou ſhalt not forſake the workes of thy handes.

Glory be to the father. &c. ¶ Anteme.

¶ O lorde deſpiſe not the worke of thy hande.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ Fro the portes of helle. ¶ Thaunſwere. ¶ O lorde delyuer our ſoules. ¶ Anteme

¶ I haue herde a voyce from heuen, ſayenge: Bleſſed be the deade, whiche dyen in the lorde.

¶ Magnificat anima mea dominum.

My ſoule magnifieth the lorde.

And my ſpirite reioiſed ĩ god my ſauiour

For he hath loked on the poore degree of his handmayden: beholde nowe frõ henſeforth ſhal all generations call me bleſſed.

For he that is myghtye, hath done to me great thynges, and bleſſed is his name.

His mercy

Magnificat anima mea dominum.

His mercy is alwayes on them yͤ feare hym, thrughout all generations.

He hath ſhewed ſtrẽgthe with his arme, he hath ſcatered thẽ yͤ are proude in yͤ imaginatiõ of theyr herts.

He hath put downe the myghtie from theyr ſeates, and hath exalted them of lowe degree.

He hath fylled the hungrye with good thynges, and hath ſente away the ryche emptie.

He hath remembred mercy, and hath holpen his ſeruaunt Iſraell.

Euyn as he promyſed to our fathers Abraham, and to his ſede for euer.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynning, as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ I haue herde a voyce from heuen, ſayenge: Bleſſed be the deade, whiche dyed in the lorde.

Lorde haue mercy on vs. Chriſte haue mercy on vs. Lorde haue mercy on vs.

¶ Pater noſter.

OUr father, whiche art in heuen, halowed be thy name. Let thy kyngdome come. Thy wyll be fulfylled as well in erthe, as it is in heuen. Gyue vs this daye our dayly breade. And forgyue vs our treſpaces, as we forgyue them that traſpace againſt vs. And leade vs not in to tẽptation. But delyuer vs from euyll. So be it.

¶ Aue Maria.

HAyle Mary, greatly in goddes fauour, the lorde is with the, bleſſed arte thou amõge womẽ, & bleſſed be the frute of thy wombe Jeſu Chriſte. So be it.

¶ The argument in to the. C.xlvi. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a prayſe of lyke argumente with the pſalme before, ſaue that the prophete diſſwadeth chiefely the truſte in to men, whan it is ſo that god is he, whiche alone, bothe maye ſaue, and wyll ſaue all that truſte in hym.

¶ The tytle of the pſalme. ¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ Lauda anima mea dominum.

PRayſe the lorde my ſoule, I ſhall prayſe ẏ lorde whyles I lyue, I ſhall ſynge vnto my god, as longe as I ſhall haue my beinge.

Truſt not in princes, whiche are but men, in whom there is no ſauynge helthe.

Theyr breathe gothe forthe of theyr bodyes, and by and by they are turned in to theyr earthe, in the ſame day all theyr counſelles peryſſhe.

Happy is he that ſeketh helpe of ẏ god of Iacob, and whoſe hope is the lorde, his god.

Whiche hath made heuens and earthe, the ſee, & what ſoeuer are contayned in them, whiche kepeth his promyſe for euer.

Whiche auengeth men vexed wrõgfully, whiche gyueth meate to the hungrye, it is the lorde that loſeth men in holde.

The lorde gyueth lyght to ẏ blynde, the lorde lyfteth vp men oppreſſed, it is the lorde ẏ loueth ẏ ryghtwyſe.

The lorde kepeth ſtraungers, he lyfteth vp the yonge fatherles, and the wydowes, and the purpoſes of the vngodly he turneth vp ſo downe.

The lorde ſhal be kyng for euer, whiche is thy god, o Sion in to all ages.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge, as it is nowe. &c.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ From the gates of helle. ¶ The anſwere.
Lorde delyuer theyr ſoules.
¶ I truſt to ſe the face of the lorde.
In the lande of lyfe.
¶ Lorde god heare my prayer.
And gyue hearynge to my clamour.

¶ Let vs pray.

GOd, to whom it is appropried to be mercyfull euer, and to ſpare, be mercyfull to the ſoules of ll thy ſeruauntes, that whan they ſhall be loſed from he bondes of deathe, they may come vnto ye lyfe euerlaſtynge, by the interceſſion of Chriſte our ſauiour. So be it. Deus cui pprium.

¶ The argument in to the .v. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a prayer of a man oppreſſed of wicked enemies, whom, whan he knoweth to be hated of od, he taketh herte vnto hym agayne, truſtynge that ll peryll paſſed, he ſhall thãke god his ſauiour in the ongregation of his ſayntes, wherfore he prayeth god o to leade hym, that he be not trapped wt theyr ſnares nd alſo to caſte them downe, and to make gladde the aythfull.

¶ The title of the pſalme.

¶ Dauids ſonge played vpon an inſtrument for his ictorie in to the conforte of his people. ¶ Anteme.
¶ Directe good lorde, my way in thy ſyghte.

¶ Verba mea auribus percipe.

LYſten vnto my wordꝭ (lorde) and conſydre my loude complaynt.

Gyue eare vnto my cryenge, my gouernour, and my od, for before the do I poure forthe my prayer.

Verba mea auribus percipe.

Lorde thou ſhalte heare me in the mornynge, in the mornyng ſhal I make my prayer, & loke vp vnto the.

For thou arte not the god, whiche may delyte in the vngodly, ỹ wycked men ſhal haue no place with the.

Synners ſhall not abyde in thy preſence, thou hateſte who ſoeuer are gyuen to wyckednes.

Thou ſhalte deſtroy theſe troublers with theyr lyes, bloudſheders, and men gyuen to deceyte (lorde) thou ſhalte abhorre.

But I vnder thy plẽtuoꝰ fauour, ſhal go to thy houſe, & ſhall worſhyp the wͭ reuerẽt feare in thy holy tẽple.

Leade me forthe of daunger for thy ryghtewyſenes ſake, and from the daunger of my aduerſaries, and let thy way be defenſed for me.

For the truthe is not in theyr mouthes, in theyr hertes they nouryſhe deceyte, theyr throte is an open graue, and with theyr tonge they flatter.

Gyue them in to theyr ſyn, o god, let thẽ fall in theyr owne cōſelles, caſt them down hedlyng, for the multitude of theyr ſynnes, for agaynſt the they are rebell.

But thy moughte reioyce who ſoeuer truſte in the, they moughte pray perpetually alſo, and thou defende them, that they, whiche ſeke the glorie of thy name, mought be gladde of the.

For thou lorde ſhalte be fauourable and gratious to the ryghtewyſe, thou ſhalt compaſſe hym rōude aboute with thy goodnes, lyke as with a ſhylde.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge, as it is nowe, & euer ſhall be. So be it.

Anteme.

¶ Directe good lorde, my way in thy ſyghte.

¶ The argument in to the. vi. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme conteyneth a feruent deſyre, & prayer of a man greuouſly deiecte and woũded in his herte, and ſore fearynge deathe, but afterwarde reioyſyng of helthe reſtored hym. ¶ The title of the pſalme.

¶ The ſong of Dauid for his victorie, played of the. x. ſtrynged inſtrument. ¶ Anteme.

¶ Turne the lorde and delyuer my ſoule: for he is not in deathe that hath mynde of the.

¶ Domine ne in furore tuo.

Ah lorde, rebuke me not in thy wrathe, neyther chaſten me in thyn angre.

But deale fauourably with me (oh lorde) for full ſore broken am I, heale me lorde, for my bones are all to ſhaken.

My ſoule trembleth ſore, but lorde howe longe?

Turne the lorde and deliuer my ſoule, ſaue me for thy mercies ſake.

For they verely yͭ are in this deadely anguiſhe can not thynke vpon the, in theſe helly paynes, who may prayſe the?

I am wery with ſyghynge, I ſhall water my bedde euery nyghte wͭ my teares, ſo yͭ it ſhal ſwym in them.

My face is wryncled & dryed vp with care & angre, myn enemies haue made it full thynne with trouble.

Auoyde fro me ye workers of wyckednes, for yͤ lorde hath herde my cõplayntes poured out wͭ wepynges.

The lorde hath herde my depe deſyre, the lorde hath receyued my petition.

All myn enemies ſhall be ſhamed and aſtoned, they ſhalbe put to flyght and confunded ſodeynly.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

¶ Anteme.

¶ Turne the lorde and delyuer my ſoule: for he is not in deathe that hath mynde of the.

¶ The argument in to the .vii. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme, Dauid deſyreth to be delyuered from the troublous and perelous ꝑſecution of Saule, he remēbreth his innocēcy, he prayeth for yͤ poſſeſſion of his kyngdome, that the people myghte be gathered to god, al curſed mēnes haſtines put away. After this he declareth yͭ theſe vngodlye ſhall peryſhe wͭ theyr owne ſwerde, & ſo at the laſt he cōcludeth in yͤ prayſe of god. ¶ The title of the pſalme. ¶ The ſonge of Dauid played vpon a certeyne muſicall inſtrument, whiche he ſonge to the lorde, as cōcernyng the buſines to the whiche Cuſhe the ſonne of Jeminie put hym. Rede thiſtorie in the .ii. of the kingꝭ the .xvi. chapiter. This pſalme ſerueth to be ſayd of a man falſely vexed and troubled.

¶ Anteme.

¶ Leſt any tyme he may rauyſhe my ſoule as a lyon, whan there is none that wyll redeme it, nor ſaue it.

¶ Domine deus meus in te ſperaui.

O H lorde, which art my god, my truſt is in yͤ, ſaue me from all yͭ ꝑſecute me, & delyuer me.

Leſt this man rauiſhe my lyfe lyke a lyon, tearynge my ſoule, no man delyuerynge me.

Lorde, my god, yf I haue cōmitted this thynge, yf I be aboute to do ſo wycked a thynge.

If I haue not done good for euyll, yea, yf I haue not done good to myn enemies, freelye delyueryng them from peryls.

Let myn enemie perſecute my ſoule, and take it, let hym caſte downe my lyfe, and bury my glorie.

Aryſe lorde and ſhewe thy ſelfe, repreſſyng yͤ wrathe of my troublous aduerſaries with worthy vẽgeaũce, make me at the laſte to enioye the authorite, whiche thou haſt gyuen me.

For ſo ſhal the cõgregatiõ of thy people be gathered together before yͤ, yea, if there were none other cauſe, yet at the leaſt for the delyueraunce of thy poore congregation, ſet forthe thy power.

Lorde, whiche arte the iudge of the people, iudge me after my ryghtwyſenes and innocencie, whiche thou eſpied in me.

Let the wyckednes of the vngodly (I praye the) be made ons an ende of, & thou (o ryghtwyſe god) ſercher of herte & reynes, gyue proſperous good lucke to the ryghtwyſe.

My defence is in god, the ſauiour of thẽ, whiche art of pure and perfecte herte.

God is a ryghtwyſe iudge, and he is the god, whoſe vengeaunce is redy at all tymes.

Yf this man wyll not turne from his euyll, but wyll whette his ſworde continually, bente his bowe, and prepare it to ſhote.

He ſhall prepare deadely arowes for his owne ſelfe, and ſmyte his owne company.

Lo, he traueleth and groneth forthe wyckednes, he hath cõceyued a labourous affliction, and at laſt bryngeth forthe lyes.

He dygged a pytte and hath made it holowe, and he is fallen in to the dyke whiche he made.

The myſchiefe, whiche he entẽded me, ſhal fall vpon his owne heed, and his violence, whiche he ordeyned for me, he ſhall brynge vpon his owne crowne.

I ſhall magnifie the lord after his owne ryghtwyſe nes, and I ſhall ſprede the name of the lorde, which is moſte hygheſt.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte. As it was in the begynnyng, as it is nowe, & euer ſhall be. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ Leſt any tyme he may rauyſhe my ſoule, as a lyon, whan there is none that wyll redeme it, nor ſaue it.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ From the portes of helle ¶ Thanſwere.

¶ Lorde delyuer our ſoules.

¶ Our father whiche arte in heuen. &c.

And leade vs not in to temptacion.

But delyuer vs from euyll.

¶ Parce michi domine.

O Lorde haue pitie vpõ me, that am a weyke creature, and my dayes euyn as nothyng. For what is man to be magnified, or his ſtrengthe to reſiſte thy wyll? Thou doſte conforte hym in the mornyng, and ſodeynly after ſende him aduerſite. Wyll not thou yet holde thy hande and ſpare me? but ſcourge me ſtyll ſo ſore, that I am vnable to ſwalowe myn owne ſpyttell? I confeſſe, O lorde, that I haue offended the, and howe can I make the amendes, that arte the keper of all men from ſyn? why haſt thou ſuffered me to do cõtrarie to thy pleaſure, and to hange ſo heuy a clogge in myn owne necke? wherfore doſte thou not forgyue my ſynne, and take from me myn iniquitie? Beholde, nowe my body ſhalbe turned in to duſte: and yf thou do tyll that tyme differ thy mercy, I ſhall not be apte to receyue it. Re.

¶ I beleue that my redemer lyueth euer, and that I ſhal ryſe agayne the laſt day. And cladde agayne with myn owne fleſhe, ſhal beholde god my ſauiour. Verſ. whom I my ſelfe ſhall ſe, hauyng the ſame body that I haue nowe, and none other, and ſhall beholde hym with myn owne iyes. And cladde agayne with myn owne fleſhe, ſhall beholde god, my ſauiour.

¶ Tedet animam meam vite mee.

I Am wery of this lyfe, and therfore I wyll leaue mournynge to my ſelfe, and bewayle my bytter lyfe vnto god, ſayenge to hym: O lorde condempne me not as a wycked man, but gently ſhewe me why thou doſt thus ſcourge me? Is it, o lorde for thy glorye, thus to punyſhe and oppreſſe me a wretched creature (thyn owne handy worke) & to make by thus occaſion thyne aduerſarie ioyfull? Haſte thou, o lorde, fleſhely iyes? And conſydereſt thou my workes, as worldly men beholde thē? Arte thou nowe frende, nowe foo, at diuerſe tymes as mā is? Is thy wyl variable, as men be at diuerſe tymes inconſtant? why doſt thou nowe ſeke myn iniquitie, and ſerche ſo narowly for myn offences? Conſyderynge thou knoweſt that I was neuer thyn aduerſarie, but euer beleued, that no man is able to delyuer me from this payne, that thou haſt ſent me, but thou alone. ℟.

¶ O lorde, that haſt rayſed vp againe Lazer from his graue whan he ſauored, Gyue thou to all men thy reſt and peace, and tyme of repentaunce. Verſ. whiche ſhalte iudge both quicke and deade, and all the worlde by fyre. Gyue thou to all men thy reſte and peace, and tyme of repentaunce.

Manus

¶ Manus tue fecerunt me.

Thy handes hath formed me, and by thy power euery parte of me is faſhioned, And wylte thou now thus ſodeynly deſtroye thy creature? Remembre, O lorde, I beſeche the, that thou haſte made me, euyn as the potter his veſſel of claye. And wylte thou nowe knocke me agayne all in peces? Haſte not thou wroughte me in my mothers wombe, and there gathered me, euyn as curdes of mylke? It is thou, O lorde, that hath cladde me with ſkyn and fleſhe, and made me ſtronge with ſenowes and bones. ¶ Thou haſte by thy mercye gyuen me lyfe and lymme, and it is thy goodnes and conforte that kepeth me nowe on lyue. ℞. ¶ Where ſhall I hyde me, O lorde, from thy wrathefull countenaunce, whan thou doſte come to iudge the worlde? For that I haue greuouſly offended the in my lyfe. Verſ. I tremble for feare, conſyderynge my dedes, aſhamed to appere before the. ¶ Therfore, O lorde, cōdempne me not, whan thou doſte come to iudge the worlde. For that I haue greuouſly offended the in my lyfe.

¶ The argument in to the .xxiii. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid declareth and ſetteth forthe the merueylous ſuretie of the truſt in god, & alſo howe bleſſed a thyng it is. ¶ The ſonge of Dauid. Anteme. ¶ In place of paſture, there hath he ſet me.

¶ Dominus regit me.

The lorde is my paſtore and feder, wherfore I ſhall not wante.

He made me to fede in a full plentuous batle grounde, and dyd dryue and retche me at layſer by the ſwete ryuers.

He reſtored my lyfe, and ledde me by the pathes of

ryghtwyſenes, for his names ſake.

Yea, yf I ſhulde go thrugh the myddes of deathe, yet wyll I feare none euyll, for yͧ arte with me, thy ſtaffe and thy ſhepehoke comforteth me.

Thou ſhalt ſpreade and garnyſhe me a table, yea, and that in the ſyghte of myn enemies, yͧ ſhalte ſouple my heade wͭ oyntmēt, & my full cuppe ſhal laugh vpō me.

Yea, and thy mercy and gentlenes ſhal folowe me all my lyfe, I ſhal ſyt in yͤ houſe of the lorde a longe tyme.

Glory be to yͤ father, to the ſon, and to yͤ holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge, as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it. Anteme.

¶ In place of paſture there hath he ſet me.

¶ The argument in to the .xxv. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a prayer of an holy man, oppreſſed with ſynne, & with the haſty violēce of his enemies, wherfore he prayeth the lorde to deliuer hym from the furie of his enemies, & yͭ for his mercies ſake, thrugh whiche he was wōte to ſaue ſuche as truſted in hym, and not to forſake ſynners, holden yet with any feare & truſte, whiche both he knowlegeth of hymſelfe: and at laſt he ſetteth to a lytle prayer for al yͤ people of god.

The title of the pſalme. The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ Ad te domine leuaui animam meam.

Vnto the (oh lorde) I lyft vp my mynde: my god I truſt in the, let me not be ſhamed, leſt myn enemies reioyſe vpon me.

For they ſhall not be ſhamed, who ſoeuer depende vpon the: but they ſhalbe ſhamed, that wrongefully hurte innocentes.

Shewe me thy ways lorde, & wōte me to thy pathes.

Leade me forthe for thy faythfull truthes ſake, acquaynte me with the, for thou arte god my ſauyour, of whom I depende perpetually.

Lorde remembre thy mercy, and thy gracyous fauour, for in theſe thinges ẏ excelleſt euyn from ẏ begynning

But the ſynnes of my youthe, with my vngodlyneſſe alſo, remembre thou not, remembre me accordyng to thy goodnes, and for thy mercyes ſake (oh lorde).

Good and ryghtwyſe is the lorde, wherfore he wyll inſtructe and teache ſynners the way.

He wyll make the lowlyones to go in ryghtely and in due ordre: and wyll teache meke men his way.

All the pathes of the lorde are mercy & faythefulnes, to thoſe men, whiche kepe touche & couenaũt wt hym.

For thy names ſake (oh lord) forgyue me my wyckednes, for it is very moche.

Who ſoeuer that man be, that feareth the lorde, he ſhall teache hym the choſen ryghte way.

His mynde ſhall enioye good thynges, and his poſteritie ſhall poſſeſſe the lande as ryght heritage.

The lorde is a ſecrete ſure thynge to them that feare hym, and them ſhall he make to knowe his couenaũt and promyſe.

Myn iyes ſhalbe euer open vpon the lorde, for he wyl drawe my feete out of the nette.

Beholde me, & haue mercy vpon me, for I am alone forſaken, full of affliction.

The ſorowful ſyghes of my herte encreaſe more and more, leade me out of myn anguyſhe.

Beholde my poore ſtate and myn heuyneſſe, forgyue me all my ſynnes.

Conſydre myn enemyes, for they are full many, and with furyous hatred they purſue me.

Ad te domine leuaui animam meam.

Kepe my ſoule and delyuer me, leſte I be ſhamed, for I haue put my truſte in the.

Defende me, that I may lyue ryghtely, hurtynge no man, for of the do I depende.

Redeme & loſe Iſrael (o god) from all his aduerſities

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. Anteme.

¶ The defaultes & treſpaces of my youthe remembre them not, but for thy benignitie and goodnes, whiche thou euer vſeſt.

¶ The argument in to the .xxvii. pſalme.

¶ Dauid ſonge this pſalme, beinge in ſome greate peryll, in the whiche he remēbrynge the promyſe of god, dyd animate hym ſelfe ſtrongely agaynſte ſo preſente and ſtormy tempeſtes: promyſynge hym ſelfe victorie vpon his enemyes, and quiete lyfe in heuenly meditacions, he maketh his vowe to gyue thankes, and thus he confirmed with faſt hope, deſyreth the helpe of god, prayenge to teache hym his way, and agayne he exciteth hym ſelfe to truſt ſtrongely in god. ¶ The title. Dauids ſonge. Anteme.

¶ I truſt to ſe the face of the lorde, in the lande of lyfe.

¶ Dominus illuminatio mea.

The lorde is my lyght and my ſauynge helthe: of whom than ſhall I be afrayde?

The lorde is the ſtronge defence of my lyfe: of whom than ſhall I be afrayde?

Whan the noyous and harmefull men, whiche were myn aduerſaries, fall vpon me to deuoure my fleſhe, than ſhal they ſmyte them ſelfe agaynſt yͤ rocke & fall.

Yea, and if they pytche felde & bende theyr ordynaūce

agaynſt

agaynſt me, yet ſhall not my herte feare.

Yf batayle be reuſe agaynſt me, yet ſhal I truſte to the promyſe of god.

One petition aſked I of the lorde, whiche I ſhall folowe vpon, that is, I myghte ſytte in the houſe of the lorde all dayes of my lyfe.

Where I myght beholde the beautifull regaltie of the lorde, and viſite his holy temple.

For he hath hyde me, as though I were in his tabernacle in tyme of perſecution, he ſhall hyde me in the preuie place of his tēte, & ſhal lyfte me vp ī to a rocke.

He ſhal gyue me ẏ ouerhande of myn enemies, whiche haue compaſſed me in, and I ſhall offre ioyfull ſacrifices, I ſhal ſynge & play ẏ pſalmes before ẏ lorde.

Lorde here my voyce, I call vpō the, haue mercye vpon me, and anſwere me.

My herte thoughte vpon the, I ſoughte to ſe the, it is the lorde that I ſeke.

Turne not thy face fro me, ſuffre not thy ſeruaunt to ſlyde in thy wrathe, hitherto haſt thou ben my helper, caſte me not nowe awaye, neyther forſake me, oh god, my ſauiour.

For where my father & my mother fayled me, there the lorde gathered me to hym.

Lorde teache me thy way, and leade me forthe in the ryghte pathe from them that laye awayte for me.

Let them not take theyr pleaſure vpon me, whiche are my troublous enemies, lyenge witneſſes ſtode together ſtyffe agaynſt me.

Whoſe violēce had greuouſly oppreſſed me, had I not beleued to enioye thoſe thynges, whiche are good amonge the lyuynge men.

Depende and wayte thou vpon the lorde, be yͤ ſtrõge, it is he that ſhall ſtrengthen thy herte, depende vpon the lorde.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is nowe, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ I truſte to ſe the face of the lorde, in the lande of lyfe.

¶ The verſicle.

¶ The ryghtuous ſhalbe in eternall remembraunce.

¶ Thaunſwere.

¶ He ſhall not feare any infamie.

¶ Our father whiche art in heuen. &c.

And leade vs not in to temptation.

But delyuer vs from euyll.

¶ Quantas habeo iniquitates. &c

O Lorde, ſhewe myn iniquities, and al my ſynnes bothe greathe and ſmall. What is the cauſe that thou turneſt thy countenaunce from me, and entreateſt me as thyn enemie? Thou ſheweſt thy myghtie power, agaynſt a leafe caryed vp with the wynde in to the ayre, and agaynſt drie ſtubble, that eaſely is troden all in peces. Thou haſte gyuen an harde ſentence vpon me, and wylte deſtroye me with thoffẽces of my yonge age. Thou haſte made my feete ſtronge with ſenowes, and haſte wayted me whether I go, & conſydereſt euery ſteppe of my feete. I ſe nowe that I ſhall waſte away lyke donge, that dayly rotteth, and ſhall be eaten and deuoured, as the garment of the mothe. ℟.

¶ O lorde howe ſorye I am, that I haue ſo greately ſynned in my lyfe tyme. What ſhall I do, that am ſo wretched? Whyther ſhall I flye, but to the that art my god and ſauyour? Haue thou mercy vpon me. When thou ſhalte come at the laſte day. Verſ. My mynde is ſore troubled, but thou lorde be my ſuccour. When thou ſhalte come at the laſte day.

¶ Homo natus de muliere.

THe man that is borne of the woman, lyueth but a ſhorte tyme, and yet is troubled w moche miſerie. Fyrſte he lyueth lyke a flowre, ſhortly after he wyddereth away, and vanyſheth as a ſhadowe, neuer taryenge longe in one condition. And doſte thou (o lorde) thynke it to be thyn honour, to loke thus ſharpely on ſo feble a creature? And to require of hym a perfecte ryghtwyſenes? What man is able by his owne power to make hym ſelfe clene from ſynne, that is cōceyued of infecte and ſynfull ſede? Is not that thynge in thy power only? ¶ The dayes of man are very ſhort, but the numbre of his monthes is in thy knowledge. ¶ Thou haſt appoynted hym his ende, which he can not ouerpaſſe. Aſſwage my ſorowe ſomwhat good lorde, that the wretched man may reſte and be refreſhed, vnto his dyenge day be come, whiche he as ſore deſyreth as the labourynge man the dayes ende. R.

¶ Remembre not myn offences good lorde, whā thou ſhalte come to iudge the worlde by fyre. Verſ.

¶ O good lorde my ſauyour, directe my lyfe and conuerſation, ſo as it maye be acceptable in thy ſyghte. When thou ſhalte come to iudge the worlde by fyre.

¶ Quis michi hoc tribuat. &c.

LNowe beinge in theſe helly paynes, o lorde, that thou wolteſt delyuer me, or els to hyde me vnto thy diſpleaſure were paſte, or at the leaſte it myght pleaſe the to appoynte me ſome tyme certayne, when thou wylte remembre me, for what care haue I to dye whan a deade man ſhall ryſe agayne? All the dayes of my lyfe here, I euer loke to dye. And whan thou ſhalt call me, I ſhall anſwere the agayne. For thou wylte by thy power and myght rayſe vp thyn owne handye worke. Thou knoweſt the ſecretes of myn herte, and haſte numbred all my ſteppes, but yet, o lorde, forgyue my ſynnes. R. ¶ O lorde iudge me not after my dedes, I haue done nothyng worthy to be accepted before the. Wherfore I beſeche thy maieſtie, whiche arte the onely god, to clenſe me from myn iniquitie. Verſ. ¶ And yet agayne waſhe me from myn vnryghtwyſnes, and clenſe me from my ſynne. For I confeſſe I haue onely treſpaſed agaynſt the. Wherfore I beſeche thy maieſtie, whiche arte the onely god, to clenſe me from myn iniquitie.

¶ The argument in to the .xl. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid gloryeth of his delyuerāce thrughe the helpe of god from a greate peryll, he merueyleth of yͤ infinite mercy of god towarde them that feare hym. For whiche thynge (ſeinge that he deſyreth no ſacrifice, but euyn man hym ſelfe) he yeldethe hym ſelfe to hym, magnifienge his ryghtwyſnes & mercy: he toucheth that his ſynnes were cauſe of his peryll. And at the laſte he prayeth god to caſt downe his enemyes, and to make glad good men wͭ his gentlenes.

¶ Expectans expectaui dominum.

Whyles I abode, I taryed for the lorde, and he bowed downe his eare to me, and herde my cryenge.

He ledde me oute of the toughe claye, and muddye pytte, the water aryſynge rounde aboute me, he ſette

my fete

my feete vpõ ẏ ſtone, ⁊ gaue quicke ſpede to my ſteppꝭ.

And he put in to my mouthe a newe ſonge, to prayſe thee with our god.

Whiche thynge many perceyue to be worſhyp to the lorde, beganne alſo lyke wyſe to truſt in hym.

Bleſſed is that man that ſetteth the lorde before hym for his hope, and hath no reſpecte to the proude men, cleuynge to vayne lyes (the truthe forſaken).

Many thynges haſte ẏ done (lorde my god) thy noble dedes ⁊ depe counſelles, as concernynge vs, no man may comprehẽde, no man may ſhewe ne expreſſe thẽ, neyther may they be nombred.

Thou delytedeſt neyther in ſacrifice, nor in oblatiõ, but haſte opened my ryghte eares to here the, neyther brẽte ſacrifices, nor yet any ſlayne beaſt haſt ẏ deſyred.

And than I ſayde, lo, I my ſelfe am here preſente, of me it is wryten in the bokes of the lawe.

It hath lyked me well to do thy wyll (my god) thy lawe is ſet faſte with me in my very herte.

I ſhal preache thy ryghtwyſenes in the full congregation, lo, I haue not holdẽ my mouthe, as thou (lord) well knoweſt.

In no maner wyſe haue I hydde thy ryghtwyſenes within me, but thy faythfulnes and thy ſauynge wyl haue I ſpredde.

I haue not ceaſſed to ſhewe forthe thy mercy and thy trouthe, in the full congregation.

Neyther thou (lorde) alſo haſte holden thy gracious mercies from me, thy gentle fauour and thy trouthe preſerue me perpetually.

For I was ouer whelmed wt innumerable troubles my ſynnes cumbred me ſo, that I myghte not ſe them all, they were farre moo than the heares of my heade, for the whiche thynge my herte fayled me.

Let it pleaſe the (lorde) to delyuer me, lorde haſte the to helpe me.

Let them be confounded that lye a wayte for my lyfe to quēche it, let them be borne backewarde with open ſhame & ignominie as many as ſtudy to do me harme

Let them be deſtroyed, bicauſe they haue ben aboute to ſhame me, euyn they, whiche ſayde by me, fyghe, fyghe, vpon me.

But let hym reioyſe in the, who ſoeuer ſeketh the, & loueth the helth, which ỹ bryngeſt, let theſe men haue euer in theyr mouthes, magnified & extolled be ỹ lorde

I was in affliction and pouertie, but the lord loked to me, thou arte my helpe, and my delyuerer, my god, thou ſhalte not tarye.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

Anteme.

¶ Haſte the lorde to delyuer me, ſpede the to helpe me.

¶ The argument in to the .xli. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid remēbreth a certayn diſeaſe in hymſelfe, in which whā he laboured, his enemyes reioyſed greately, thynkynge hym to be outquenched through the payne of his diſeaſe, his frendes forſoke hym, but god holpe hym, & euermore helpeth, wherof he affyrmeth that man to be happy, whiche knoweth the diſpleaſure of god towardes hym.

¶ Anteme.

¶ Heale my ſoule lord, for I am a ſynner agaynſt the,

¶ Beatus qui intelligit.

Bleſſed is that man, whiche vnderſtandeth the very thynge, as concernynge the ſycke man in tyme of aduerſite, the lorde ſhall delyuer hym.

The lord ſhal kepe hym, he ſhal reſtore hym to helth, he ſhall enioye proſperous thynges vpon the earthe, for thou ſhalt not leaue hym to his enemyes pleaſure.

The lorde ſhall ſtrẽgthen hym lyenge vpõ his ſycke bedde, thou ſhalte ſo brynge it to paſſe, that he ſhall chaunge all his bedde.

I verely ſayde, lorde, haue mercy vpon me, heale my ſoule, for I am a ſynner agaynſt the.

Myn enemyes ſpoke yuell vpon me, ſayenge, whan ſhall he ons dye? and whan ſhall his name peryſhe? Whā any of them came to ſe me, he ſpoke vayne lyes, he gathered myſchiefe to hym ſelfe in his herte, and he goynge forthe blowed it abrode.

Alſo, all my haters whyſpered together agaynſt me, and thought euyll vpon me.

Sayeng, ſome greuous ſyn hath occupyed this man, and this man lyenge ſo ſycke, ſhall neuermore ryſe.

Yea my frende, in whom I truſted, whom I receyued to my table, ſupplanted me.

But lorde haue mercy vpon me, and reſtore me, and I ſhall rewarde theſe men.

In this thynge I knewe that thou fauoreſt me, that my enemye reioyſeth not vpon me.

And in that I am hole, thou ſhalte ons ſuſtayne me, and ſet me before the for euer.

Prayſed be the lorde god of Iſraell, from worlde to worlde. So be it.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte. As it was in the begynnynge. &c. ¶ Anteme.

¶ Heale my ſoule lorde, for I am a ſynner agaīſt the.

¶ The argument in to the .xlii. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme it is declared, how that through the coniuration of Abſalon, Dauid was holden from the holy congregation and feaſte of the lorde: and how he beinge diſquieted with the ſynfull reporte of the vngodlye (whiche ſpoke euyll of his godlye worſhyppe, wherunto he was gyuen) ſorowed: ſhewynge his mynde with an earneſt complaynt before the lorde.

¶ The title of the pſalme. ¶ An inſtruction or leſſon ſhewed to the chyldren of Chore, and cōmitted of Dauid to the chiefe chaunter, to be ſonge in the temple.

¶ Quemadmodum deſiderat ceruus.

EUyn as the chaſed harte thyrſteth, gapynge for the freſhe water, ſo dothe my ſoule thyrſte and gape for god.

My ſoule thyrſtethe for god, yea for the lyuynge god, whan ſhall I ons come to ſe the face of god?

I lycked in my tears in ſteade of meate, day & nyght, whyles it was ſaid vnto me dayly, where is thy god?

All the heuynes of my mynde I poured forthe, as ſone as I remembred ẏ I ſhulde leade vnto the houſe of god, ſuche a ioyfull multitude, prayſynge and halowynge the feaſte day.

Wherfore than arte thou ſo deiecte & ſo heuy my ſoule, truſte in god, for yet ſhall I magnifie hym, for the ſauynge helpe, whiche he gyueth me of his fauour.

My god, my ſoule is deiecte in my ſelfe, bicauſe I remēbred the in the lande beyonde Iordane, in ẏ hylles of Hermon, and at the lytle hylle of Myzaar.

One greuous ſorowe bryngethe in a nother, for thy water courſes ſoundyng ſo fearefully, all thy floodes and ſtormes fell vpon me.

By daye, lorde, thou gaueſt me to enioye thy mercye, and by nyghte thou madeſt me to ſynge and praye to the lyuynge god.

I ſayde to god, thou arte my rocke of ſtone, wherfore forgetteſt me? wherfore go I mournyng ſo ſorowfully, myn aduerſarie oppreſſynge me?

Euyn my very bones are cut in ſundre, whyles they caſte in to my tethe this greuouſe opprobrye, ſayinge dayly, where is thy god?

Wherfore art thou ſo ſorowfully deiecte, my ſoule, and ſo ſore troubled in me? truſt in god, for yet ſhal I magnifie hym for his helpe, wherwith he ſhal make glad my face, and declare hym ſelfe to be my god.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ My ſoule thyrſteth for god, euyn the lyuynge god, whan ſhall I ons come & appere before yͤ face of god?

Uer. From the portes of helle. R. Lorde delyuer our ſoules. ¶ Our father that arte in heuen. &c.

And leade vs not in to temptacion.

But delyuer vs from all euyll.

¶ Spiritus meus attenuabitur. &c.

I Begynne to waxe faynte, and ſcarcelye able to drawe my wynde, my dyenge daye approcheth nye, lokynge ſurely to be buryed, yet I haue not ſo offended, as my frendes laye to my charge, whoſe vnkyndnes kylleth my herte, and compelleth me ofte to water myn iyes. O lorde haue pitie on me, delyuer me out of this greate ſorowe, ſtande thou, o lorde, on my ſyde: and let all men that wyll fyght agaynſt me,

Spiritus meus attenuabitur.

My ioyfull days are paſt, my herte is ſo ſore troubled, that I knowe not whyther to turne me. ¶They haue made me in that caſe, that whan it is day, I loke ſurely for no better eſtate in this worlde. But vtterlye I take my graue for my dwellynge houſe, and haue prepared my bedde within the earthe. Reputyng corruption, for father and mother. And take wormes for my ſyſters. What hope haue I than in this worlde? And what conforte ſhuld I nowe loke for? Verely, o lorde, thou arte my hope and conforte. R.

¶Bicauſe I dayly ſynne and repente not, the feare of death doth trouble me, for ons layde in graue there is no remedy. O lorde haue mercy vpõ me and ſaue me.

Verſ. O good god ſaue me for thy gloryous name, and delyuer me from ſynne for thy trouthes ſake.

O lorde haue mercy vpon me and ſaue me.

¶Pelli me conſumptis carnis. &c

My fleſhe beinge thus waſted, and nothyng left on me, but ſkynne and bones, my lyppes euyn cleuynge to the harde tethe. You that be my frendes, (if no man elles wyll) yet haue compaſſion vpon me, conſyderynge it is the hande of god, ẏ hath thus ſcourged me. Why do you double my ſorowe, & take vpon you goddes office? Is my vexation your cõforte? And be you made luſtye with my leannes? O wolde god my wordes were wryten in yerne, or els were grauen in leade or flynte. For I beleue ſurelye, I knowe without doubte, that my redemer lyueth euer. And as he is immortall, ſo ſhall I ryſe agayne out of ẏ erthe, cladde with my fleſhe and ſkynne at the laſte day, and lyue wt god, that is my ſauyour, in his ſyght for euer. Yea and I my ſelfe, with the ſelfe ſame bodye & iyes, whiche I nowe haue, and none other, ſhall to my ioye and conforte beholde his gloryous maieſtie. Whiche faythe and hope remayneth ſtedfaſtly in my herte and mynde. ℟. O lorde graunte all thy ſeruauntes reſte euerlaſtynge. And that the lyghte, whiche neuer ſhall fayle, may ſhyne vpon them. Verſ. O lorde that haſte rayſed vp Lazer from his graue, whan he ſauoured, thou graunte them reſte. And that the lyghte, whiche neuer ſhall fayle, may ſhyne vpon them.

¶ Quare de vulua eduxiſti me?

Why haſte thou broughte me out of my mothers wombe, on lyue? It had ben moche better for me to haue ben deade borne, for ſo no man ſhuld haue ſene me. But ſtrayght as I was borne, I had ben conueyed in to my graue, and ſo rydde of all this miſerie. O good lorde ſhal not this my miſerable lyfe be ſhortlye ended? Slake thy hande for a ſeaſon, that I maye yet haue leaſure to bewayle my ſorowe, before I departe to the blynde and darke worlde. And graunt me neuer to returne hyther agayne, but rather yͭ my body abyde there ſtylle in the earthe, a place of miſerye and darkenes, where the very ymage of deathe dwelleth, forgettynge all good men, and abhorrynge good lyuers, clene without any ordre.

℟. O lorde delyuer me from euerlaſtynge deade at the dredefull day. When heuen and earthe ſhall be altered. Whyles thou ſhalt come to iudge the worlde by fyre. Verſ. That day ſhall be the day of wrathe, ſorowe, and miſerie, a greuouſe and a bytter day. When heuen and earthe ſhalbe altered. Whyles thou ſhalte come to iudge the worlde by fyre. Verſ. What than ſhall I moſt wretched creature, eyther ſay, or do, whā

I haue no good dedes to ſhewe before ſo hygh a iudge whyles thou ſhalte come to iudge the worlde by fyre.

Verſ. Nowe Chriſt Jeſu, we moſte humbly beſeche the to haue mercy on vs. And that thou, whiche arte come to redeme wretches from ſynne and thraldome, wylte not caſte away them, whom thou haſt ſo derely redemed. O lorde delyuer me from euerlaſtyng death at the dredeful day, whan heuen and earth ſhalbe altered, whyles ÿ ſhalte come to iudge the worlde by fyre.

¶ Verſicle. God haue mercy on all chriſten ſoules.

¶ Thaunſwere. So be it.

¶ The argument in to the.li. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a prayer of a mā vnfaynedly knowledgyng his ſinnes. In whiche prayer the good man deſyreth to haue the good ſpirite of god, through whiche ſpirite all euyll concupiſcēce is refrayned, & ryghtwyſe makyng is ſought, in whiche conſiſteth true forgyuenes of ſynne.

The ſonge of Dauid cōmitted to ÿ chaūter, after that the prophete Nathan had ben with hym, for that adultery, cōmitted Barſaba, Uries wyfe.

Rede thiſtorie.ii. Regum.xii. ¶ Anteme.

¶ My broſe bones lorde ſhall be refreſſhed.

¶ Miſerere mei deus.

Haue mercye vpon me god, for thy gentilnes ſake, for thy great mercies ſake, wype awaye my ſynnes.

And yet agayne waſſhe me more frome my wyckednes, and make me clene from my vngodlynes.

For my greuous ſinnes do I knowledge, and my vngodlynes is euer before myn iyes.

Agaynſt the, agaynſt the onely haue I ſinned, & that

that ſore offendeth the haue I done, wherfore very iuſt ſhalte thou be knowen in thy wordſ and pure, whan it ſhall be iudged of the.

Lo I was faſſhoned in wyckednes, and my mother conceyued me polluted with ſynne.

But lo, thou woldeſt trouthe to occupye and rule in my inwarde ptes, thou ſhewedeſt me wyſedome, whiche thou woldeſt to lye in the ſecretes of my herte.

Sprincle me with hyſope, and ſo ſhal I be clene, thou ſhalt waſhe me, & than ſhall I be whytter thã ſnowe.

Poure vpon me ioye and gladnes, make my bones to reioyce, whiche thou haſte ſmytten.

Turne thy face fro my ſynnes, and wype awaye all my wyckednes.

A pure herte create in me, oh lorde, & a ſtedfaſt ryght ſpirite make a newe within me.

Caſt me not away, & thy holy ghoſt take not fro me.

Make me agayn to reioyce, whiles thou bringeſt me thy ſauynge helthe, and let thy chiefe gouernynge free ſpirite ſtrenghten and leade me.

I ſhal enſtructe curſed and ſhrewde men in thy way, and vngodly men ſhall be conuerted vnto the.

Delyuer me from the ſynne of murther, oh god, my ſauiour, and my tonge ſhall triūphe vpon thy mercye, wherwith thou makeſt me ryghtwyſe.

Lorde open thou my lyppes, and than my mouthe ſhall ſhewe forthe thy prayſe.

For as for ſacrifices thou delyteſt not in them, or els I had offered them, and as for brente ſacrifices thou regardeſt them not.

Acceptable ſacrifices to god, is a broken ſpirite, a contrite, & a deiecte herte, thou ſhalte not deſpiſe (oh god).

Deale gently of thy fauorable beneuolence ẘ Syon, let the walles of Hieruſalem be edified.

Than ſhalt thou delyte in very ſacrifices, in ẏ ryght brente ſacrifice, and in the oblation of ryghtwyſenes: than ſhall they laye vpon thyn alter the very oxen.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ My broſed bones, lorde, ſhalbe refreſhed.

¶ The argument in to the. xlv. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid declarethe god to haue his chiefe ſeate in Sion, there to be knowē and worſhypped of all men. ¶ Anteme. ¶ Lorde heare my prayer, vnto the therfore cōmeth euery creature.

¶ Te decet hympnus deus in ſyon.

Prayſe abydeth the (oh god) in Syon, and men ſhall perfourme vnto the theyr vowes.

Unto the, whiche heareſte prayer, all mortall men ſhall come.

Iniquitie preuayled agaynſte vs, but it is thou that purgeſt vs from our ſynnes.

Bleſſed is he, whom thou haſte choſen, and whom thou haſt taken to the, to dwelle in thy houſe.

For he ſhalbe ſatiſfied with the good thynges of thy houſe, and of thy holy temple.

Of thy merueylous ryghtwyſenes ſhalt thou graūte vs (oh god our ſauiour) wherfore they ſhal truſt in the all that inhabite the fartheſt cooſtes of the earthe, and of the longe ſee.

Thou arte he, whiche ſetteſte the hylles in theyr ſtrength, gyrte rounde aboute with power.

Whiche ſwageſt & peaſeſt the fyerſe roryng of the ſees, and ſeaſſeſte the noyſe of theyr floudes, and the wode furye of the heathen.

They that are in the extremeſte partes of the earthe, ſhall feare at thy wonderfull tokens, them that dwel at the eaſte and at the weſte thou ſhalte make gladde.

Thou haſt viſited the erthe with rayne, whā it was full drye, thou haſt made it very ryche and plentuous, the ryuer of god floweth full of water, yͤ ſhalte make her wheate to encreaſe luckely, for ſo it is thy pleaſure to endue it.

Lay playne her euyn forowes, and moyſte them temperately with ſwete ſhowres, ⁊ bleſſe thou yͤ ſprynge of her corne.

Thou ſhalte leade the eare aboute with thy gentyll fauour, thy cloudes ſhall droppe fatte plentuouſnes.

There ſhall fall droppes vpon the manſions of deſerte, the hylles ſhall ioye, couerde rounde aboute with plentuous frute.

The playne feldes ſhalbe couerde wͭ flockes of ſhepe, and the valeys ſhall be fylled with corne, wherfore euery man ſhall ſynge and make melodye.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, ⁊ to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme. ¶ Lorde heare my prayer, vnto the therfore cōmeth euery creature.

¶ The argument in to the .xliiii. pſalme.

¶ Here Dauid declareth howe that throughe Saules perſecution he was holden a backe in the deſerte of Juda, from the holy feaſte. ¶ The title of the pſalme.

¶ The ſonge of Dauid what tyme he was banyſhed in to the deſerte of Juda.

God thou

¶ Deus deus meus.

GOd, thou arte my god, early do I ſyghe for the, my ſoule thyrſteth for yͤ, my fleſſhe deſyreth the in this thyrſtye & wyde wyldernes, wᵗout any water.

Thus ſhal I beholde the, as in thy ſecrete holy place that I myght ſe thy power and thy gloryous beautie.

For thy mercye is more deſyrous, thã this ſame lyfe, with my lyppes ſhall I prayſe the.

Thus ſhall I magnifie the thorowe all my lyfe, in the prayſe of thy name ſhall I lyfte vp my handes.

Thou ſhalte ſatiſfie my ſoule with fatte delicious meate, wherupon my lyppes ſhall ioye, & my mouthe ſhall prayſe.

As ſone as I ſhall remẽbre my ſelfe vpon my bed, I ſhall thynke vpon the, euyn in yͤ watches of yͤ nyght.

For thou verely arte he that bryngeth me helpe, and I beinge ſure in the ſhadowe of thy wynges, ſhall tryumphe ioyfully.

My ſoule cleued vnto the, for thy ryght hande ſuſtayned me.

These men yͭ ſeke my lyfe to ſpylle it, ſhall go downe in to theyr graues.

Men ſhal dryue them vpon the edge of theyr ſwerdes, they ſhall be hewen and cut in to meate for foxes.

But the kyng ſhal reioyce in god, & he ſhal glorie that ſweareth by hym, for theyr mouthes ſhalbe opened.

Glorie be to the father, to the ſonne. &c. Anteme.

¶ Lorde thy ryght hande hath receyued me.

¶ Ego dixi in dimidio dierum meorum.

I Had weente that I ſhulde haue gone to my graue in my beſte dayes.

When I mooſte deſyred the reſidue of myn age: I ſayd with my ſelfe, I ſhall no more appere before the lorde in this lyfe

Ego dixi in dimidio dierum meorum.

I ſhall no more be conuerſant with the mortal men, but ſhall be with the banyſhed citezens.

My dayes are taken vp & folden away from me, lyke a herde mans tente.

My lyfe is cut of lyke the weauers webbe, whyles I prouyded to lyue, he cut me of, he made an ende of me on a daye.

I truſted at the leaſt to haue lyued vnto the morow, but he all to broke my bones lyke a lyon.

He made an ende of me on a day, thā chatered I lyke a ſwalowe, and murmured lyke a crane, I mourned lyke a doue.

Myn iyes daſeled with lokyng vppe vnto the hyghe god, ſayenge:

Lorde I am ſore hādeled, delyuer me vpō thy worde, what myghte I thynke, or what myght I ſay, that he wolde thus moche for me?

That I mought yet puſe all my dayes, yea although it be to my bytter payne.

For I knowe (lorde) that this lyfe is ſauſed wt galle, and that my lyfe is ſubiecte to bytter myſerye.

Here thou ſtayeſt my lyfe that it peryſhed not, whyles thou caſtedſt all my ſynnes behynde thy backe.

For neyther men layde in theyr graues prayſe the, nor yet the deade loue the, nor they that deſcende in to theyr graues abyde for thy faythfulnes.

But it is the lyuynge man, it is the lyuynge (I ſaye) that prayſeth the, euyn as I do nowe this day.

Saue vs (lorde) and we ſhall ſynge our pſalmes, all the dayes of our lyfe, in the houſe of the lorde.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is nowe. &c.

From

Anteme.

¶ From the portes of helle, lorde delyuer our ſoules.

¶ The argument in to the .C.xlviii. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme the prophete exhorteth al creatures bothe heuenly and earthely to the prayſe of god.

¶ The tytle of the pſalme. Prayſe ye the lorde

¶ Laudate dominum de celis.

PRayſe the lorde ye heuenlye myndes, prayſe ye hym all that are aboue.

Prayſe hym all aungelles, prayſe hym all his hooſt rounde aboute hym.

Prayſe hym ſonne and moone, prayſe hym al bryght and ſhynynge ſterres.

Prayſe hym the mooſte hygheſt heuens, & ye waters that are aboue the heuens.

Prayſe ye the name of the lorde, for he made al thynges with a worde.

And hath made them to ſtande faſt in to al worldes, he hath gyuen them a lawe, whiche they breake not,

Prayſe ye the lorde all creatures of therth, dragons, and all depe waters.

Fyer, hayle, ſnowe, yſe, ſtormy wyndes, doinge his cõmaundement.

Moũtaynes and all hygh hylles, frutefull trees, and all cedre trees.

All wylde beaſtes and tame, all thynges that crepe, and fethered foules.

Kynges of thearthe, and all people, prynces, and all rulers of thearthe.

Syngle men & maydens, olde men and yonge, prayſe the name of the lorde, for it is onely hyghe and ſpredde ouer earthe and heuens.

He ſhall lyfte vp the power of his people, it becometh his ſayntes to prayſe hym, which haue profeſſed hym euin Iſrael his owne people, which cometh vnto him.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

¶ The argument in to the. C.xlix. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme the prophete exhorteth Iſraell to prayſe god. ¶ The title. Prayſe ye the lorde

¶ Cantate domino.

Synge ye to the lorde with a newe dytye, his prayſe ſhalbe in the congregation of the ſainctes.

Iſrael ſhall reioyſe of his maker, and the citezens of Sion of theyr kynge.

They ſhall prayſe his name with trumpet, ſynge ye vnto hym with taberet and harpe.

For the lorde well pleaſed with his people, ſhall exalte lowlyons with his helpe.

Sayntes ſhal reioyſe euyn from theyr hertes, and the nobles ſhall tryumphe in theyr couches.

The exaltyng of god is in their throtes, and in theyr handes a two edged ſwerde.

To take vengeaunce vpon the gentyles, and to correcte the people.

To bynde theyr kynges in chaynes, and theyr moſte nobleſt rulers in fetters of iyerne.

To execute iudgement amonge them, as it is wrytten, this glory ſhalbe vnto all that are his ſayntes.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it

¶ The argument in to the. C.l. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme the prophete exhorteth to the prayſe of god, and that not only wt voyce, but with al maner of muſical inſtrumentes. ¶ The title. Prayſe ye þ lorde.

¶ Laudate dominum in ſanctis eius.

Prayſe hym that kepeth his reſidence in his ſecrete holy place, prayſe hym that raignethe in the fyrmament, the ſeate of his power.

Prayſe hym for his ſtrengthe, prayſe hym for his almyghtynes.

Prayſe hym with ſowne of trumpettes, prayſe hym with lutes and harpes.

Prayſe hym with tympany and taberet, prayſe hym with organs and pypes.

Prayſe hym with ſofte clarycymbales, prayſe hym with loude clarycymbales.

What ſoeuer thynge is endued wᵗ brethe, let it prayſe the lorde.

Glory be to the father. &c. Anteme.

¶ What ſoeuer thynge is endewed wᵗ breathe, let it prayſe the lorde. Verſicle. ¶ From the gates of helle. Thaunſwere. ¶ Lorde delyuer theyr ſoules.

¶ Benedictus dominus deus Iſrael.

Prayſed be the lorde god of Iſraell, for he hath gracyouſly viſited, and redemed his people.

He hath ſet vppe our myghtye helthe, in the houſe of Dauid his ſeruaunte.

Accordynge to his promyſes, by the mouthes of his holy prophetes of a longe tyme paſte.

Promyſynge that we ſhulde be preſerued from our enemyes, & from the handes of all them that hate vs.

That we wolde thus vſe and declare his ryche mercye towarde our fathers, remembrynge his holy promyſes.

And alſo to perfourme his othe, whiche he ſwore to Abraham our father, & promiſed hymſelfe to gyue it vs

So that without feare, we beyng delyuered from the handes of our enemyes, myght ſerue and honour hym.

In holynes and ryghtwyſenes before hym, all dayes of our lyfe.

And thou (my chylde) ſhall be called the prophete of the moſte hygheſt, for thou ſhalte go before the face of the lorde to prepare his wayes.

To gyue knowledge of the ſauynge helthe to his people, thrugh the forgyuenes of ſynnes.

The whiche cometh thrugh the abundant mercy and goodnes of our god, by the whiche he hath thus gracyouſly loked vpon vs, ſpryngyng from aboue.

To gyue lyght to them that haue ſytten in darkenes and in the ſhadowe of deathe, to directe our feete in to the waye of peace.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, & to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnynge, as it is nowe, & euer ſhalbe. So be it. ¶ Anteme.

¶ I am the reſurrection and lyfe, he that beleueth in me, although he were deade, yet ſhal he lyue: and who ſoeuer beleueth in me, ſhall not ſe euerlaſtyng death.

Lorde haue mercy on vs.
Chriſte haue mercy on vs.
Lorde haue mercy on vs.

¶ Our father whiche arte in heuen. &c.
And leade vs not in to temptation.
But delyuer vs from euyll.

¶ The argument in to the .xxx. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid gyueth thākes for his helth reſtored, wherupon he declarethe with a depe affecte the goodnes of god, whiche ſendeth aduerſitie to his choſen for a good ende, whiche is but an houre in reſpecte to the ioyes euerlaſtynge. Here he maketh proteſtation, that he deſyreth not longe lyfe, but onely to maynteyne and encreaſe tho thynges, whiche make for goddes glory, and the helthe of his ſayntes.

The title of the pſalme. A ſonge or a dytye ſonge and played in the dedication of Dauids houſe.

¶ Exaltabo te domine.

I Shall exalte the (lorde) for thou haſt exalted me, and haſte not made myne enemyes to reioyſe vpon me.

Oh lorde, my god, I haue called vpon the, and thou haſte healed me.

Lorde, thou haſte ledde my ſoule forthe of my graue, thou haſte reſtored my lyfe, leſte I ſhulde haue gone downe in to the pytte.

Ye ſayntes of the lorde, ſynge vnto hym a prayſe, and ſe that ye ſpreade his holy memoriall.

For it is but a momente that his wrathe endurethe, but longe is the lyfe that cōmeth of his beneuolence.

Weppynge and waylynge cōmeth in at the euyn tyde, but anone after, gladnes aryſeth with the mornyng.

Whā all thingꝭ were ꝓſperous aboute me, I thought with my ſelfe that I ſhulde neuer ſlyde.

Lorde, of thy good wyll, thou ſtablyſſhedſt my kyngdome lyke an hylle, for as ſone as thou hadeſt turned away thy face, I was ſtonned and troubled.

The lorde called I vpō, to ẏ lord make I my prayer.

I ſayde with my ſelfe, what profyteth my lyfe, if I be put nowe in to my graue? Shall the duſte of my carkaſe magnifie the, or yet declare thy faythfulnes?

Here lorde, ⁊ haue mercy vpō me: lord be ẙ my helpe.

Thou haſte turned my mournynge in to ioye, thou haſte ſhaken me out of my mournynge ſacke, and cloched me with gladnes.

Wherfore my tonge ſhall ſynge thy prayſe, and ſhall not ſeaſe (lorde my god) I ſhal magnifie the wᵗ prayſe.

Glory be to the father, to the ſon, ⁊ to the holy ghoſte.

As it was in the begynnyng, as it is now, and euer ſhalbe. So be it.

¶ From the portes of helle
Lorde delyuer our ſoules.
¶ I truſte to ſe the lorde
In the lande of lyuers.
¶ Lorde heare my prayer
And let my cryenge come vnto the.

¶ Let vs praye.

Deus cui proprium eſt. ⁊c.

O God, to whom it is appropryed to be mercyfull euer, and to ſpare, be mercyfull to the ſoules of all thy ſeruauntes of eche kynde, that whan they ſhal be looſed from the bondes of deathe, they may aſcende vnto lyfe euerlaſtynge, by the merytes of our ſauyour Ieſu Chriſte. So be it.

Thende of the Dirige.

Here begynne the commendations.

¶ The argument in to the .C.xix. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme declareth in howe greate pryce & reuerẽce the ſayntꝭ or holy men haue the lawes of god, howe earneſtly they are occupyed in them, howe they ſorow to ſe them broken & ſayd agaynſt of ẏ vngodly, how they pray to be taught them of god, and to be acquaynted and accuſtomed with them (and to be ſhort) howe they deſyre thoſe men to be deſtroyed (what ſoeuer they be) whiche breake and ſay agaynſt them.

The fyrſte Octonarie. Aleph.

¶ Beati immaculati in via.

Bleſſed are they, whiche lyue pure, and innocẽtly, euyn them I meane, whiche lyue after the lawe of the lorde.

Bleſſed are they, whiche obſerue his teſtimonies, & ſearche them with all theyr herte.

For they ſhall do no wyckednes, that thus trede his wayes.

Thou haſte cõmaunded, that thy cõmaundementes ſhulde be kepte with earneſt diligence.

Wolde god that my lyfe were ſo enſtructe, ẏ I myght obſerue thy ordynaunces.

Thã ſhulde I not be diſapoynted, whan I ſhal haue all thy cõmaundementes before myn iyes.

I ſhall magnifie the with a pure herte, whan I ſhal lerne thy ryghtwyſe iudgementes.

I ſhall obſerue thy ordynaunces, forſake me not at any tyme.

The ſeconde Octonarie. Bethe.

Howe ſhulde the yonge man amende his lyuynge? he ſhall well amende it in obſeruynge thy pleaſures.

With all my herte haue I ſoughte the, ſuffre me not to ſwarue from thy cõmaundementes.

In my herte I hyd thy wordes, to thentent I wolde not offende the.

Lorde yͧ art prayſe worthy, teache me thy ordinaũces.

With my lyps ſhall I ſhewe forthe all thy pleaſures of thy mouthe.

I ſhall reioyſe of the waye, whiche thy teſtimonies teache, as vpon all maner of ryches.

Upon thy cõmaũdementes ſhall I ſet all my mynde, and ſhall ſet thy pathes before myn iyes.

In thy ordynaunce ſhall I delyte, & ſhall not forget thy wordes.

The thyrde Octonarie. Gimel.

Rewarde thy ſeruaunt that I may lyue, and obſerue thy pleaſures.

Uncouer myn iyes, that I may perfectely ſe the merueylous thynges in thy lawe.

I am but a ſtraunger in the earthe, yet hyde not thy cõmaundementes from me.

My ſoule is broken wͭ deſyre, to knowe at all tymes thy pleaſures.

Thou ſhalte ſharpely rebuke the vngodly, curſed are they that erre from thy cõmaundementes.

Take awaye from me opprobrie and ignominie, for I ſhall obſerue thy teſtimonies.

Euyn the chiefe rulers ſytte and ſpeake agaynſt me, but yet thy ſeruaũt is occupied euer in thy ordinaũces

Alſo thy teſtimonies are my delyte, and my counſellers.

The fourth Octonarie. Daleth.

My ſoule cleued to the erthe, reſtore me accordynge to thy promyſes.

My lyfe I haue ſhewed vnto the, and thou haſt graũted me, teache me thy ordinaunces.

Make me to vnderſtande the wayes of thy cõmaũdementes,

mentes, and than ſhall I thynke vpon thy merueyles

My ſoule was melted away wᵗ ſorowfull thoughtꝭ, make me ſtyffe agayne, accordynge to thy promyſes.

Turne thou away from me the deceytefull way, and make thy lawe pleaſaunt vnto me.

The true waye haue I choſen, ⁊ thy pleaſures haue I ſet before myn iyes.

I cleued to thy teſtimonies, oh lorde, let me not be ſhamed.

I ſhall runne in the waye of thy cōmaundementes, for thou ſhalte eaſe my herte.

The. v. Octonarie. He.

Teache me, lorde, the way of thy ordynaūces, and I ſhall marke it for euer.

Gyue me vnderſtandyng, and I ſhall kepe thy lawe, I ſhall kepe it with all my herte.

Leade me by the pathes of thy preceptes, for in it is my pleaſure.

Bende my hert in to thy teſtimonies, ⁊ not in to lucre

Turne away myn iyes, leſt they beholde vayn̄ thynges, in thy way quycken me.

Make faſte thy promyſes to thy ſeruaunt, whiche is addicte vnto thy worſhyp.

Turne away my ſhame, whiche I feared, for thy iudgementes are fauorable.

Lo, I deſyred thy cōmaundementes, reſtore me for thy ryghtwyſenes.

The ſyxte Octonarie. Vau.

Be preſent with me, o lorde, with thy mercy, come to me with thy helpe, accordynge to thy promyſes.

That I myghte haue to anſwere my reuylers, for I ſtycke to thy promyſes.

Suffre not at any tyme yͤ worde of truthe to be taken fro my mouth, for I haue reſpecte vnto thy ordinaūceꝭ

And I ſhall obſerue thy lawe ſtudiouſly, euer worlde withoute ende.

I ſhall go in to the at large reſtrayned wᵗ nothynge, for I haue ſought thy cōmaundementes.

I ſhall preache thy teſtimonies before kynges, and ſhall not be confounded.

But ſhall delite in thy preceptꝭ, whiche I haue loued

I ſhall lyfte vp my handes to do thy preceptes, whiche I haue loued, and ſhall thynke beſely vpon thy ordinaunces. ¶The ſeuenth Octonarie. zain.

Remembre thy promyſe to thy ſeruaūt, in to the whiche thou haſte cauſed me to truſte.

Thy promyſe is my conforte in affliction, for it is that reſtoreth me.

These proude vngodly haue ſcorned me ſore, but yet I ſwarued not from thy lawe.

Thy ordynaunces were my ſonges, whyles I here wayfayred a ſtraunger.

In the nyght ſhall I thynke vpon thy name, o lorde, and I ſhall obſerue thy lawe.

This grace haſte thou gyuen me, that I myghte obſerue thy cōmaundementes.

¶The eyght Octonarie. Heth.

Thou arte my lotte, o lorde, I am full purpoſed to obſerue thy cōmaundementes.

I longe for thy preſence with all my herte, haue mercy vpon me, accordynge to thy promyſes.

I called to mynde my wayes, and I turned my feete vnto thy teſtimonies.

I haſted myſelfe & differred not, to thētent I wolde obſerue thy preceptes.

The vngodly cōgregation hyndred me ſore, but yet dyd I not forget thy lawe.

At mydnyghte ſhall I ryſe vppe to prayſe the, for thy ryghtwyſe iudgementes.

I aſſociate my ſelfe with all that worſhyppe the, and with them that obſerue thy cōmaundementes.

The nynth Octonarie. Teth.

Thou haſte delte fauourablye with thy ſeruaunte, o lorde, accordyng to thy promyſe.

Lerne me ryghtly to ſauour and to knowe, for I beleue thy cōmaundementes.

Before I was tamed wͭ affliction, I erred, but nowe I marke thy ſayenges.

Thou arte good and gracyous, inſtructe me in thy ordynaunces.

Theſe proude vngodly framed together theyr plāted lyes agaynſte me, but I ſhall obſerue thy cōmaundementes with all my herte.

Theyr groſſe hertes are congeled lyke talowe, but I ſhall delyte in thy lawe.

I was happye that thou tamedſt me with affliction, that I myght yet ſo be enſtructe in thy ordynaunces.

Better is the lawe of thy mouthe to me, than thouſandes of golde and ſyluer.

The tenthe Octonarie. Iod.

Thy handes haue facioned me, & ordeyned me, gyue me vnderſtandynge to learne thy cōmaundementes.

They that feare the ſhall be glad to ſe me ſo to cleue to thy promyſes.

Nowe know I lorde, that thy iudgemētes are ryght good, and that thou haſt ſcourged me of a good entēt.

But I beſeche the, let thy mercy be my cōforte, accordynge to dynge to thoſe wordes, whiche thou promyſedeſte to thy ſeruaunt.

Let me be in thy fauour, and I ſhall lyue, for thy law is my delyte.

Let theſe proude vngodly be confounded, for they go about to deſtroy me fautles, but yet ſhal I in yͤ meane tyme ſet all my mynde vpon thy cōmaundementes.

Let them that worſhyp the, and knowe thy teſtimonyes turne vnto the.

My herte ſhalbe perfecte in thy ordynaunces, wherfore I ſhall not be ſhamed.

The.xi. Octonarie. Caph.

My ſoule faynted, longynge after thy ſauynge helpe, but yet I lyfte vp myn iyes vnto thy promyſes.

Myn iyes daſeled with lokynge vp after thy promyſes, and I ſayde, whan wylte thou conforte me?

I was dryed away lyke a bladder hāged in yͤ ſmoke, but yet forget I not thy ordynaunces.

Howe longe ſhall thy ſeruaūtes ſuffre theſe thyngꝭ? Whā wylte yͧ at laſt gyue ſentēce agaynſt my ꝑſuers?

Theſe proude vngodly dygged pytfallꝭ for me, whiche haue no reſpecte vnto thy lawe.

All thy preceptes are faythfull and true, they perſecute me vnworthely, helpe thou me.

They had almoſte made an ende of me in thearthe, but yet in no maner wyſe forſoke I thy cōmaūdemētꝭ

Reſtore me for thy mercyes ſake, ⁊ than ſhall I kepe the teſtimonies of thy mouthe.

The.xii. Octonarie. Lamed.

Oh lorde thy worde ſtandeth for euer, in the heuens.

From generation to generatiō cōtinueth thy trouth, thou haſte ſet thearthe, and it ſtandeth ſtyll.

The tyme continueth ſtyll, accordyng to thy ordinaūces, for all thynges are at thy cōmaundement.

Excepte thy lawe had ben my delyte, I had peryſhed in my affliction.

I ſhall neuer therfore forget thy cōmaundementes, for by them thou haſt refreſhed me.

I am thyn, ſaue thou me, but I in yͤ meane tyme ſhal endeuer me to vnderſtande thy teſtimonyes.

I perceyue that euery thynge comprehenſible hath an ende, but thy cōmaundemētes are incōprehenſible.

The .xiii. Octonarie. Men.

Oh, howe excedyngly haue I loued thy lawe, cōtinually do I thynke therof.

Thou haſte made me wyſer than myn enemies, thorowe thy preceptes, for they are euer in my mynde.

I exceded al my teachers in ryght vnderſtandynge, for I am euer ſpeakynge of thy teſtimonies.

I paſſed euyn the ſeniors in true vnderſtandyng, for I obſerue and marke thy cōmaundementes.

From euery yll pathe I refrayned my feete, to thentent I wolde obſerue thy ſpeches.

I haue not ſwarued from thy pleaſures, for yͧ ſhalte inſtructe me.

Oh, howe ſwete are thy ſpeches in my taſte, they are ſweter than any hony in my mouthe.

I fetche my vnderſtandyng at thy cōmaūdementes, wherfore I hate euery diſceytfull pathe.

The .xiiii. Octonarie. Nun.

Thy wordes are lanterne to my feete, and lyght vnto my fote pathe.

I haue ſworne, and ſhall perfourme it, to kepe thy iuſte pleaſures.

I am ſore febled with affliction, reſtore me accordyng to thy promyſes.

O lorde I beſeche the, let the well wyllyng ſacrifices of my mouth be accepted, & teache yͧ me thy pleaſures.

I my ſelfe brynge my lyfe euer in to perylI, but yet thy lawe do I not forget.

These proude vngodly haue ſet ſnares for me, but yet I ſwarued not from thy cōmaundementes.

I haue chalenged thy teſtimonies for my perpetuall heritage, for they are my hertes ioye.

I haue bowed downe my herte to do thy ordinaūces, yea, and that foreuer without ende.

The: xv. Octonarie. Sameh.

The frantyke harde necked do I hate, and thy lawe haue I loued.

Thou art my lurkyng place and my ſhylde, I waytt for thy promyſe.

Auoyde fro me ye hurtefull men, and I ſhall obſerue the preceptes of my god.

Strengthen me accordynge to thy promyſes, that I may lyue, let me not be ſhamed diſapoīted of my hope.

Stay thou me and I ſhal be ſaued, and I ſhall delyte buſely in thy ordynaūces.

Thou ſhalte treade downe al that erre from thy ordinaunces, for al the craftie mennes ſtudie is to deceyue with lyes.

Lyke ruſte thou rubbedeſt away all thoſe proude vngodly of the earthe, wherfore I loued thy teſtimonies.

My fleſhe trembled for feare of the, & I was afrayde of thy iudgementes.

The. xvi. Octonarie. Ain.

All my mynde was to do equitie and ryghtwyſenes, leaue me not to my vniuſte vexers.

Delyght thy ſeruaunt with good thynges, leſſe theſe vngodly make me ſorowfull with theyr iniuries.

Myn iyes daſeled lokyng vp for thy ſauynge helpe, and waytynge for the promyſes of thy ryghtwyſenes.

Deale with thy ſeruaūt merciably, and inſtructe me with thy ordinaunces.

I am thy ſeruaunt, make me to vnderſtande and to knowe thy teſtimonies.

It is tyme, oh lorde, to do iudgement, for they haue ſcatered abrode thy lawe.

And therfore I loued thy preceptes aboue golde and precious ſtones.

And for this I knowledge all thy cōmaundementes to be ryghtwyſe, and I hate euery falſe pathe.

The .xvii. Octonarie. Pe.

Merueylous are thy teſtimonies, wherfore my ſoule obſerueth them.

To come but to the dore of thy ſcripture lyghtneth, and gyueth vnderſtandyng to the vnlearned.

I drewe in my brethe fayntely, for that I laboured ſo ſore to attayne vnto thy preceptes.

Beholde me and haue mercy vpon me, accordyng to thy iudgemētes, wherwith thou gouerneſt the lawes of thy name.

Rule my ſteppes after thy pleaſures, and ſuffre no iniquitie to haue dominion ouer me.

Redeme me from thiniuries of men, and I ſhal kepe thy cōmaundementes.

Make thy countinaunce to ſhyne vpon thy ſeruaunt, and inſtructe me in thy ordinaunce.

Stremes of water guſſhed out of myn iyes, bicauſe

Is men not obſeruynge thy lawe.

The .xviii. Occonarie. Zadic.

Ryghtwyſe arte yͧ, lorde, & ryght are thy iudgemētꝭ.

Thou haſt cōmaunded in thy teſtimonies ryghtwyſeneſſe, and faythfulnes moſte chiefely.

My zele to thy worde kylled me, bicauſe my purſuers forgot it.

Thy wordꝭ are purely tryed lyke as with fyre, and thy ſeruaunt loueth them.

I was a lytleone, and an abiecte, but yet forgotte I not thy cōmaundementes.

Thy ryghtwyſenes is euerlaſtynge ryghtwyſenes, and thy lawes is the very trouthe.

Whan affliction and heuynes had taken me, than thy cōmaundementes refreſſhed me.

The beleuyng of thy promyſes is euerlaſtyng ryghtwyſenes, gyue me the vnderſtandynge of this thyng, and I ſhall lyue.

The .xix. Occonarie. Kuph.

I called vpon the with al my herte, graūte me, lorde, I ſhall obſerue thy ordinaunces.

I called vpon the, ſaue yͧ me, & I ſhal kepe thy teſtimonies.

I preuente the dawnynge of the day, and crye vnto the, I wayte for thy promyſes.

Myn iyes preuented the watches, that I myghte be occupied in thy pleaſures.

Heare me lord for thy mercies ſake, quicken me after thy pleaſures.

My purſuers layde theyr owne fautes vpō my necke, but they are gone backe warde from thy lawe.

Thou arte preſent, oh lorde, and all thy preceptes are the very ſelfe trouthe.

I knewe this before of thy teſtimonies, for thou haſt ſtablyſſhed them to abyde for euer.

The.xx. Octonarie. Res.

Beholde my affliction and defende me, for I forgette not thy lawe.

Defende my cauſe and delyuer me, quicken me accordynge to thy promyſes.

Helthe is farre from yͤ vngodly, for they regarde not thy ordinaunces.

Boūtuouſe is thy gentlenes, oh lorde, quicken me accordyng to thy pleaſure.

Many there are that perſecute me & are agaynſt me, and yet haue I not ſwarued from thy teſtimonies.

I ſe theſe malicious men, & it irketh me, bicauſe they obſerue not thy ſayenges.

Thou ſeeſte that I loue thy cōmaundementes, lorde for thy mercies ſake quicken me.

The begynnyng of thy wordꝭ is trouthe, & the iudgementes of thy ryghtwyſenes ſtande for euer.

The.xxi. Octonarie Shin.

The ouermoſte in auctoritie perſecuted me fautles, and my herte feared at thy wordes.

I am as gladde of thy pleaſures, as one yͭ hath foūde many prayes.

I hate and abhorre lyes, and I loue thy lawe.

Seuen tymes in the day I prayſe the for thy ryghtewyſe iudgementes.

The louers of thy lawe ſhal haue moche felicitie and quietenes, ad no hurte at all.

I truſted vpon thy helpe, oh lorde, and gaue diligēce to thy preceptes.

My ſoule obſerueth thy teſtimonies, and loueth them (greately.

I obſerue thy cōmaūdementes and thy teſtimonies, for all my wayes are open vnto the.

The.xxii. Octonarie. Tau.

Let my cryenge aſcende in to thy preſence, oh lorde, make me ryghtly to vnderſtande thy wordes.

Let my depe deſyre come in to thy ſyght, delyuer me accordyng to thy promyſes.

My lyppes ſhall poure forthe thy prayſe, thou ſhalte inſtructe me in thy ordinaunces.

My tonge ſhall ſpeake of thy pleaſures, for al thy preceptes are ryghtwyſenes.

Let thy hande helpe me, for I haue choſen thy commaundementes.

I deſyred thy ſauĩg helpe, oh lorde, & thy lawe is my delyte.

My ſoule ſhall lyue, and ſhal prayſe the, & thy iudgementes ſhal be my helpe.

I am ſtrayed lyke a loue ſhepe, ſeke ŷ thy ſeruaunte, for thy cōmaũdementꝫ haue I not forgotte. Anteme.

¶From the portes of helle, lorde delyuer our ſoules.

Lorde haue mercy on vs. Chriſte haue mercy on vs. Lorde haue mercy vs. ¶Our father. &c.

¶The argument in to the. C.xxxix. pſalme.

¶Here Dauid expreſſeth ŷ all his dedes & thoughtes are ſearched of god & open vnto hym, for he hath made hym and all chĩges in hym, and ŷ god is euery where preſent ŵ hym, beholdynge all thynges that he dothe.

¶The title of the pſalme. ¶The ſonge of Dauid cōmitted to the chaunter to be ſonge in the temple.

¶Domine probaſti me.

Lorde thou haſte ſerched me depely, and thou knoweſt full well what I am.

Thou knoweſte wherfore I do ſyt, and wherfore I ſtande vppe, euyn my thoughtes hou tryeſte and knoweſt before.

My ingoinge and downe lyenge to ſlepe thou cōpaſſeſt naſeſt naroWely, & all my lyuynge thou forſeeſt clerely.

For my tonge is not aboute to ſpeake a worde, but a none (lorde) lo, thou knoweſt it all before.

What ſoeuer is within me, behynde and before, thou haſt made it, and yͧ haſt put to thy hande to my ſhape.

The knewledge of this my ſhape is hyd fro me, and hygher than I can attayne therunto

Whyther ſhall I flye from thy ſpirite, and whyther ſhall I flye from thy face?

If I clyme vp in to the heuens, there arte thou, if I make my bed in my graue, lo, yet there art yͧ preſent

If I take vnto me yͤ ſwyfte wyngꝭ of the mornyng beames, and ſo in twynclynge of an iye be cōuayed in to the vttermoſte partes of the weſte ſee.

Euyn there yet ſhall thy hande take me, & thy ryghte hande ſhall ſet holde vpon me.

I thought than that I wolde be couerde & hyd with darkenes, but with the, euyn the nyght is al ſhynyng.

The very darkenes may hyde nothyng from the, yea the nyght ſhyneth lyke the day, and yͤ darkeneſſes are to the euen the very lyghte.

For thou poſſeſſeſt my inwarde affectes, and dydeſt facione me in my mothers belye.

I ſhall magnifie the, for thou haſte facioned me merueylouſlye, to beholde thy workes are to be merueyled aboue meaſure, as knoweth my ſoule.

My ſtrenhgte in my bones and ſenowes were not vnknowen vnto the, whan I ſhulde be made ſecretely in my mothers wombe, and knytte together in the lowe preuie earthe.

Where whan I was yet without facion, thou ſeeſte me with thyn iyes, al my lymmes facioned by tymes thou haddeſt drawen lyke as in a paper, whan there was not one of them yet ſet full perfectly.

Howe clere are thy thoughtes vnto me, oh god? Oh howe excede they in nombre?

If I wolde nombre them, they excede the ſandes of the ſee, but yet I labour buſely to conſydre them, and cleue euer vnto the.

O god, I wolde it were thy pleaſure to deſtroye theſe vngodly, ye bloudy men auoyde out of my ſyghte.

Whiche ſpeake wyckedly agaynſt the, and rayle ſpytfully vpon the, theſe are thyn enemies.

Them that hate the, oh god, I hate verely, and I abhorre wͭ great indignation them that ryſe againſt the.

I hate them extremely, & repute them as enemies.

Serche me, oh god, & knowe thou my herte, examine me and trie thou my pathes.

And loke yf I haue begon any ſhrewde way, & leade me therout in to the way euerlaſtynge. Verſ.

¶Lorde gyue them eternal reſt. ℟. And yͤ continual lyght may ſhyne vpō them. ℣. From yͤ portes of hell. ℟. Lorde delyuer our ſoules. ℣. I truſt to ſe the face of the lorde. ℟. In the lande of the lyuyng. ℣. Lorde heare my prayer. ℟. And let my cryeng come vnto the.

¶Let vs praye.

Tibi dn̄e cōmendamus, &c.

TO the lorde we cōmende the ſoules of all chriſten people, bothe men and women, ſo that whan we ſhall departe, we may lyue euer with the, and all the ſynnes that we haue done by frayltie of worldly lyuyng, thou lorde waſſhe them away, by the forgyuenes of thy mooſte mercyfull pitie, by Chriſte our lorde. So be it. God haue mercy on all chriſten ſoules. So be it.

Thende of the cōmendations.

¶ The pſalmes of the paſſion of Chriſte.

¶ The argument in to the .xxii. pſalme.

¶ Here Dauid declareth hym ſelfe playnly to be the very figure of Chriſte. Wherfore fyrſt of al he ſyngeth and expreſſeth his great deiection and downe fal: and anone after his exaltation, his encreaſe & purchaſyng of his kyngdome, euyn to the vttermoſte parte of the lande, and the continaunce therof vnto the worldes ende. The title of the pſalme. It is the ſonge of Dauid cõmitted to the ouerchaũter to be ſonge of yͤ early herte, or of the day ſterre.

¶ Deus deus meus reſpice.

MY god, my god, lo, wherfore forſakeſt thou me? howe farre is thy helpe from my out cryenge?

My lorde ſhall I thus crye and call vpon the all day, and yet wylte thou not here? ſhall I crye all nyghte and neuer ceaſſe?

Verely yet art thou that holy one, whiche dwelleſt in Iſrahell, extollynge the with prayſe.

Our fathers truſted vpon the, they truſted vpon the, and thou delyueredeſt them.

They cried vnto the and were delyuered, they truſted vpon the and were not ſhamed.

But as for me I am but a worme and no man, euyn the very opprobrie of the men, and am abiecte from the vileſt folke.

All that ſe me, made but a laughynge ſtocke on me, they mocked me with their lyppes, and waggeſt theyr heades at me.

Sayenge, this villayne refarred al thyng to yͤ lorde, let hym nowe delyuer hym yf he wyll, for he louethe hym very well.

But yet thou art he, whiche leddeſt me out of my mothers wombe, myn owne refuge, euyn from my mothers teates.

As ſone as I came to in this worlde, I was layd in thy lappe, yͧ art my god euyn from my mothers wõbe.

Go yͧ not farre fro me, for my trouble draweth nyghe, neyther is there any man that wyll helpe.

There are beſet me rõude aboute greate ſturdye ſteares, yea that fat bulles of Baſhan haue hedged me in.

Lyke a roryng lyon, pantyng & gapyng for his pray, theyr mouthes are open vpon me, naked before them.

I ſanke awaye lyke water, al my bones ſhoke out of ioynte, my herte within me melted away lyke waxe.

The moyſter of my body was dryed vp, and I was lyke a potſherde, my tonge cleued to the ſydes of my mouthe, thou haſte dreſte me to my graue.

For euin like as doggꝭ they came about me, yͤ churche of noyous men hedged me in, they dygged thrughe my handes and feete.

A man myght haue tolde all my bones, they gaſpyng vpon me, thus pitileſſe entreated, toke theyr pleaſure.

They parted my ouerclothes to themſelues, and for my cother cote they caſted diſe.

But thou, oh lorde, be not farre, o my ſtrength, haſte the to come and helpe me.

Delyuer my lyfe from the deathe, and my deare ſoule from the wodneſſe of theſe dogges.

Saue me from yͤ mouthes of theſe lyons, and defende my poore ſimplenꝭ from yͤ hornes of theſe vnicorns.

I ſhall ſpreade thy name amonge my bretherne, in the myddes of the congregacion, I ſhall prayſe the.

I ſay, ye that feare the lorde, ſe that ye prayſe hym, All ye of the ſede of Jacob glorifie hym, and al ye of the progenie of Iſrael feare hym.

For he hath not deſpiſed nor abhorred the troublouſe affliction of the poore, in no maner of wyſe turneth he his face from hym, but whan he cryed vnto hym he herde hym.

I ſhall prayſe the in the greate congregation, I ſhall perfourme my vowes before his worſhyppers.

The meke men ſhal eate and be ſatiſfied, they yͤ ſeke the lorde ſhall prayſe hym, theyr herte ſhall lyue and ioye for euer.

The dwellers in thextreame partes of thearthe ſhall remembre them ſelues, and be turned to the lorde, and all hethen nations ſhall fall downe before the

For the kyngdome is the lordes, and he is lorde ouer all nations.

All the ryche men of thearthe ſhall eate and do hym homage, they ſhall be bowed downe before hym, and diſcende in to theyr graues, for they may not prolonge any lyfe to theyr ſoules.

But theyr poſterite ſhall ſerue hym, and ſhalbe nombred to the lorde for euer.

And thus theyr childers children ſhall ſhewe yͤ ryghtwyſenes, whiche he hath gyuen to the people, whiche is yet to be borne.

¶ The argument in to the .xxiii. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid declareth and ſetteth forthe the merueylous ſuretie of yͤ truſt in god, & alſo howe bleſſed a thynge it is. ¶ The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ Dominus regit me et nihil.

The lorde is my paſtore and feeder, wherfore I ſhall not wante.

He made me to feede in a full plentuouſe batle grounde, and dyd dryue and fetche me at leaſure by the ſwete ryuers.

He reſtored my lyfe and led me by yͤ pathes of ryghtwyſenes, for his name ſake.

Yea if I ſhulde go thrugh the myddes of deathe, yet wyll I feare none euyll, for thou arte wt me, thy ſtaffe and thy ſhepe hoke conforte me.

Thou ſhalte ſpreade and garniſhe me a table, yea and that in the ſyghte of myn enemies, yͧ ſhalte ſouple my heed wt oyntment, & my ful cuppe ſhal laugh vpō me.

Yea and thy mercy and gentlenes ſhall folowe me all my lyfe, I ſhal ſyt in the houſe of yͤ lorde a longe tyme.

¶ The argument in to the .xxiiii. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid ſyngeth all thyngꝭ to be the lordes, how wonderfull he hath layde the foundation of the erthe vnder the ſee, and yet the earthe appereth aboue it. He aſketh a queſtion, who ſhal entre in to the kyngdome of god, and anſwereth therunto, cōcludyng al thynges be they neuer ſo ſtoute and ſtronge to be obedient vnto his worde, & to be opened at his pleaſure, whiche is the moſte valiaunt and glorious kynge.

The title of the pſalme. The ſonge of Dauid.

¶ Domini eſt terra et plenitudo eius.

The earthe is the lordes, and all that is cōtayned in it, the rōude worlde & all yͭ inhabite it.

For in the ſe hath he ſet his foundations, and hath buylded her aboue the floodes.

Who ſhall clymbe in to the hyl of yͤ lorde, or who ſhal abyde in his holy place?

An innocēt in his dedes, and he that is pure in herte, that hath not extolled hymſelfe proudely in to vanitie, neyther hath ſworne for any deceyte.

This man ſhal be fedde with the bleſſyng of yͤ lorde, and with the mercy of god his sauiour.

This is the nacion gyuen al vnto hym, and ſeke the hym, this is the very ryght Jacob. Selah.

Oh ye gates lyfte vp your ſelues, ye gates euerlaſtĩg be ye opened, and this glorious kynge ſhall in enter.

Who is this kynge yͭ is ſo gloriouſe? It is yͤ myghtye valiaũt lorde, noble ĩ power, a lorde excellẽt in ſtrẽgth to wage batayle.

Oh ye gates lyfte vp your ſelues, ye gates euerlaſtĩg be ye opened, and that gloriouſe kyng ſhal in enter.

Who is this kynge that is ſo gloriouſe? It is yͤ lorde of hoſtes, it is he that is this glorious kynge. Selah.

¶ The argument in to the .xxv. pſalme.

¶ This pſalme is a prayer of an holy man oppreſſed with ſynne, and with yͤ haſty violẽce of his enemies. Wherfore he prayeth the lorde to deliuer hym from his ſynnes, to teache hym his ways, to delyuer hym from the furie of his enemies, and that for his mercis ſake, thrugh whiche he was wonte to ſaue ſuche as truſted in hym, and not to forſake ſinners holdẽ yet with any feare and truſte, whiche bothe he knowlegeth of hym ſelfe: and at laſte he ſetteth to a lytle prayer for all the people of god. ¶ The title of the pſalme. ¶ The ſonge of

¶ Ad te domine leuaui. (Dauid.

VNto the (oh lorde) I lyfte vp my mynde: my god I truſte in the, let me not be ſhamed, leſt myn enemies reioyſe vpon me.

For they ſhall not be aſhamed who ſoeuer depende vpon the, but they ſhall be ſhamed yͤ wrongefully hurte innocentes.

Shewe me thy ways lord, & wonte me to thy pathes.

Leade me forthe for thy faythfull trouthes ſake, acquaynte me with the, for thou arte god my ſauiour, of whom I depende perpetually.

Lorde remembre thy mercy & thy gracious fauour, for in theſe thinges yͤ excelleſt euyn from yͤ begynnyng.

But the ſinnes of my youthe wͭ my vngodlynes alſo, remembre yͤ not, remembre me accordyng to thy goodneſſe, and for thy mercies ſake (oh lorde).

Good and ryghtwyſe is the lorde, wherfore he wyl inſtructe and teache ſynners the way.

He wyl make the lowlyones to go in ryghtly and in due ordre, and wyll teache meke men his way.

All the pathes of the lorde are mercy & faythfulneſſe, to thoſe men, whiche kepe touche & couenaunt wͭ hym.

For thy names ſake (oh lorde) forgiue me my wickedneſſe, for it is very moche.

Who ſoeuer that man be, that feareth yͤ lorde, he ſhall teache hym the choſen ryght way.

His mynde ſhall enioye good thynges, and his poſterite ſhall poſſeſſe the lande as ryght heritage.

The lorde is a ſcrete ſure thynge to them that feare hym, and them ſhall he make to knowe his couenaũt and promyſe.

Myn iyes ſhal be euer vpon yͤ lorde, for he wyl drawe my feete out of the nette.

Beholde and haue mercy vpon me, for I am alone forſaken, full of affliction.

The ſorowful ſyghes of my herte encreaſe more and more, lede me out of myn anguyſſhe.

Beholde my poore ſtate and my heuynes, forgyue me all my ſynnes.

Conſydre myn enemyes, for they are full many, and with furious hatred they purſue me.

Kepe my ſoule and delyuer me, leſte I be ſhamed, for I haue put my truſte in the.

Defende me that I may lyue ryghtely, hurtynge no man, for of the do I depende.

Redeme and looſe Iſrael (oh god) from all his aduerſities.

¶ The argument in to the .xxvii. pſalme.

¶ Here Dauid declareth in to the exãple of good men, howe earneſtly (god approuynge it) he was gyuen to innocencie, fleyng the company of euyll men, gyuyng greate ſtudie to godlyneſſe. Afterwarde he declareth what vengeaũce abydeth ẏ vngodly, whyles he hym ſelfe lyued faythfully, and how ẏ he deſyred nothynge more, than ẏ glorie of god ta be ſpred abrode ⁊ knowẽ.

¶ Iudica me domine.

BE iudge for me (lorde) for I am purpoſed to lyue innocently, and whyles I truſte in the lorde, I ſhall not wauer.

Proue me (lorde) and ſerche me, trye my reynes, and my herte, lyke as metall with fyer.

For thy mercye is euer before myn iyes, I leade my lyfe in thy faythfulnes.

I haue not delyted in the cõpany of vayne men, neyther haue I aſſociated my ſelfe with theſe holowe and ſubtyll men.

I hate the churche of hurtfull and noyouſe men, neyther haue I conſpired with the vngodly.

I ſhall endeuer my hãdes to be pure, voyde of al deceyte, and thy altare (oh lorde) ſhall I go aboute.

To ſynge thy prayſe, and to ſhewe forth what ſoeuer wonderful dede thou haſte done.

Lorde, dere beloued is thy houſe vnto me, and ẏ feare of thy beautiful vernacle alſo.

Take not away my ſoule with the vngodly, neyther yet my lyfe with theſe bloudy men.

In whoſe handes deſceyte is turned and cãuaſt, and theyr ryght hande is full of brybes.

But I lyue harmeleſſe and innocẽtly, redeme me, and haue mercy vpon me.

My feete is faſtened in place well worthy for me, in the congregations I ſhal magnifie & prayſe the lorde.

¶ The argument in to the. xxvii. pſalme.

¶ Dauid ſonge this pſalme beinge in ſome greate peryl, in the whiche he remembryng the promyſe of god, dyd animate hym ſelfe ſtrongely agaynſte ſo preſence and ſtormy tempeſtes, promyſynge hym ſelfe victorie vpon his enemies, and quiete lyfe in heuenly meditacions, he maketh his vowe to gyue thãkes. And thus he confirmed with faſt hope, deſyreth the helpe of god, prayenge to teache hym his way, and agayne he exciteth hym ſelfe to truſte ſtrongely in god. ¶ The title. Dauids ſonge. ¶ Dominus illuminatio mea.

The lorde is my lyghte, and my ſauynge helthe, of whom than ſhall I be afrayde?

The lorde is the ſtronge defence of my lyfe, of whom than ſhall I be afrayde?

Whan the noyous and harmefull men, whiche were myn aduerſaries, falle vpon me to deuour my fleſſhe: than ſhall they ſmyte them ſelfe agaiſt the rocke & fal.

Yea, and yf they pitche felde and bende ordinaunce agaynſt me, yet ſhall not my herte feare.

If batayle

Yf batayle be bente agaynſt me, yet ſhall I truſte to the promyſe of god.

One petition aſke I of the lorde, whiche I wyll folowe vpon, that is, I moughte ſytte in the houſe of the lorde, all dayes of my lyfe.

where I myghte beholde ẏ beautifull regaltie of the lorde, and viſite his holy temple.

For he hath hyd me, as though I were in his tabernacle in tyme of ꝑſecution, he ſhal hyde me in ẏ preuie place of his tente, and ſhall lyfte me vp in to a rocke.

He ſhall gyue me the ouerhāde of myn enemyes, whiche haue compaſſed me in, and I ſhall offre ioyfull ſacrifices, I ſhall ſynge & play ẏ pſalmes before ẏ lorde.

Lorde heare my voyce, I call vpon the, haue mercy vpon me, and anſwere me.

My herte thoughte vpon the, I ſoughte to ſe the, it is the lorde that I ſeke.

Turne not thy face from me, ſuffre not thy ſeruaunt to ſlyde in thy wrathe, hytherto haſt thou ben my helper, caſt me not now a way, neither forſake me, oh god my ſauiour.

For where my father & my mother fayled me, there the lorde gathered me to hym.

Lorde teache me thy way, and leade me forthe in the ryght path, from them that lay a wayte for me.

Let them not take theyr pleaſure vpon me, whiche are my troubblouſe enemyes, lyenge witneſſes ſtode together ſtyffe agaynſt me.

whoſe violēce had greuouſly oppreſſed me, had I not beleued to enioye thoſe thingꝭ, which are good amōge the lyuynge men.

Depende and wayte thou vpon the lorde, be ẏ ſtrong it is he ẏ ſhall ſtrēgthen thy herte, depēde vpon ẏ lorde.

¶ The argument in to the .xxviii. pſalme

¶ Here Dauid expreſſeth his prayer, wherby he beinge in ſome greate peryll, as peraduenture in the coniuration of Abſalon, fyrſte deſyreth the helpe of god, furthermore he prayeth, that he hym ſelfe beinge innocente, myght not be ioyned with the harmeful in vengeaunce takyng: than deſyreth he, that worthy iudgement be done vpon theſe vngodly. After this he remēbreth a certeyne hympne, wherin he gyueth god thākꝭ for his victorie and helthe, and laſt of all he byddeth a prayer for the people.

¶ Ad te domine clamabo.

Vpon the lorde do I call, which art my ſtronge
defence, deſpiſe me not, neyther forſake thou
me, onleſſe I be lyke mē let downe in to theyr graues.
Heare my prayer whyles I crye vnto the, and lyfte
vp my handes vnto thy holy temple.
Plucke me not in to vengeaūce w ẏ vngodly, with
thoſe whiche ſtudy for ſhrewdneſſe, ſpeakīg peaceable
w theyr neighbours, whylꝭ they noryſhe euyl ī theyr
Gyue them as they deſerue, ⁊ after theyr (hertes.
maliciouſe ſtudy, gyue them after theyr dedes, acquite
them after theyr deſeruynge.
For they regarded not the workes ⁊ dedes of ẏ lorde,
he ſhall therfore deſtroy them, and not edifie them.
Prayſed be the lord, for he hath herde ẏ depe deſyres
The lorde is my ſtrength, ⁊ he is my (of my mynde.
buckler, in hym truſted my hert, ⁊ I was holpē, wher
fore my herte reioyſeth, ⁊ I ſhall magnifie hym in my
The lorde is theyr ſtrength ⁊ a ſauyng po (ſonge.
wer to preſerue his anoynted.

Saue thy people, do good to thy heritage, fede and gouerne them, and lyfte them vp for euermore.

❡The argument in to the. xxix. pſalme.

❡This is a prayſe, in the whiche Dauid magnifieth god for his power and vertue, whiche he declareth by thunder, and other heuenly tẽpeſtes. Alſo he reioyſeth of his beneficence ſhewed vpon his people of Iſraell.

❡Afferte domino filii dei.

Gyue vnto the lorde, ye that excell in myghtie power, gyue ye vnto the lorde honour, and the prayſe of his power.

Gyue the lorde worſhyp worthy his name, honour the lorde in his holy kynges halle.

The voyce of the lorde is in the watrye cloudes, god, whoſe maieſtie is to be feared w̄ reuerẽce, thundreth, the lorde is declared vpon great waters.

The voyce of the lorde is paſſyng ſtronge, the voyce of the lorde is full of maieſtie.

The voyce of our lorde ſmyteth together Ceder trees, the lorde breaketh together the ceders of Libanie.

He maketh ỹ mõtaynes of Lybanie and Hieron to leape together lyke calues, they rõne together like the calues of vnicorns. (lyghtnynges.

The voyce of the lorde caſteth and cutteth forth fyrye

The voyce of the lorde maketh ỹ deſerte to quake, the lord made euyn the deſerte of Kades to tremble.

The voyce of ỹ lorde maketh hartes & does to grone and to braye, & vncouereth the thycke wodes, whiche all maketh for his prayſe to be ſayde in his temple.

The lorde ruleth ouer the vniuerſal floode, the lorde kepeth reſidence, a kyng euerlaſtynge.

The lorde miniſtreth ſtrẽgth to his people, the lord is beneficial to his people, gyuĩg them ꝓſperous peace.

¶ The argument in to the .xxx. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid gyueth thankes for his helth reſtored, wherupon he declareth with a depe afflicte the goodnes of god, whiche ſendeth aduerſitie to his choſe for a good ende, which is but an houre i reſpecte to the ioyes euerlaſtyng. Here he maketh proteſtation that he deſyreth not lõge lyfe, but onely to maynteyne and to encreaſe tho thynges, whiche make for goddes glorie, and the helthe of his ſayntes. ¶ The title of the pſalme. A ſonge or a ditie ſonge & played in the dedication of Dauids houſe.

¶ Exaltabo te domine.

I Shall exalte the (lorde) for thou haſt exalted me, and haſt not made myn enemyes to reioyſe vpon me.

O lorde my god, I haue called vpon the, and thou haſte healed me.

Lorde, thou haſte ledde my ſoule forthe of my graue, thou haſte reſtored my lyfe, leſte I ſhulde haue gone downe in to the pytte.

Ye ſayntes of the lorde, ſynge vnto hym a prayſe, and ſe that ye ſprede his holy memoriall.

For it is but a momente that his wrathe endureth, but longe is the lyfe that cõmeth of his beneuolence. Weepynge and waylynge cõmeth in at the euen tyde, but anone after, gladnes aryſeth with the mornynge.

When all thynges were proſperous aboute me, I thought with my ſelfe that I ſhulde neuer ſlyde.

Lorde, of thy good wyll, ŷ ſtablyſheſt my kyngdome lyke an hylle, for as ſone as thou hadeſt turned away thy face, I was aſtonned and troubled.

The lorde called I vpon, to the lorde dyd I make my prayer.

I ſayde with my ſelfe, what profiteth my lyfe, yf I be put nowe into my graue? ſhal the duſte of my carkaſſe magnifie the, or yet declare thy faythfulnes?

Here lorde & haue mercy vpõ me, lord, be yͧ my helpe.

Thou haſte turned my mournynge in to ioye, yͧ haſt ſhaken me out of my mournyng ſacke, and clothed me with gladnes.

Wherfore my tonge ſhall ſynge thy prayſe, & ſhall not ceaſſe (lorde my god) I ſhall magnifie the with prayſe in to euerlaſtynge.

¶ The argument in to the .xxxi. pſalme.

¶ In this pſalme Dauid ſheweth by what thinges he ſtabliſſhed his hope, what he deſyred, of what thynges he complayned, and in what ſtate he was, & mynde, whan he was compaſſed in of Saules hoſte in the deſerte of Maon, whã he for anguyſſhe of mynde ſought flyghtes, but all in vayne. After this he moueth vs to conſydre yͤ merueilous goodnes of god agaynſt euery man that feareth hym, and exhorteth to ſeke the knowledge of god, whiche may not forſake any that depende vnto hym. ¶ In te domine ſperaui.

IN the (oh lorde) haue I truſted, let me neuer be ſhamed, for thy ryghtewyſenes ſake delyuer me.

Bowe downe thyn eare vnto me, ſpede the to delyuer me, be thou my ſtony rocke, wherupon I myght ſyt faſt, be thou my ſtronge defenſed caſtell, whã thou mayſt preſerue me.

For thou arte my rocke and my bulwarke, wherfore leade thou me forthe for thy names ſake, and take the charge of me.

Leade me forthe of the nette, whiche they haue ſed ſo priuely for me, for thou arte my ſtrengthe. I betake my ſpirite in to thy handes, for thou ſhalte redeme me (lorde my god) whiche kepeſt true promyſe at all tymes. ¶ Prayſe ye the lorde.

¶ Thende of the pſalmes of paſſion.

¶ The prayer of yͤ prophete Jonas, delyuered out of the whales bely.

IOnas prayed vnto yͤ lord his god in yͤ whales bely, ſayeng: Jn my affliction J cryed vnto the lorde, and he anſwered me. Euyn from the bely of hell J cried, and yͧ hardeſt my voyce, for yͧ hadeſt throwen me forthe in to the myddes of the depeſt of the ſee, and the waters cloſed me round aboute, all thy great waues and flodes wente ouer me, and J thought, ſayeng with my ſelfe, J am caſte out of thy ſyghte, J ſhall neuer more ſe thy holy temple: for waters haue cõpaſſed euyn vp to my ſoule. ¶ The darke depthe cloſed me in, and the foule ſtynkynge wedes of the ſee couered my heade. J ſanke downe vnder the foundations of the hylles, ſo that the waters barred me out from thearth for euer: but thou madeſt my lyfe to aryſe from death (oh lord my god) whan my ſoule fayled me, yet J remembred the lorde, and my prayer came vnto thy holy temple. ¶ They that are gyuen to vanities & lyes, haue loſte theyr mercy from god, but J ſhall offre vnto the lorde prayſe, and ſhall perfourme my vowes to the lorde, whiche is a ſauiour; for the lorde commaunded the fyſſhe, & anone he caſt out Jonas vpon the drye lande.

¶ The table of the boke.

¶ Fyrſte an admonition or warnyng to the reder.
¶ An almanake for .xx. yeres. ¶ A kalendare.
¶ A preface to the tenne cōmaundementes.
¶ The tenne cōmaundementes. ¶ The Crede
¶ A generall confeſſion.
¶ An inſtruction howe we ought to pray.
¶ The prayer of the lorde, called the Pater noſter.
¶ The ſalutation of our lady, Aue maria
¶ A prayer to our lorde god, Conditor celi. &c.
¶ Thoffice of all eſtates.
¶ A lytle ſhorte treatie of good workes.
¶ A lytle declaration of perſecution.
¶ The matyns. ¶ The euenſonge.
¶ The ſeuen pſalmes.
¶ The preface to the letany. ¶ The letany.
¶ An expoſition vpon the pſalme of Miſerere mei.
¶ Prayer to our lorde Jeſus. O bone Jeſu.
¶ The paſſion of our lorde.
¶ A deuoute remembrance of Chriſtes paſſion.
¶ A Chriſten inſtruction for chyldren.
¶ A dialogue betwene the father and the ſonne.
¶ A prayer for the mollifieng, and conuertyng of our harte hertes.
¶ A prayer of the prophete Eſaie.
¶ The ſonge of Anna Helcanas wyfe.
¶ The prayer of the prophete Daniell.
¶ Prayer peaſeth goddes wrathe.
¶ An admonition to the reder, for the true vnderſtandynge of the Dirige, ¶ The Dirige.
¶ The cōmendaciōs. ¶ The pſalmes of the paſſion.
¶ The prayer of Jonas. ¶ The ende of the table.

The ꝓphetes, as they were all taught, ſterid vp, and thruſted forth of one ſpirite to preache, and write the worde of the lorde, folowyng all one lyne, attendynge vnto one ende, euen our ſauiour Jeſus Chriſt ỹ perfit ſome, and ful cõcluſion of all the law & prophettes. Euen by the ſame ſpirite hath god ỹ father of our ſauiour Iheſu Chriſt, rayſed vp our moſt gracious prynce, Henry the. viii. to ſet forthe his moſte holy wyll and worde, to attempte ỹ thynges that doth not a lytle auaunce goddes glorie, whiche hath longe ben obſcured and darkened, yea and in maner clene abolyſhed. Suche hath ben the ſuttiltie of the falſe prophettes, that they fyrſt and pryncipally bewytched the prynces, to the defence of theyr imaginations, whome, as theyr heades, the people, hath ben conſtrayned to folowe. But now in aſmoche as the lorde of all lordes hath rayſed vp our prynce, before any other prynces of our tyme, mouyng and ſtyrryng hym moſte earneſtly to herken vnto his moſt godly worde, who alſo cõtynually ſtudieth to ſe vs enryched ĩ all poyntꝭ of true godlynes. With how glad hartꝭ may we gyue laude & prayſe to god ỹ euerlaſtyng lorde therfore, and that he wyll ſo proſpere his begon purpoſe, that the thyng may be continually, whiche his maieſtie hath begonne. And that he ſtretche out his myghtie hande, and worke ſo ſtrongly in hym that no ſtorme of falſe prophetes (the very diſtroyers of prynces and Realmes) may here after be able to extincte the lyght, whiche now in his gracious dayes hath begon to ſhyne. Amen.

¶ A goodly expoſition vpon the .xxx. pſalme In te domine ſperaui.

Heuynes hath beſeged me with a greate & ſtronge hooſte ſhe hath encloſed me, ſhe hath oppreſſed my hert wᵗ clamours and ceaſſeth not with weapons nyghte and day to fyghte agaynſt me. My frendes be in her tentes, and are become myn enemyes. What ſoeuer I ſe, what ſoeuer I heare, brynge the banners of heuines, the memorie of my frendꝭ maketh me ſadde, the recordynge of my chyldren greueth me, the conſyderyng of my cloyſter and cell vexeth me, the reuoluynge of my ſtudies maketh me penſyfe, the thynkyng of my ſynnes oppreſſeth me. For lyke as to them, whiche be ſycke of the axeſſe, all ſweete thynges ſeme bytter, ſo to me al thyngꝭ be turned in to ſorowe and heuines. Undoubtedly a great burthen vpon the herte is this heuynes. ¶ The venyme of a deadly peſtilence grudgeth agaynſt god, ſeaſeth not to blaſpheme, and exhorteth to deſperation. Oh vnhappy man that I am, who ſhall delyuer me from her curſed handes? If all that I ſe & heare folowe her banners and fyghte agaynſt me, who ſhalbe my ꝓtectour? who ſhall helpe me? Whyther ſhall I go? whyther ſhall I flee? I wote what I ſhall do, I wyl turne me to thynges inuiſible, & brynge them agaynſt the viſible. And who ſhall be the guyde of ſo hyghe and terrible an hooſte? Hope, whiche is of thīges inuiſible. Hope, I ſay, ſhall come agaynſt heuines, and vaynquyſhe her. Who can ſtande agaynſt hope? Heare what the prophete ſayth: ¶ Thou arte (lorde) my hope, thou haſte ſet thy refuge moſte hygh. Who ſhall ſtande agaynſt the lorde? who can wynne his towre of refuge, whiche is moſt hygh? wherfore I wyll call her, doubtles ſhe wyl come, nor ſhe wyll not confounde me. Lo nowe ſhe commeth, ſhe hath broughte gladnes, ſhe hath taughte me to fyghte, & ſhe ſayd to me, Crye, ceaſe not. And I ſayde, what ſhall I crye? Crye, quod ſhe, boldely, and with all thy whole herte, ſay:

In te domine ſperaui non confunder in eternum, et in iuſtitia tua libera me.

¶ That is to ſay: In the oh lorde, I haue truſted, I ſhall not be confoũded for euermore, and in thy iuſtice delyuer me.

¶ Oh the wonderfull power of hope, whoſe face heuines can not abyde. Nowe cõmeth conforte. Let heuynes cry nowe and ſtruggle agaiſt me with her armye. Let the worlde thruſt downe, let the enemies make inſurrection, I feare nothyng, for I truſt (oh lorde) in the, for thou arte my hope, for ÿ haſte put my refuge moſte hygh. I haue alredy entered it, hope hath led me in, I my ſelfe entered not vnſhamefaſtly, ſhe ſhal excuſe me before the. Beholde, ꝙ hope, o man the moſt hygh refuge of god, open thyn iyes, and ſe, it is god alone, it is onely he, an infinite ſee of ſubſtaunce. Other thinges ſo be, as though they were not. For all thyngꝫ depẽde of hym, and onleſſe he ſuſtayned them, they ſhulde ſodeynly retourne to noughte, for of noughte were they made. Conſydre the power of hym, whiche in the begynnyng created heuen & earthe. Doth not he worke all in all thynges? who can moue his hande without hym? who can thynke any thynge of hym ſelfe? Ponder his wyſedome, whiche in tranquilitie gouerneth all, for he ſeeth all, and to his iyes all thynges be naked and open. This is he, whiche onely knoweth the howe to delyuer the, and onely can cõforte & ſaue the. Put not thy truſte in the chyldren of men, in whom is no ſaluation. The herte of men is in his power, whytherſoeuer he luſteth, he wyll turne it. This is he, whiche may & can helpe the. Doeſt thou ſuſpecte his wyll? Ponder his goodnes, conſydre his tender loue. Is not he yͤ louer of men, which for men became man, and for ſynners was crucified? This is thy trewe father, whiche created the, whiche redemed the, whiche alwayes hath done good vnto the. Can the father forſake his ſonne? Caſte thy ſelfe on hym, & he wyll take the vp and ſaue the. Serche the ſcriptures, and thou ſhalte fynde howe buſely his greate tẽder loue moueth the to truſte in hym. And why dothe he that? Verely bicauſe he coueteth to ſaue. For what ſayth he by the ꝓphete. Bicauſe he truſted in me, I wyll delyuer him. Lo, for none other cauſe he wyll delyuer hym, but bicauſe he truſted in hym. And what other thyng hath the prophetes, the apoſtles, yea he hym ſelfe, the lorde of the apoſtles preached, but that men ſhulde truſte in the lorde? Sacrifice therfore (ye men) the ſacrifice of iuſtice, and truſte in the lorde, and he ſhal delyuer you, and plucke you out of all tribulation. Oh the greate vertue of hope, truely ſhe is ſpred abrode, for grace is ſpred abrode in her lyppes. Oh this is truely thy refuge, ſo hygh (good lorde) to whiche the euyll of heuynes can not approche. This I knewe and vnderſtode, therfore I truſted lorde in yͤ. For though yͤ weight of ſyn dothe greuouſly preſſe me, yet I can not deſpaire, for thy goodnes ſo gently prouoked me to hope, that I can not be confoũded for euermore. For a tyme I may well be confoūded, but for euermore ſurely I can not. For hope, whiche hath ledde me in to thy moſte hyghe refuge hath taught me to hope, not temporall thyngꝭ, but euerlaſtynge. For hope is of thinges inuiſible. But tho thynges that be ſene, are temporall. And the thiges that be not ſene, are euerlaſtyng. Wherfore I hearyng the wordes of hope, whiche cōmeth to plucke me out from the handes of heuines, haue truſted lorde in the, couetyng before al thyngꝭ to be delyuered from my ſynnꝭ, and thrugh thy mercy and grace to come to to thynges euerlaſtynge, whiche be inuiſible. This is my fyrſte and chiefe deſyre, for my ſynnes be a greate tribulation vnto me. For from this all other tribulation iſſueth. Take a way lorde my ſynnes, and I am free from all tribulation. For tribulation & penſyfnes of mynde, procede from the fountayn of the herte. For euery heuynes cōmeth of loue. If I loue my ſonne, and he dyeth, I am troubled bicauſe I haue loſte that I loued. If I loue not my ſeruaunt, and he dyeth, I am not heuy, bycauſe I haue loſte that I loued not. Take a way therfore lord my ſinnes thrugh thy grace, what remayneth, but that I ſhal loue the with al my whole herte, ⁊ deſpiſe all temporal thynges as vayne? If than I haue the by fayth, of whom alſo I hope to haue, that, whiche neither iye hath ſene, nor eare hath herde, nor hath not aſcended in to the herte of man. What thynge can trouble me? That, whiche I haue loſte beſyde god, I haue loſt that I loue not. In the oh lorde I haue truſted, lyke as my hope hath thaughte me to truſte, therfore I ſhal not be confoūded for euer, for thou ſhalte gyue me euerlaſtynge thynges. Who truſteth not in yͤ, but in his owne vanitie, ſhalbe confounded for euermore. For he ſhall deſcende to eternall confuſion. I may be confounded temporally, bothe of the, & of all men, but I ſhall not be confoūded for euer more. For of the I may be confoūded, whyle I deſyre to be delyuered from temporal vexation, and perauenture thou wylte not heare me. ¶Truely than I am confounded temporally. For it is not expedient for me, ſith that vertue is made ꝑfecte in infirmitie. And of men I am temporally confounded, & they preuayle agaynſt me, whā they purſue me. But this alſo thou ſuffreſt them to do, yͭ I ſhulde not be confounded for euermore. Wherfore, yf before yͤ a thouſāde yeres be but as yeſterday, whiche is paſſed a way, I wyll gladly ſuffre temporal cōfuſions, that I be not confoūded for euermore. I wyll truſte in the lorde, for hope hath taughte me to truſte, and ſhortely I ſhalbe delyuered from al tribulation. By what merites ſhall I be delyuered? Not by myn, lord, but by thy iuſtice deliuer me. By thy iuſtice I ſay, not by myn. I ſeke mercy, I offre not my iuſtice. But yf by thy grace thou wylte make me ryghtwyſe, nowe I haue thy iuſtice. For thy grace in vs is thy iuſtice. ¶The phariſees truſted in workes of iuſtice, they truſted in theyr owne iuſtice, and therfore they were not ſubiecte to the iuſtice of god. For of the workes of the lawe ſhall no creature be iuſtified with the. But the iuſtice of god appered by the grace of Jeſu Chriſt, yea w̄out the workes of the lawe. ¶The philoſophers gloried in theyr iuſtice, and therfore they foūde not thy iuſtice, bicauſe they entred not in at yͤ dore. ¶They were theues and robbers, whiche came not to ſaue, but to deſtroy and ſley the ſheepe. Wherfore thy grace is thy iuſtice lorde, & it were no lēger grace, if it were gyuen of the merites. Wherfore not in my iuſtice, but in thy iuſtice delyuer me from my ſynnes, Or ſurely delyuer me in thy iuſtice, that is to wit, in thy ſonne, whiche onely amongeſt men is founde iuſte. What is thy ſon, but the very iuſtice, in whiche men be iuſtified? Wherfore in thy iuſtice iuſtifie me and delyuer me from my ſynnes, that I may be alſo delyuered from other afflictions, whiche I ſuffre therfore, ſo that yͤ cauſe taken a way, the effecte myght alſo be taken a way.

Lo, the, oh lorde, haue I beſoughte, & I am conforted, hope hath ſo taught me, I am replenyſhed with ioye, bycauſe I truſte in the, therfore I ſhall not be cōfounded for euermore. Heuynes cōmeth agayne with greate purueyaunce, ſhe is returned with ſwerdꝭ and ſperes on euery ſyde, ſhe is defended with greate violence, ſhe walketh, ſhe hath beſeged our citie. The crye of her horſemen hath feared me. Standynge without, ſhe cōmaunded ſilence, and a farre of, ſhe ſpake, ſayenge: Oh, ꝙ ſhe, lo, yonder is he yͭ truſted in the lorde, which ſayde, I ſhall not be confounded for euermore, whiche hath folowed hope, his confortatrice. And whan ſhe perceyued me at theſe wordꝭ to ware aſhamed, approchyng me nyghe, ſhe ſayde, where be the promiſes of thy hope? where is the conforte? where is the delyueraunce? what haue thy teares ꝓfited the? what haue thy prayers brought yͤ from heuen? Thou haſt cryed, and no man hath anſwered the, thou haſte wepte, and no man hath ben moued with pitie vpon the, yͧ haſte called vpon thy god, & he holdeth his peace, thou haſte deſyred the helpe of the ſainctes, and none of them hath regarded the. Lo, what profite haue the wordes of hope brought the? Thou haſte laboured, and yͤ fyndeſt nothynge in thy handes. ¶Thynkeſt thou yͭ god regardeth the inhabitantes of the earthe? Nay he walketh aboute the limittes of heuen, and conſydereth not our maters. ¶Thus ſhe blaſphemynge ſpake. And whan I ſhoke for feare at her wordes, approchyng, ſhe ſpake in myn eare, ſayeng: ¶Trowest thou tho thynges be trewe that ſaythe ſhe werth? wylte thou ſe that they be but mennes fantaſies? ¶Thou ſhalte knowe hereby. For if god became man (as they ſay) and was crucified for men, it coulde not be, but that ſo great loue ſhulde cōforte a man, neuer ſo moche oppreſſed with heuines, wepynge & cryenge vnto hym, yf (as they ſay) infinite goodnes cauſed him to come downe from heuē to take vpon hym the croſſe, howe ſhulde he not nowe come downe to miſerable men, that he myght cōforte them? Surely this is more eaſie, and with lyke loue oughte to be holpen. Why do not the angelles and ſayntes, yf they be ſo pitefull, come to conforte the? Howe many men trowest thou, wolde, yf they myghte, come to the? and with theyr wordes and workꝭ (as moche as they myght) wolde conforte the, whiche wolde alſo delyuer the from all vexation? Why do not the ſayntes this, whiche are thoughte to be farre better thā men? Beleue me, al thyngꝭ are gouerned by caſualte. ¶There be no thynges, but tho that be ſene, your ſpirite ſhall vaniſhe away like ſmoke. Who euer came again from helle or heuen, and tolde vs ſuche thynges as they ſay do chaūce to ſoules after this lyfe? ¶Theſe are but fables of folyſſhe women. Ryſe therfore and flee to the mānes helpe, that thou mayſt be loſened from priſon, and lyue in pleaſure, & not be deceyued falſely of this thy hope, and alwayes be in payne and trouble.

¶ Theſe thynges ſayde, ſo greate crye was herde in her tentes, ſo greate dynne of the harneis, and noyſe of the trompettes, that vnneth I coulde ſtande on my feete. And yf my welbeloued hope had not the ſoner holpen, heuines had led me boūde with chaines to her region. Wherfore hope came ſhynyng with a certeyne diuine bryghtnes, and ſmylyng, ſayde: O ſouldiour of Chriſt, what herte, what mynde haſte thou in this batayle? whiche I hearyng, forthwith was aſhamed. And ſhe ſayde, feare thou not, this euyll ſhall not take the, thou ſhalte not peryſhe, lo, I am with the to delyuer the. Knoweſt thou not that it is wrytē, ¶ The vn wyſe man ſayd in his herte, there is no god. ¶ This heuines hath ſpoken lyke one of ŷ folyſhe womē. Can ſhe perſwade the that there is no god, or that god hath not the prouidence of all thinges? Canſt ŷ doubte of faythe, whiche with ſo many argumentes and reaſons haſt cōfirmed it? I wonder that thou arte ſo felled to the grounde at her wordes. ¶ Tell me, I praye the, begānneſt thou to doubte in thy herte of faythe? O my ſwete mother, the lyuyng god is my witneſſe and alſo my conſciēce, that I fele no maner prycke of infidelitie, for by the grace of Chriſte, I beleue no leſſe tho thīges to be true, whiche be appertaynyng to faythe, than tho thynges, whiche I beholde with my bodely iyes. But heuines ſo preſſed me, that rather I ſhulde haue ben broughte to deſperation than to infidelitie. Son, thou knoweſt that this is a greate gyfte of god, and cōmeth not of workꝭ, that no man ſhulde glorie. Wherfore aryſe and feare not, but rather knowe hereby that the lorde hath not forſaken the, which although he heareth not forth with, ye oughte not deſpayre. If he make tariaunce, abyde hym, for he wyll ſurely come, and not tarye. ¶ The ploughman abydeth paciẽtly the frute in the due tyme. Nature not forth with gyueth the ꝑfecte ſhappe whan ſhe bryngeth forthe a thynge, but fyrſte ſhe prepareth the mater, and diſpoſeth it by lytle and lytle, vntyll ſhe maketh it apte to receyue yͤ ſhappe. Yet knowe thou that the lorde alwayes heareth hym that prayeth deuoutely & mekely, for they neuer departe voyde from hym. Nor I wyll not labour to proue this wͭ reaſons, bicauſe thou feleſt it in thy ſelfe. ¶ Tell me, who lyfted vppe thy herte to god? Who induced the to praye? who made the to ſorowe for thy ſynnes, and to wepe? who gaue the hope? who made the cherefull in thy prayer, and after thy prayer? And alſo what is he that dayly confirmed the in thy holy purpoſe? Is it not the lorde, whiche worketh all in all thynges? Yf he than gyueth the continually theſe gyftes, why dothe that curſed woman ſaye, where be thy prayers? where be thy teares, & the other wordꝫ of blaſphemie? Knoweſt thou not that the heuẽly Hieruſalem is diſtincted from this terreſtral? Knoweſt thou not yͭ it is not cõueniẽt nor neceſſarie, nor profitable, that god or his angelles ſhulde deſcẽde viſibly to men, and ſpeake familiarlye to them. Fyrſt it is not cõuenient, ſo vnworthy be our merites. For howe can lyghte and darkenes agree? Diuerſe cities haue citezens of contrary and dyuerſe natures. How be it to ſome for theyr excellẽt holynes, for aſmoche as theyr lyfe was heuenly, it was graunted to ſe angelles, and to ſpeke wͭ them. But a ſpecial priuilege belongeth not to all. It is not neceſſarie, bycauſe that ſyth bleſſed angelles inuiſibly gouerne vs illuminate & cõforte vs. It nedeth not to ſhewe viſible apparancies. Howe be it our lorde is ſo good, that alſo viſible viſiōs, whan he ſeeth nede, he doth not omitte. For what thynge myghte he haue done for our ſaluation, and hath not done it? Finally it is not profitable, for ouermoche familiaritie engendreth cōtempte. For to the Jues myracles both greate and many, nothyng auayled. For rare be precious. Wherfore let the inuiſible viſitation ſuffice the, for the lorde knoweth what thou haſt nede of. Hath not he conforted the? I know what thou thynkeſt in thy herte. Aryſe than and retourne to prayer. Crye, aſke, ſeke, ꝑſeuer, for yf he wyl not gyue bycauſe thou art his frende, yet for thy importunitie he wyll gyue all that be neceſſarie. With theſe wordes conforted, I aroſe, and proſtrate before god, I proceded in my prayer, ſayenge:

Inclina ad me aurem tuam accelera vt eruas me.

¶ That is to ſay. Bowe downe thyn eare vnto me, haſten the to plucke me out.

¶ Oh lorde my god, to the I returne, hope hath ſente me vnto the, I do not come by myn owne preſūption. Thy goodnes prouoketh me, thy mercy draweth me. Oh howe greate a gentlenes is this? Surely I ioye in my herte, nor I deſire none other cōſolatiō. Happy truely is this neceſſitie, which compelleth me to come vnto the, whiche conſtrayneth me to ſpeake with the, whiche forſeth me to praye. Wherfore I ſpeake to my god, though I be my ſelfe but duſte and aſſhes. Bowe to me thyn eare. What ſayſt thou my ſoule? Hath god eares? Thynkeſt thou that he is a bodely thyng? No certeynly. For ſythe the ſpirite is farre better than the body, who wolde ſay that god were a body, onleſſe he be madde?

be madde? But ſtāmeryng (as well as we may lorde) we ſowne thy celeſtial and moſte hyghe thynges. We knowe thy by the creatures, we ſpeake to the, & of the by the ſimilitudes of them. Thy eare than what is it lorde? Is it thy knowlege? For by the eares we vnderſtande tho thynges, whiche be ſpoken vnto vs. Thou knewest from the begynnyng all thīges yͭ men ſpeake and thynke. May we than vnderſtande by thyn eare thy knowlege? Truely thyn eare doth inſinuate ſome what vnto vs, whiche is not cōprehended in yͤ name of thy ſimple knowlege. For vnto ſome yͧ boweſt thyn eare, vnto other yͧ turneſt it a way. But thy knowlege alwayes abydeth one. What other thyng than is thyn eare, but the notice of thy alowaunce & diſalowaūce. Thou boweſt thyn eare, & heareſt the wordes of good men, bicauſe they pleaſe the, and thou alloweſt them. Contrary wyſe thou turneſt awaye thyn eare from the wordes of the wycked, bicauſe they wyll not departe from theyr wyckednes, therfore the wordes pleaſe the not, but thou diſaloweſt them. What is thā to encline thyn eare to them, which ſpeke vnto the, but to alowe theyr prayers, and to beholde them wͭ the countenaūce of pitie and mercy, to enlyghtē and kyndle them, that wͭ a truſt & a feruēt charite they may pray & deſyre the. For thou wylte gyue them yͭ they aſke hūbly. For yf the kynge ſheweth to a poore man, whiche cōmeth to ſpeake with hym, a mery coūtenaūce, and turneth his iyes vnto hym, ſhewīg hym ſelfe redy to heare yͤ poore mannes cauſe, wyll not the poore man be glad? Doth not the coūtenaūce & the attētiſenes of the kyng cauſe the poore man yͤ more boldly to ſpeake his mater, and miniſter wordꝭ & eloquēce vnto hym? yes vndoutedly.

So lykewyſe (lorde) we ꝑceyue the, than to bowe thyn eare to our prayers, whan thou graunteſt vs in our prayers, to be feruente in ſpirite. I beſeche the therfore (o mercyful lorde and father) bowe vnto me thyn eare, alowe (I beſeche the) my prayer, enlighten me, kyndle me, and teache me that I ought to are and deſyre, illuminate and lyfte vp my herte, that at laſte alſo thou mayſt heare my prayer. Haſte the (o mercyfull lorde) to plucke me out, ſhorten the dayes, cutte of the tyme. So bowe vnto me (oh lorde) thyn eare, that ſhortely I may be herde of the. For vnto the, whiche abydeſt for euer, euery tyme is ſhorte. For eternitie cōprehendeth all, and excedeth euery tyme. But vnto me, euery day is longe, for tyme is a numbrynge of the mouynge, ſo that he, which feleth no motion, feleth no tyme, but he that feleth mouynge, feleth tyme, and he moſt of all feleth mouyng, whiche numbreth the partes therof. I therfore, whiche numbre the dayes and the houres, do moſt of all fele the tyme. And therfore lyke as vnto the a thouſāde yeres are but as yeſter day, that is paſt, ſo vnto me one day is a thouſande yeres, whiche are to come. Wherfore haſten the lorde to plucke me out from ſynnes, & myn aduerſaries. For deathe haſteneth and in euery place awayteth for me. Hye the lorde, leſt perchaūce I preuented of it, haue no ſpace of repentaūce. Plucke me out lorde from the hande of the maliciouſe, delyuer me from the bondes of ſinne, take me from the ſnare of death, leade me out of the depnes of helle, ſaue me from oppreſſion, and yͤ harde bondage of heuynes, that my mynde may ryſe vp and ioye in the, and that I may blyſſe the all the days of my lyfe. I thanke the lorde in Ieſu my ſauiour, for accordyng to yͤ multitude of my ſorowes in my herte, thy cōfortes haue reioyſed my ſoule. Wherfore I wyll alwayes truſte in the, and I wyll for my parte adde vnto all thy prayſe. ¶ Thou lord bowe thin eare vnto me, haſtē yͤ to plucke me out. Alas wretche that I am, lo, agayne heuynes cōmeth inſtructed with terrible armours. ¶ The baner of iuſtice goeth before her, an innumerable hooſte foloweth her feete, eche hath a ſpere in his hande. I beholde on euery ſyde inſtrumentes of deathe. Wo be to me, I am vndone, with an hyghe and horrible voyce ſhe cryeth, O wretche, that ſame thy hope hath deceyued the. Lo, thou haſte laboured in vayne, for yͧ ſaydeſt, Bowe thyn eare to me, haſten the to plucke me out. Hath god bowed his eare vnto the? Is thy prayer herde? Where is the delyueraunce? where is the conforte? Hath god haſtened to plucke the out? Yet arte thou boūde and a priſoner, nothynge is altered. If thou beleueſt faythe to be trewe, why doeſt onely enbrace hope? Knoweſt thou not that god is iuſte? Knoweſt not his iuſtice? He ſpared not his angels, he pitied not them, nor wyl pitie them, but for one only ſynne they be condempned for euermore. Adam ſynned, and the iuſtice of god punyſhed the whole mankynde with deathe. ¶ Thynkeſt that god doth not as wel loue rightwiſenes as mercy? Chyldren deyynge in original ſynne, ſhal neuer ſe the face of god, ſo rygorous is yͤ iuſtice of god, that for the ſynne, whiche they dyd not, but receyued by nature, they ſhall be punyſhed with euerlaſtynge payne. For in helle is no redēption. Knoweſt not that god ſpareth not the offender? Dyd he not deſtroy in yͤ tyme of Noe, almoſte all mankynde? Dyd he not cōſume with fyre Sodoma, and the other cities adioynynge vnto it?

Nor the diuine iuſtice hath not ſo moche as taken cō paſſion of infauntes and innocentes. Howe ofte punyſhed he the Jewes offendynge? was not Hieruſalem vtterly deſtroyed by the handes of Nabugodonoſor? Neytherſpared he his owne temple, for it was alſo deſtroyed of Titus themperour of Rome, where ŷ Jues were ſo cruellye punyſhed, that there is no man that heareth of it, but quaketh for feare. But ſe how ſharpe the iuſtice of god is, the chyldren for the fathers are punyſhed euyn to this day. Beholde, the Jues be ſlaues and captiues in euery place, ⁊ dyenge in theyr blyndnes, are punyſhed wᵗ euerlaſtynge paynes. Troweſte thou the mercye of god is greatter than his iuſtice? Truely ĩ god it is neyther greater nor leſſe. For what ſoeuer is in god is his ſubſtāce. But let vs conſydre the workes of iuſtice ⁊ mercy, and we ſhall euidently eſpie, that the workes of iuſtice do excede the workes of mercy. God hym ſelfe is witneſſe, ſayenge: Many be called, fewe elected. Marke howe many infidels be dampned, how many euyl chriſten men there be, howe fewe lyue chriſtianly, and thou ſhalte perceyue anone that there be farre more veſſels of iuſtice thā of mercy. The electe are the veſſels of mercy, ŷ refuſe the veſſels of iuſtice. Let not Mary Magdalen make the truſte, nor the thefe, nor Peter, nor Paule, for there was but one Mary, one thefe, one Peter, one Paule. Troweſt thou to be accompted amongeſt ſo fewe? whiche haſte cōmitted ſo many and ſo hughe ſynnes, whiche haſte ben a ſclaunder in the Churche, whiche haſte offended heuen and erthe? Lo, thyn iyes hath wepte, thy herte hath beſought mercy, and as yet thou haſte obteyned none. So many prayers of them ŷ loued the, be they herde? no, and why ſo? Surely bicauſe thou arte reputed amonge the veſſels of yre. Thy hope hath made the to labour in vayne. Folowe my cou̅ſel, heuen hath caſte the vp, the earth receyue the not. Who can ſuffre this greate confuſion? Better it is for the to dye, than to lyue. choſe deathe, whiche, yf no man wyll brynge vpon the, lay handes vpon thy ſelfe, ſley thy ſelfe.

These wordꝭ ſhe with wonderfull importunitie layde on, and all the whole hooſte with loude voyce dyd reherſe the ſame, ſayenge: Deathe onely is thy refuge. But I hearynge this was ſore afrayde, and ſodeynly felle downe vpon my face, cryenge out, and ſayenge: Lorde helpe me, lorde forſake me not, come my hope, come my hope. Lo, ſodeynly hope glyſterynge from heuē came downe, and touched my ſyde, and lifted me vp, and dyd ſet me on my feete, and ſayde: Howe longe yet ſhalte thou be a babe? How longe wylte thou be a nouice, and a yonge ſouldier? So ofte thou haſt ben in batayle, and haſte walked in the myddes of the darkenes of death, and haſt not yet lerned to fyght? Be thou not diſmayed of the greate iuſtice of god, be thou conforted yͤ fayntherted felowe. Let them feare, whiche be not cōuerted to yͤ lorde, which walke in theyr own ways, whiche folow vanities, whiche knowe not the way of peace. Let the wycked tremble, whiche do greuouſly ſynne, and ſaye, what haue I done? whiche be not conuerted to the herte, whiche be called and refuſe to come, they know not god, and wyll not vnderſtāde that they may do well. Let theſe feare. What ſayth the apoſtle? It is a dredefull thynge to falle in to the handꝭ of the lyuyng god. Suche doubtles yͤ iuſtice of god punyſſheth, ſuche men pteyne to her. But ſynners

whiche

which returnynge agayne to them ſelues do ryſe agayne, and runne to the father of mercies, ſayenge: Father, I haue ſynned agaynſt heuē and towardes the, but be thou mercyfull vnto me ſynner. Let ſuche haue truſte in the lorde, for he that hath drawen them, vndoubtedly wyll receyue them & iuſtifie them. Let heuynes brynge forthe, yf ſhe can, one ſynner were he neuer ſo greate, whiche conuerted to the lorde, was not receyued of hym, & iuſtified. For although it be writen of Eſau, that he founde no place of repentaūce, though he ſoughte it with teares. This maketh nothynge agaynſt vs, for Eſau dyd not wepe for his ſynnes that he had cōmitted, but for his temporall goodes that he had loſte, whiche he coulde not recouer. Nor thynke not that iuſtice doth ſo pertayne to the wycked, that it is clene ſeperate from mercy. Nor agayn that mercy doth ſo belonge to ryght wyſe men, that it is clene ſeuered from iuſtice. For all the ways of the lorde is mercy and veritie. For he ſheweth mercy alſo to ſinners ī gyuynge them for the good dedes that they do tēporally, temporal rewardes, and after this lyfe in punyſhyng them not ſo moche as they deſerued. Lyke wyſe his electe he purſueth with his iuſtice in punyſhyng them temporally for theyr ſynnes, that they be not punyſhed euerlaſtyngly. Thou therfore ſuffre paciētly the lorde, thou haſt ſynned, be ſory for it, be content that thrugh his grace thy ſynnes is forgyuen the. My ſonne deſpiſe not the correction of the lorde, neyther faynt thou whan thou arte checked of hym, for whom the lorde loueth, he caſtiſeth, he ſcourgeth euery chylde that he receyueth. Continue than in affliction, god ſheweth hym ſelfe to the, as vnto his ſonne. And though there

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be fewe choſen chyldren of god, hauynge regarde to the diſalowed, yet there be innumerable that ſhalbe ſaued. For there is not only one Mary Magdalen, one thefe one Peter, one Paule, for innumerable haue folowed theyr ſteppes, doinge penaũce, and are receyued of the lorde, rewarded with many and great gyftes of grace, nor mercye is no leſſe in her workes, than iuſtice. For mercy gyueth ſo great good thyngꝭ to ryghtwyſe mẽ, that her workes do farre excede the workes of iuſtice. Knoweſt not that the earthe is ful of the mercy of god? what creature can glorie yͭ he hath receiued any thĩg, whiche hath not taken it of the mercy of god? And yf thou haſte greuouſlye offended god, yet his mercye is greater than all the ſinnes of the worlde. Trouble not thy ſelfe for the multitude & greuouſnes of thy ſinnes. Hath not mercy now come rẽnyng & met yͤ? Hath ſhe not taken the vp and kyſſed the? Lo, thou dydeſt falle, and thou werte not hurte. And why ſo? Arte thou not a frayle veſſell, whiche, yf it fall muſte nedes be brouſed, onles ſome body put vnder his hande? why than whan thou felleſt, werte thou not hurte? who dyd put vnder his hande? who? but the lorde. This is a great ſigne yͭ thou art electe, for the electe whan he falleth, ſhall not be brouſed, for the lorde wyll put vnder his hande. Dothe not the apoſtle write, that to them that loue god, al thynges worke to good? In ſo moche that the very ſynne worketh them to good. Dothe not that falle worke them to good, wherby they be made bothe humbler, and warer. Doth not the lorde receiue hym, whiche is receyued of humilitie? Thou haſt loued the lorde many yeres, for his loue yͭ haſte laboured. After thou dydeſt lyfte vp thy herte, and walke in the vanite of thy wytte, the lorde withdrewe his hande, and thou fell, and in to the depnes of the ſee thou dydeſt deſcẽde. How be it the goodnes of the lorde forthwith put vnder his hãde, and thou werte not brouſed. Say than, whan I was violently ſhoued forthe, I was ouerturned that I mought fall, and the lorde toke me vp. Not ſo the wycked not ſo, whom god hath reiected. Whan they falle they ryſe not agayn, but eyther with greate ſhame they excuſe theyr ſynnes, or elles they haue the boldenes of an harlot, and after they neyther feare god nor man. Aryſe than & be of a ſtronge herte, be myghtie and valiaunt, abyde the lorde and do manfully, and let thy herte be enſtrẽghted, and ſuffre the lorde. Thou haſt proued thyn owne ꝓweſſe howe it is of no force. Than humble nowe thy ſelfe vnder the puiſſant hande of god, and henſeforth be more ware. Pacience is neceſſarie to the, wͭout ceaſſynge pray, and the lorde ſhal heare the in due tyme. Aryſe than and lay away al heuines from thy ſelfe, embrace the feete of the lorde, and he ſhall ſaue and delyuer the. These wordes ſayd, ſhe was rauyſſhed in to heuen, leauynge me enſtrenghted and wonderfully conforted, whom forthwith with al my herte enſuẽge, I ſtode before god, & fallyng downe before my ſauiours feete, I ſayd wͭ a bolde confidence,

Eſto mihi in deum ꝓtectorem, & in domum refugi vt ſaluum me facias.

¶ That is to ſay. Be vnto me a god protectour, and an houſe of refuge, that thou mayſt ſaue me.

¶ For thou god arte of all the greateſt and ỹ ſtrongeſt, thou the redemer, & ſauiour of all, thou the ꝓtectour of the faythfull, to the I flee boldely. Hope hath brought me in, hope, whiche thou ſo dearely doſte loue, whom thou haſte alwayes cõmended vnto vs, with her haue

I not feared to come before thy face. I graunte I am vnworthy, but ſhe drew me. I feared to approche nere for my manyfolde ſinnes, but ſhe hath encouraged me. Lo, ſhe ſtandethe before the, ſhe beareth wytneſſe, I ſpeake to my lorde, being my ſelfe fleſſhe, and a ſynner, hope caughte me, and ſayd to me, that boldely I ſhuld open my mouthe. Swete and gentle, ꝗ ſhe, is the lord, he wyll not dryue the away, he wyll not be angrye, he wyll gladly heare, what ſoeuer yͧ deſireſt he wyl gyue. I beleued, for whiche cauſe I ſpake. But cōſyderyng thy maieſtie, I was greately humbled, and I ſayd in my traunce, euery man is a lyar, I wyll neuer more truſte in man, but in the onely, thou onely arte faythefull in all thy wordes, and euery man is a lyar. What ſhall I yelde the, oh lorde, for all that thou haſt gyuen vnto me? The cuppe of ſaluatiō I wyl take, for from henſeforthe I wyll lyue not vnto me, but vnto the, doinge good for thy loue, I wyll ſuffre all euyls, I wyll not do this thrugh myn owne myghte, but I wyll cal on the name of the lorde. My vowes I wyll yelde to all thy people. For in the ſyght of god the deathe of his ſayntes is precious. Be thā vnto me a god ꝓtectour, defende me from myn enemies. Myn enemies are my ſynnes, whiche ꝓuoke thy ryghtwyſenes againſt me. I ſhal not be able to ſtande agaynſt them, yf yͧ doſt not protecte me. Let thy mercy be my ſhylde lorde, & wͭ the ſhylde of thy good wyl crowne me. I haue nothing to offre vnto him, wherwͭ I may tēpre his furour, al yͭ I bryng wͭ me accuſe me. Wherfore I wyl offre thy paſſion lorde. Be not diſpleaſed lord god, but rather be vnto me god ꝓtectour, vnder thy wyngꝭ ꝓtecte me, wͭ thy ſhulders ſhadow me, & vnder thy fethers I wyl truſt.

what ſhal iuſtice do to me, yͭ thou kepeſt me vnder thy protection? She wyll holde her peace lorde, and put vp the ſwerde of her furie, ſhe ſhall be made tame and gentle, ſeinge yͤ goodnes of thy incarnatiō, beholdyng the woũdes of thy paſſion, conſyderyng the bloude of thy charitie, ſhe wyll departe from me, & ſay: Be mery ſonne thou haſte founde me, eate in peace, ſlepe & reſte together with me. ¶Therfore lorde to me a god, protectour, an houſe of refuge, that in yͤ tyme of rayne and ſtorme, in tyme of tēptations, I may flee vnto the, for in the onely is my helth, be thou vnto me a houſe of refuge, open vnto me thy ſyde perſed with yͤ ſpeare, that I may entre the breſte of ſo tender loue, in whiche I may be ſafe from the feblenes of ſpirite, & from tēpeſt, hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the day of euyls protecte me in an angle of thy tabernacle, let it be thy houſe of my refuge, that thou mayſte make me ſafe, for I can not be but ſafe in the houſe of thy refuge, for thou haſt put thy refuge moſte hyghe, this place is well fenſed, no enemyes is there feared, wolde god I myghte always abyde in it, who dwelleth in it can not be woũded. Wherfore at all temptations, at all tribulations, at all neceſſities, open lorde vnto me the houſe of thy refuge, ſpreade abrode the boſome of thy tender loue, ſhewe forthe the bowels of thy mercy, that thou mayſt make me ſafe, let not the tempter come thyther, let not the ſclaũderer clyme vp, let not that noughtie accuſer of his brethernе approche, I ſhalbe than ſure without cure, yea alredye me thynketh I am excedyngly well and quiete. I thanke the good Ieſu, that yͧ haſt ſente thy hope vnto me, whiche hath rayſed me of duſte and donge the, lyfte me vp, and ſet me before the, that thou ſhuldeſt be god, my protectour, and the houſe of my refuge, to thentent thou ſhuldeſt ſaue me. My mynde is troubled: Lo, heuynes is at hande, ſhe commeth with the banner of iuſtice, from yeſterdays conflicte, ſhe departeth not, but ſhe is defended with other weapons, for this nyghte ſhe hath ſtolen away my weapōs, and with my ſwerde ſhe hath gyrded her ſouldiers. Wherfore vnweapened & weyke, what ſhall I do? Lo howe bytterly ſhe cryethe, wᵗ what aſſaute ſhe ſetteth vpon me, what a truſt ſhe hath of yͤ victorie. Where, q̄, ſhe, is thy protectour? where is thy houſe of refuge? wher is thy helthe? Cōtinueſt ſtyll in thy vayne hope? Thy confortes procede but of imagination. Thou ymagyneſt god mercyfull, and thy protectour, and the houſe of thy refuge, and thou thynkeſt thou clymmeſt vp to heuen. Surely thou arte illuded of thy fantaſye, and cōforted with vayne hope. Thynkeſt that thou werte rauiſhed vp to yͤ thyrd heuen? Theſe are but dreames. Recoūte with thy ſelfe howe greuous an offence is ingratitude. Doth not this drye vp yͤ foūtayn of mercy? Remembre, Chriſte wepte for the citie of Hieruſalem, and tolde afore yͤ euyls that ſhulde fal vpō it, ſayeng: The days ſhal come vpon the, and thyn enemyes ſhal beſege the, and compaſſe the aboute, and dryue the into ſtreytes, and beate the towne to the groūde, and thy chyldren that be in the, and they ſhall not leaue in yͤ a ſtone vpon a ſtone. Nor the cauſe of ſo greate vengeaunce he kept not cloſe, but added it, ſayeng: Bicauſe thou kneweſt not yͤ tyme of thy viſitation. Lo, ingratitude deſerueth not only to be depryued of benefites, but alſo greuouſly to be punyſhed. Doth not this belonge to the ſoule? Doth not Hieruſalem often tymes in ſcripture ſignifieth the ſoule? whiche whan it wyll not knowe the viſitation of the lorde, is beſeged with dyuels, and with ſondry temptacions, wher with it is afflicte, falleth downe to earthly thinges, is ꝓſtrate, nor no good vertue, nor no good dede is lefte in it, whiche is not deſtroyed, for it is ſpoyled of al grace, neyther is it buylded agayne, ſhe knoweth not the tyme of her viſitation. ¶Thou, truely, thou, I ſay, arte this citie, enryched of god with many & greate benefices, and thou acknowlegeſt it not, but werte vnkynde, he created the to his owne lykelynes, in myddes of hys churche, not amõge the infidels he made the to be borne, he dyd ſet the in a floryſſhig citie, with the water of baptiſme he ſanctified the, in a religious houſe he brought the vp. But thou ranneſt after thy luſtes, in the vanitie of thy brayne thou walkeſt, thou ranneſt downe in to depe ſynnes, the lorde called the, and thou anſwerededeſt not. He ofte aduertiſed the, and yͧ regardedſt not his cõſel. How ofte dyd he lyghten the? How ofte dyd he turne the to thy herte? How ofte dyd he awake the fro ſlepe? He inuited the, and yͧ excuſedeſt thy ſelfe, he plucked, and thou dydeſt reſyſt hym. At laſt his ineffable goodnes ouercome the. ¶Thou dydeſt offende, and he viſited the, thou felleſt, and he plucte the vp, thou werte ignoraunte, and he thaughte the, thou werte blynde, and he lyghtned the, from the tumble of the worlde, from the tempeſt of the ſee, he broughte the to quietenes, and to the porte of relygion, he gaue the the habite of holy conuerſation, he made the his preeſte, he brought yͤ to the ſcholes of his wyſedome, and yet thou haſte alwayes ben vnkynde, and negligently thou haſt done the wyll of the lorde, whan yet thou kneweſt it wryten. Curſed is he that dothe the worke of the lorde negligētly. Nor thus the goodnes of god dyd not leaue the, but alwaye broughte the gently to better, and whiche is moſte of all, garnyſhed yͤ with knowlege of ſcripture, the worke of preachynge he put in thy mouthe, aud dyd ſet the in the myddes of his people, as one yͤ greate and famous men. Thou, this not withſtandyng, taughteſte other, and regardeſt not thy ſelfe, other thou healedeſt, & thy ſelfe yͧ ſauedeſte not, thou lyftedeſt vp thy herte in thy worſhyp, and therfore thou haſt loſte thy wyſedome in thy worſhyp. Nought werte thou made, and nought ſhalte thou be for euermore. Knoweſte thou not that the ſeruaunt knowyng the wyl of the lorde, and doing it not, ſhalbe beate wͭ may ſtrypes? Doſt not knowe that god reſiſteth yͤ proude? Howe felleſt thou Lucifer, whiche dydeſt ſpring vp in yͤ mornyng, whiche dydeſt wounde the gentyls, whiche ſaydeſte in thy herte, I wyll clym vp to heuen. But yͧ werte plucked downe to helle in to the depe of the lake, vnder the lyethe the mottes, and thy hyllyng is wormes. Thynkeſt thou nowe to fynde mercye, whiche haſte offended many, which ſo ofte called and monyſhed of god, woldeſt not anſwere? where were than the iuſtice of god? where were than the equitie of iudgement? Mercy doth not alway folowe ſynners, ſhe hath ſet her boundes. Is it not wryten: I haue called, and ye haue becked away, I haue ſpred abrode my handes, and there was none that wolde loke vpon me, ye haue deſpiſed my counſel, and neglected my increpations: I alſo in your decaye wyll laughe and ieſte, whan that thynge that ye feared come vnto you?

Lo, not alwayes mercy gyueth pardon to the ſynner. Doeſt not cōſydre yͤ degrees of mercy to haue an ende, in yͤ which beinge adourned wͭ ſo many benefites of god, bydeſt falle in to yͤ depe ſee, whiche garnyſhed wͭ ſo many graces, for thy pryde and vaynglory werte a ſclaunder to the worlde? Let not than vayne hope deceyue the, whom thou foloweſt, lyue henſeforthe after thy luſte & appetite, be not punyſhed both in this lyfe and in the other with eternall paynes. Choſe to dwel with them, whiche leade theyr dayes in pleaſure, and in a momēt go downe to hell. Nor let not ſhame holde the backe. ¶ Take the forehede of an harlot, let vs eate and drynke, for to morowe ſhall we dye. ¶ Thy woūde is deſpayred on, it is made incurable. Whan ſhe had ſayde theſe wordes, all the hooſte cryed out with horryble voyces, and repeted her wordes, ſayenge: ¶ Thy wounde is deſpayred on, and made vncurable.

¶ I remembrynge the aduertiſemētes of my mother, though I was ſom what deiecte in mynde, yet to my power I plucked vp my ſelfe, & ſtode vpon my feete, lyftynge vp myn yes to heuen, from whens I hoped for helpe. And lo, hope with a cherefull coūtenaunce, furnyſhed with diuine beames, deſcēdyng from aboue ſayde, Who is that that enuolueth ſentences with vnlerned wordꝭ, whiche ſetteth boūdꝭ to infinite mercy? whiche folyſhe ꝑſone thynketh to beare the waters of the ſee in her handꝭ. Haſt yͧ not herde the lord, ſayeng: In what houre ſoeuer yͤ ſynner bewayleth his ſinnes none of all his iniquities I wyll recorde? What man is he yͭ ſynneth not? Who can ſay my herte is clene? The Pater noſter belongeth to all, in whiche al men are cōpelled to ſay: Dimitte nobis debita noſtra. For gyue vs our ſynnes. Our lord taught yͤ apoſtles thus to pray. Doth not than this prayer belonge to other? Thapoſtles fyrſte receyued the holy ghoſte. And why taught he them thus to pray, if they had no ſynne, and and if they had, who can glorifie that he is no ſinner? Heare the beloued diſciple of yͤ lorde, If we ſay, ꝙ he, that we haue no ſynnes, we begyle our ſelues, & trouth is not in vs. James yͤ apoſtle. In many thynges, ꝙ he, we all offende. Wherfore all haue ſynned, and nede the mercy of god, yea yͤ holy men of god. For it is writen, Seuen tymes a day fall the iuſt man, and he ſhall ryſe agayne. Wherfore mercy hath no lymyttes nor boſides. But ſo ofte as the ſynner lamenteth his gylte, ſo ofte he obteyneth mercye. Nor it ſkylleth not whether we ſpeake of great or of lytle offences. Thou haſt fallen, aryſe, and mercy ſhall take the vp. Thou ſhrynkeſte, call, and mercy ſhall come vnto the. Agayne thou falleſt, agayne thou ſhrynkeſt, turne the to the lorde, and the bowelles of his pitie ſhall open to the. Thou falleſte the thyrde tyme, and the fourth. Knocke, cry, and mercye wyll not forſake the. As ofte as thou ſynneſt, ſo ofte ryſe agayne, and mercye ſhall haue none ende. Why doſt thou vpbrayde the benefites that thou haſte taken, o thou wretched woman, heuynes? Dyd not Dauid the greate prophete receyue many & greate benefites? Of whom the lorde ſayde, I haue founde a man accordyng to my herte: and yet he ſynned, & that greuouſly, as well in aduoutrie, as in the murderyng of a good and innocent ꝑſone, and yet the lorde ended not his mercy in hym. What bryngeſt thou the ſynne of pryde? Dyd not Dauid lyfte vp his herte, & cauſed to nombre yͤ people of Iſrael? For he gloried as though he had ben a great kynge and a myghty in his owne ſtrength and puiſſãce, and yet he was not reiecte foꝛ this. Why? Foꝛ he dyd not hyde his ſynne, he dyd not boſt it as Sodoma dyd, but he ſayde: I wyll cõfeſſe agaynſt my ſelfe, myn iniuſtice to the loꝛde. Wherfoꝛe mercy hath ſet no limites noꝛ boũd; vnto herſelfe, but the wycked & dãpned ꝑſones do ſet end; to thẽ ſelues, that they may not paſſe vnto it, foꝛ ſhe cõmeth to them but they dꝛyue her away. Wherfoꝛe it is wꝛyten: Thy ꝑdition Iſrael is of thy ſelfe, of me onely is thy helpe. Open thy mouthe, ſaythe mercy, and I wyll fylle it. Holde out thy boſome, & I wyll gyue the a good meaſure, and heaped full, and flowyng ouer. Continue in pꝛayers and wepyng. Foꝛ he that hath begon to loue the, and pꝛouoke the with benefites and graces to his loue, wyll not leaue the, but gyue the encreaſe and ꝑfourme rather his woꝛke. What naturall cauſe begynneth a woꝛke, & leaueth in the myd way? The vertue of ſede ceaſſeth not vntyll it hath bꝛought the frute to perfection. What byꝛde leaueth her yonge, befoꝛe they be able to rule themſelues? why do they this? what pꝛofyte cõmeth vnto them of this? None truelye but only labour. Loue than cõpelleth the naturall cauſes to bꝛynge theyꝛ effect; to ꝑfection, goodnes cõpelleth them, whiche they couet to poure out, foꝛ goodnes alwayes diffũdeth it ſelfe. If than the creatures do this, what ſhall the creatoꝛ do? foꝛ he is the ſelfe loue, he is infinite goodnes. Shall not he make perfecte his woꝛke? Heare the loꝛde Ieſus, It is my woꝛke, ꝗ he, to do the wyll of hym ẏ ſente me, that I ſhulde make perfecte his woꝛke. He than ẏ began to loue the, with his gyftes and free benefit; to allure the vnto hym, to clenſe the, and alſo to purge the from ſynne. Without doubte he wyll make perfecte his worke, for theſe be the preparations of euerlaſtynge lyfe. Why therfore nowe whan thou felleſt, werte thou not brouſed? Was it not bicauſe the lorde dyd put vnder his hande? And why dyd he put vnder his hande? Why dyd he turne to the thy herte? Why dyd he prouoke the to repẽtaunce? Why dyd he conforte the? Was it not bicauſe he wolde make the cleue & ſtycke vnto hym, and make the worthy his grace, & brynge the to euerlaſtyng lyfe? Theſe be not illuſions, and thy imaginations, but diuine inſpiratiõs. But be it, let them be imaginatiõs, be they not good? Do they not come from the vertue of faych? Wherfore ſyth all good iſſueth from god, vndoubtedly theſe imaginatiõs are diuine illuminations. Reioyſe therfore in theſe wordes. At theſe wordes my herte was ſo cõforted, yͭ for ioye I began to ſyng, ſayenge:

Dominus illuminatio mea: et ſalus mea / quem timebo?

Dñs protector vite mee: a quo trepidabo?

¶ That is to ſaye: The lorde is myn enlyghtnynge and my helthe, whom ſhall I feare?

¶ The lorde is the protectour of my lyfe, of whom ſhall I be abaſhed?

¶ At the feete of the lorde proſtrate with weppynge, I ſayde, Lorde, thoughe a felde be pytched agaynſt me, my herte ſhall not feare, for my fortitude, and my refuge arte thou, and for thy names ſake thou ſhalte brynge me out and nouryſhe me.

¶ An ende of the expoſition of Hierome of Ferrarie
vpon the pſalme of In te domine ſperaui,
whiche, preuented by deathe, he
coulde not fynyſhe.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Arms of W. Marshall

[illegible]